

Jazz Butcher Conspiracy

"We've All Got To Be Going Somewhere"

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The city grows cold, as we start to fall
The streets are still lit, the bars at last call
Looking for love, and looking for when
The final letter for me will be sent

'Cause we've all got to be going somewhere
We've all got to be going somewhere,
Some to the ground, and some to thin air,
But we've all got to be going somewhere

I've got my freedom,
I've got my friends,
I've got stories in dusty bookends,
Stories that go, past cigarette ends,
Some lives are born,
Some remain dead.

(Chorus)

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