

Move Over Busker

Paul McCartney

Well, the rest of my life lay in front of me
I was pedaling down the road
When I saw Nell Gwynne and her oranges
And I said, "I'll have one of those" She said, "Move over, Busker
Don't bang your drum
Move over, Busker
Your time will come" Well, I was hanging around for a miracle
Struggling with a rhyme
When I saw Mae West in a sweaty vest
And I said, "I'll come up and see you sometime" She said, "Move over, Busker
That's not my style
Your chance is coming
In a little while" You've got it coming, come on, come on
You've got it coming, coming to you
You've got it coming, come on, come on
You've got it coming, coming to you Well, I've been waiting but I'm impatient
No one can hold me back, I want to stay with the action
But I won't get it, my great illusion
Will vanish anyhow if I don't grab it now, oh Well, I was hacking my way through the undergrowth
Juggling with my pride
When I saw Errol Flynn in a tiger skin
And I said, "You look satisfied" Well, he looked down at me from his motor home
And he gave me a dirty smile
He said, "Well, yes, I am, but she's calling me
Would you excuse us for a while?" Yeah, move over, Busker
Your day is done
Move over, Busker
My time has come I'm tellin' you to move over, Busker, come on, come on
I'll wait my turn, come on, come on
Move over, Busker
My time has come
You've got it coming, coming to you Move over Busker, come on, come on
Yeah, your day, your day is done, come on, come on
Move over Busker
My time has come
You've got it coming, coming to you

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