

## Not Now James, We're Busy...

Pop Will Eat Itself

Augusta, Georgia, late September  
One Mr. Brown's hot tempered  
This man's possessed, he's restless  
He's armed and dangerous, drugged and reckless  
Mrs. Brown you've got a lovely son  
But he's on the run on a shotgun mission

Listen here cocksuckers, motherfuckers, pay respect to my building  
It's JB property and it could be the one you get killed in  
Cops arrive, what's this, what's happening  
What's what, where's the hot shot?  
Jame's pushed his luck too far this time  
He's pick-up truck's flat out and flyin'

I wanna get into it man you know  
Not now James, we're busy  
Not now James  
Not now James  
Not now James  
We're busy, all the time  
Not, not, not now James  
Not, not now James, we're busy

Cops get excited and grin with glee they got themselves a celebrity  
7 cars give chase, you're in the clear this is the race of the year  
Faster soul master, they're coming at you from all directions  
Speed's your protection don't look behind you 'til South Carolina  
Cops spring a roadblock, he ain't gonna stop, he's gonna take a pop

Tell them all to get up and do my thing  
Not now James we're busy  
Not now James we're busy  
Not now James we're busy  
We're busy, not now James

Someone opens fire  
The trucks front tyres are blown out, get the hell out  
As six mile skid trapped in a ditch  
In the lap of the FBI  
The secret service, the Russians, they're all in this  
They're doing it to James like they did it to Elvis

I want to get into it man you know  
Not now James we're busy  
Not now James  
Not now James  
Here's to you man  
Too busy  
Not now James, we're busy

A good foot dance in a dusted trance  
Breath tested, no chance, arrested

Ooh we're gonna do a song  
Not now James we're busy  
Not now James  
Not, not, not now James, we're busy

Hold it now  
Not, not now James, we're busy  
Hold it now