

Frank Black And The Catholics, I Gotta Move

I gotta move
I had a taste
I gotta move
I gotta me me off the face
Like Peter Radiator
I heard that he got bashed
Yeah, he got sainted
You know it wasn't for the cash
I gotta move
I had a taste
I gotta move
I gotta get me off the face
He told me
In heaven
That every
Everything is fine
Yeah, that would make a good movie
Yeah, that would make a good record
I gotta move
I gotta break
I gotta move
I gotta get me cross the lake
And then he stopped to say
Before he went down
This is the worst place in the sun
I gotta move
I had a taste
I gotta move
I gotta get me off the face
There was a Jack who coiffed it
He came from my home town
He was a prophet
Some kids they put him in the ground
Got coffee
Got donuts
Got wasted
Erased head
And what do they say?
He's not afraid of the present tense
And talking back is a bad defense
I gotta move
I gotta break
I gotta move
I gotta get me cross the lake
I gotta move (4x)
And then he stopped to say
Before he went down
This is the worst place in the sun
I gotta move (5x)