

The Afghan Whigs "Going To Town"

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Lover mine, get your coat and come outside
I wanna take you for a ride on into town
Lover fair, we'll be looking sharp, I swear
I want them all to stop and stare when we take 'em
down

Go to town, burn it down, turn around
And get your stroll on, baby, I'll get the car
You get the match and gasoline

And as we ride away into the countryside
I feel as though I must confide, there is a cost
When you say, now we got hell to pay
Don't worry, baby, that's okay, I know the boss

Go to town, burn it down, turn around
And yet your stroll on, baby, I'll get the car
You get the match and gasoline

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