

Opium

Jump, Little Children

"Do you smoke opium?" he said
As he opened my wallet on the street
Please god please can you breathe a little softer
It's hard enough to stand up straight cause I'm beat
Don't call your girlfriend on the phone
There's lots of other numbers you can use
Get this dial tone off me

Let's go out and get some coffee
Caffeine will make you less and less confused
I didn't want to be Chinese
I just ended up in this part of town
I'm an entertainer
And I will try to make you saner
At least turn your frown upside down

Her take a look upon my face
It's dark, I know you can't see at all
But try and take some notice
At least try and focus
Or else you're going to stumble or even fall
There's a man coming from the south land
Just coming off the fix, the sleeve tricks

Strike it up if judah sticks
The brass band, hold hands
Right across the new land
Have an accent pay your rent, at least conceal your identity
Cause it's cheaper when it's free
The warble in the purple
And the bubble's in trouble again

I heard there was a murder just upstairs
I saw the graffiti on the van
The tears on her cheek, were as clean as a squeak
A crack in the window and they ran
Please let me hold you by the belt the fall is at least three stories down
It's easier I swear, comb your teeth and brush your hair
A few flights of steps and we're into town

"do you smoke opium?" he said
As he offered the back seat of a cab
If you have no quid, don't you even make a bid
Don't worry, I'll just put it on your tab
The yellow of the hood began to roar
The seat became soft or so it seemed
Just press it to your skin, and let the fun begin

The music inside your throat will make you scream
There's a man coming from the south land
Just coming off the fix, the sleeve tricks
Strike it up if judah sticks
The brass band, hold hands
Right across the new land
Have an accent pay your rent, at least conceal your identity
Cause it's cheaper when it's free

The warble in the purple
And the bubble's in trouble again
You don't know me, but I'm famous
You might even like me, given a chance
I'm nervous, and I'm shaking

I'm toasted, and I'm still baking
From the drug that gives this evening such romance
"do you smoke opium?" he said
As we walked into the early morning gray
With my hand upon his sleeve, before I took my leave
I said "no, and now I'll be on my way"