

You Gotta Move

Cassandra Wilson

You gotta move
You gotta move
You gotta move, child
You gotta move
Oh, when the Lord gets ready
You gotta move

You may be high
You may be low
You may be rich, child
You may be poor
But when the Lord gets ready
You gotta move

You see that woman,
Who walks the street
You see that police,
Upon his beat
But when the Lord gets ready
You gotta move

You gotta move

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written by MCDOWELL, FRED

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