

Gordon Vincent

"Get Up On It Now"

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Your old lady left you out there all alone
Leaning on a cafe window by a telephone
But you couldn't think of anybody who might still live at
home
So you got out in the streets
You got out on your own

You ran away to Las Vegas, man,
You camped out in the woods
You do anything for money
Play guitar or build hotels
And you have'nt made your fortune yet
With nothing to your name
And if you will be leaving soon
You're not sorry that you came

I can't explain why the seed don't grow
I can't explain it, I just don't know
Too much rain and too damn cold

Sweet little hitchhiker, you've always been alone
Ain't never been happy, you ain't never been home
I see you on the dry streets in the middle of the
autumm
With miles and miles and miles of nothing!
Just looking for a ride
Just looking for a ride

Get up on it now!
Get up on it now!
Get up on it now!
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