

Got to Move

Fleetwood Mac

You've got to move
You can't stay here no more
You've got to move
You can't stay here no more, oh yes You're my baby, I love you so
But still you've got to go away from here You won't cook, you won't wash
You won't iron, you won't sew
Oh no
You won't even scrub the floor You're my baby, I love you so
But still you've got to go away from here Well, I'd rather be dead and in my grave
Than to see another man here to take my place
Oh yes
You've got to move, yea You're my baby, I love you so
But still you've got to go away from here Well, I'd rather be dead and in my grave
Than to see another man here to take my place
Umm mmm mmm yes
You've got to move, yea You're my baby, I love you so
But still you've got to go away from here You got to move away from here
Oh yes, you got to move away from here
You're my baby, I love you so
But still you've got to go away from here Let's bring it out now, yea
Oh yes

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