# Move to the City

**Guns N' Roses**

You pack your bags
And you move to the city
There's somethin' missin' here at home
You fix your hair
And you're lookin' real pretty
It's time to get it out on your own
You're always fightin'
With your mama and you papa
Your family life is one big pain!
When you, you gonna move to the city?
Into the city where it all began

You gotta move, You gotta move
Ma,ma,ma,ma,ma,ma,ma,ma,ma
Time you gotta move

You stole your mama's car
And your daddy's plastic credit card
You're sixteen and you can't get a job
You're not goin' very far
You're always ridin'
With the teachers and the police
This life is much too insane!
When you, you gonna move to the city?
Into the city where it all began

You gotta move, You gotta move
Ma,ma,ma,ma,ma,ma,ma,ma,ma
Time you gotta move
Right to the city
Where the real men get it
Aw, child, ain't it a pity?
Sometimes it gets too shitty!
Come on and hit me!

You're on the streets
And it ain't so pretty
You need to get a new what you please
You do what you gotta do for the money
At times you end up on your knees!

I'm always buyin'
With the local and the junkies
This city life is one big pain!
But you, you had to move to the city
Into the city where it all began

You gotta move, You gotta move
Ma,ma,ma,ma,ma,ma,ma,ma,ma
Time you gotta move
Oh right to the city
With the real nitty gritty
Aw, child, ain't it a pity?
Sometimes it gets too shitty!
Come on and hit me!