

# I Gotta Move

## Frank Black & The Catholics

I gotta move  
(I gotta move)  
I had a taste  
(I had a taste)  
I gotta move  
(I gotta move)

I gotta get me off her faceLike Peter Radiator  
I heard that he got bashed  
Yeah, he got sainted  
You know it wasn't for the cash, yeah, yeah

I gotta move  
(I gotta move)  
I had a taste  
(I had a taste)  
I gotta move  
(I gotta move)

I gotta get me off her faceHe told me in heaven  
That every, everything is fine  
Well, that would make a good movie, huh

Well, that would make a good record, huhI gotta move  
(I gotta move)  
I had a taste  
(I had a taste)  
I gotta move  
(I gotta move)

I gotta get me? cross the lake  
And then he stopped to say  
Before he went down

This is the worst place in the sunI gotta move  
(I gotta move)  
I had a taste  
(I had a taste)  
I gotta move  
(I gotta move)

I gotta get me off her faceYeah, there was a Jack who coiffed it  
He came from my home town  
He was a prophet

Some kids they put him in the ground, yeahGot coffee, got donuts, got wasted  
Erased head and what do they say?

He's not afraid of the present tense  
And talking back is a bad defenseI gotta move

(I gotta move)

I had a taste

(I had a taste)

I gotta move

(I gotta move)

I gotta get me? cross the lake, yeahI gotta move

(I gotta move)

I gotta move

(I gotta move)

I gotta move

(I gotta move)

I gotta move

(I gotta move)And then he stopped to say

Before he went down

This is the worst place in the sunI gotta move

(I gotta move)

I gotta move

(I gotta move)

I gotta move

(I gotta move)

I gotta move

(I gotta move)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>