

Pumpin' For Jill

Ivan Král

When I'm asleep you touch my feet
You let me know that I am no creep
Because I love you, you are for real
I'm sticking right here, pumping for Jill

In the gas station, where I work
Everyone treats me just like a jerk
And nobody offers me a tip
I'm going to stay here, pumping Jill's hips

On a French Quarter sidewalk
When you kissed me, it was strong
I wonder if you'll hear this song

La la lala lala la
La la lala lala la
La la lala lala la