

Moby Grape

"Truly Fine Citizen"

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He sits in his window and watches the people go by
They chance to see him

Gold for this life, than for him is to make mankind
Not for his table

His eyes then are burning
His feet ain't going nowhere
He don't care

Sits in his bookshop and tries to sell you a book
Take a look

Think you better get along now
You just passed him by

He won't be here for long now
You can tell all your family

Move, sweet on you

Two clay men solved the truth
Theyre gonna beat down the forces of evil

Come move, sweet on you,

Move, sweet on you

Come move, sweet on you

Come move, sweet on you

Come move, sweet on you

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