

# Jump Right Out

Edgar Winter

I don't stop talking about  
Things that I ain't done  
I been doing without  
Now I'm gonna have my fun  
Time to jump right out  
Make my hit and run  
Touch and go, whoa, whoa  
The same old show, whoa, whoa  
Up and down  
The same old sound  
The same old sound

The same old sound

Keep on thinking along  
Lines of where I've been  
Maybe right or wrong  
Still gonna jump right in  
Same old funky songs  
Still my only friend  
Touch and go, whoa, whoa  
The same old show  
Up and down  
The same old sound

Why philosophize  
Some eternal pain  
I must apologize  
For doing all I can

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Some eternal pain  
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For doing all I can

I've been shoving aside  
Stuff that I can't use  
Can't keep me in denial  
Got too much to lose  
Roller coaster ride  
Paying up my dues  
Touch and go, whoa, whoa  
The same old show  
Up and down  
The same old sound

I can't anticipate  
What might be in store  
Time to regulate  
There's room for even more