

# Guns N' Roses, Move To The City

You pack your bags  
And you move to the city  
There's somethin' missin' here at home  
You fix your hair  
And you're lookin' real pretty  
It's time to get it out on your own  
You're always fightin'  
With your mama and you papa  
Your family life is one big pain!  
When you, you gonna move to the city?  
Into the city where it all began

You gotta move, You gotta move  
Ma,ma,ma,ma,ma,ma,ma,ma,ma  
Time you gotta move

You stole your mama's car  
And your daddy's plastic credit card  
You're sixteen and you can't get a job  
You're not goin' very far  
You're always ridin'  
With the teachers and the police  
This life is much too insane!  
When you, you gonna move to the city?  
Into the city where it all began

You gotta move, You gotta move  
Ma,ma,ma,ma,ma,ma,ma,ma,ma  
Time you gotta move  
Right to the city  
Where the real men get it  
Aw, child, ain't it a pity?  
Sometimes it gets too shitty!  
Come on and hit me!

You're on the streets  
And it ain't so pretty  
You need to get a new what you please  
You do what you gotta do for the money  
At times you end up on your knees!

I'm always buyin'  
With the local and the junkies  
This city life is one big pain!  
But you, you had to move to the city  
Into the city where it all began

You gotta move, You gotta move  
Ma,ma,ma,ma,ma,ma,ma,ma,ma  
Time you gotta move  
Oh right to the city  
With the real nitty gritty  
Aw, child, ain't it a pity?  
Sometimes it gets too shitty!  
Come on and hit me!