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