

Erik Buell & The Thunderbolts

"Movin' Along"

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Iâ€™m on the scent baby, youâ€™re in the air.
Vanilla and cinnamon, are you ready to share?
Cause Iâ€™m sure movinâ€™, yeah movinâ€™ along
Donâ€™t worry baby, Iâ€™ll be cominâ€™ on strong.

Lifeâ€™s a hornetâ€™s nest,
Stinging you too fast,
Set your mind to rest,
You just found the best.

Lifeâ€™s full of red lights, baby, stoppinâ€™ the flow
Makinâ€™ you wait, when youâ€™re lookinâ€™ for moâ€™
Well Iâ€™ll be your escort, clearinâ€™ the way
Across all those bad tracks and down to the bay

You want a man these days,
Not poetry and haze,
The worldâ€™s become a maze,
Hey, I wonâ€™t miss the plays.

Hey baby, Climb on and ride!

Iâ€™m comin your way, babe, salvation is near,
Sweet little angel, no need to fear.
Cause when I get movinâ€™, yeah movinâ€™ along
Iâ€™ve got the power, lift you out of the wrong.

The wolfâ€™s been at the door,
Heâ€™s always wantinâ€™ more,
Scares you to the core,
Iâ€™ll break his head for sure.

You want a man these days,
Not poetry and haze,
No crooked minds and ways,
Iâ€™m gonna make the plays. Yeah, yeah, yeah!

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