

# Rolling Stones, You Gotta Move

(F. McDowell)

You gotta move  
You gotta move  
You gotta move, child  
You gotta move  
Oh, when the Lord gets ready  
You gotta move  
You may be high  
You may be low  
You may be rich, child  
You may be poor  
But when the Lord gets ready  
You gotta move  
You see that woman  
Who walks the street  
You see that police  
Upon his beat  
But then the Lord gets ready  
You gotta move  
You gotta move