

Joey Negro, Make A Move On Me

The story it grows older, the story is no story here
I never knew what it is, and there's no sign of it ending
As I am it and ought to be, they're telling me I am

[chorus]

Bowling race car driver, superficial hitman you're
On the list at every door, you don't bowl or race fast cars
Composition competition you drive

Just because I don't go, to the church where you reside
I might as well forget it, the nineties won't be back again
Until i'm forty-eight years old
I can be the hungry, as i eat my words again, appealing yet appalling
rising to my falling, I'm going to extreme ends, I'm gagging on their scene

[repeat chorus]

You shift, I'm the driver, over time in it's defense, I move their car
And for a moment it makes sense, but I fail them in the end

In the arms of old age, knowing only one to lose
Feeling nothing more to hide, consider life a forgery
As you're swimming up the stream, admit to fraudulence
Driven to this thought, designed to go away

[repeat chorus]

Composition competition you drive composition
Competition I'm losing i fail it in the end