

Movin' On

Blur

At the music heist
I met the gourmet man
With aluminium lungs
Sucks all we can

Seek the whole world go flip
In a stunt bug style
With a cellulite pile
But he can smile

This is the music
And we're movin' on, movin' on

We're sticky eyes and sticky bones
You get no time on your own
You get a dose and get a ghost
You get it coast to coast
Dye your hair black
Get Satan tattoed on your back
Pierce yourself with a coke can
Put yourself in fake tan now you're in a band

Coz this is the music
And we're movin' on, movin' on
Hey, this is the music
And we're movin' on, movin' on
No matter how low, there's always further to go
We're movin' on, movin' on

We're movin' on, it won't be long
We're movin' on, it won't be long