The Afghan Whigs, Going To Town

Afghan Whigs, The Black Love Going To Town (dulli)

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