

Not Now James, We're Busy

Pop Will Eat Itself

Augusta, Georgia, late September

One Mr. Brown's hot tempered

This man's possessed, he's restless

He's armed and dangerous, drugged and reckless

Mrs. Brown you've got a lovely son

But he's on the run on a shotgun mission Listen here cocksuckers, motherfuckers, pay respect to my building

It's JB property and it could be the one you get killed in

Cops arrive, what's this, what's happening

What's what, where's the hot shot?

Jame's pushed his luck too far this time

He's pick-up truck's flat out and flyin' I wanna get into it man you know

Not now James, we're busy

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Not now James

We're busy, all the time

Not, not, not now James

Not, not now James, we're busy Cops get excited and grin with glee they got themselves a celebrity

7 cars give chase, you're in the clear this is the race of the year

Faster soul master, they're coming at you from all directions

Speed's your protection don't look behind you 'til South Carolina

Cops spring a roadblock, he ain't gonna stop, he's gonna take a pop Tell them all to get up and do my thing

Not now James we're busy

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Not now James we're busy

We're busy, not now James Someone opens fire

The trucks front tyres are blown out, get the hell out

As six mile skid trapped in a ditch

In the lap of the FBI

The secret service, the Russians, they're all in this

They're doing it to James like they did it to Elvis I want to get into it man you know

Not now James we're busy

Not now James

Not now James

Here's to you man

Too busy

Not now James, we're busy A good foot dance in a dusted trance

Breath tested, no chance, arrested Ooh we're gonna do a song

Not now James we're busy

Not now James
Not, not, not now James, we're busy
Hold it now
Not, not now James, we're busy
Hold it now

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