

Blunt

"Movin' On"

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At the music heist
I met the gourmet man
With aluminium lungs
Sucks out all he can
He sees the whole world go flip
In a stunt bug style
Cos he's a parasite
With a cellulite pile
Well he can smile

Cos this is the music
Movin' on, we're movin' on
Hey, this is the music
Movin' on, we're movin' on

Sticky eyes and sticky bones
You get no time on your own
You get a dose and a ghost
You get it coast to coast
Now you dye your hair black
Get Satan tattooed on your back
You pierce yourself with a Coke can
And rub yourself with fake tan
Now you're in the band

Cos this is the music
Movin' on, we're movin' on
Hey, this is the music
Movin' on, we're movin' on
No matter how low
There's always further to go
When you're movin' on, you're movin' on
No matter how low
There's always somewhere to go
Movin on, we're movin' on
Won't be long before we're gone

Hey, this is the music
Movin' on, we're movin' on
Yeah, this is the music
Movin' on, we're movin' on

No matter how low
There's always further to go
Movin' on, you're movin' on
No matter how low
There's always further to go

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