Not Now James, We're Busy...

Pop Will Eat Itself

Augusta, Georgia, late September,
One Mr. Brown's hot tempeed,
This man's possessed, he's restless,
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?"
James pressed his luck too far this time,
His pick-up truck's flat out and flying.Cops get excited and grin with glee;
They got themsevles 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!"
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 JamesLike they did it to Elvis"
A "good-foot" dance in a dusted trance
Breath tested "No Chance!" Arrested!

Songwriters
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