

Rasta Knast

"Banda Viajera"

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[JOHN C. FOGERTY]

Seven Thirty Seven comin' out of the sky.
Oh! Won't you take me down to Memphis on a midnight
ride,
I wanna move.
Playin' in a Travelin' Band. Yeah!
Well, I'm flyin' 'cross the land, try'in' to get a hand,
Playin' in a Travelin' Band.

Take me to the hotel, Baggage gone, oh, well.
Come on, come on, won't you get me to my room,
I wanna move.
Playin' in a Travelin' Band. Yeah!
Well, I'm flyin' 'cross the land, try'in' to get a hand,
Playin' in a Travelin' Band.

Listen to the radio, Talkin' 'bout the last show.
Someone got excited, Had to call the State Militia,
Wanna move.
Playin' in a Travelin' Band. Yeah!
Well, I'm flyin' 'cross the land, try'in' to get a hand,
Playin' in a Travelin' Band.
Oh! WOW!

Here we come again on a Saturday night
Oh with your fussin' and a fightin'
Won't you get me to the rhyme,
I wanna move.
Playin' in a Travelin' Band. Yeah!
Well, I'm flyin' 'cross the land, try'in' to get a hand,
Playin' in a Travelin' Band.
WOW!

Oh! I'm playin' in a Travelin' Band;
Playin' in a Travelin' Band.
Won't you get me, take me hand
Well, I'm playin' in a Travelin' Band,
Well, I'm flyin' 'cross the land, try'in' to get a hand,
Playin' in a Travelin' Band.
OH! WOW!

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