

# The Move, The Minister

Played too hard and he died too young  
To be certain of earning his (burnt out/word of? ) love  
He won a place in history  
And his name will live eternally

Lived the life of a movie star  
And he waved to the people from a big black car  
Down in a book with the greatest names  
As a lonely maid cried take (in/the? ) pain

Tell me a story minister  
There ain't no time left to lose

Ten man tried in the dead of night  
? ? ? the great man's final words to right  
In a room that was soft and red  
The great man spoke outside my head

Tell me a story minister  
There ain't no time left to lose