

I Gotta Move

Frank Black and 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 face Like 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 face He told me in heaven
That every, everything is fine
Well, that would make a good movie, huh
Well, that would make a good record, huh I 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 sun 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 face Yeah, 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, yeah Got 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 defense I gotta move

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(I gotta move) And then he stopped to say
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This is the worst place in the sun I gotta move
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