

# The Afghan Whigs, Going To Town

Lover mine  
Get your coat and come outside  
I wanna take you for a ride  
On into town

Lover fair  
We'll be looking sharp, i swear  
I want them all to stop and stare  
When we take 'em down

Go to town, burn it down, turn around  
And get your stroll on, baby

I'll get the car  
You get the match  
And gasoline

And as we ride  
Away into the countryside  
I feel as though i must confide  
There is a cost  
When you say  
Now we got hell to pay  
Don't worry, baby, that's okay  
I know the boss