

Bitterness becomes you  
It goes well with your hair  
Just like your sister's earrings  
Or that funny little shirt you wear  
Now you're holding parties  
For the ghosts of a Burgess page  
Connoisseur, butterfly collector  
You're a living legend in your head  
You're so hot  
You're so cold  
You're so rock'n'roll  
You're so close  
Too close  
Go, go if you want  
It's okay  
Stay if you must  
I don't care anyway  
I'm gonna move on  
I'm gonna move on  
I'm gonna move on out  
Star-struck on Quaaludes  
A poet on a stake  
A substation  
A pulp fiction  
You just never got the hang of it  
You've been bought  
And sold  
But you still don't know  
About rock'n'roll  
You're too close  
Too close  
Go, go if you want  
It's okay  
Stay if you must  
I don't care anyway  
I'm gonna move on  
I'm gonna move on  
I'm gonna move on out  
Take a letter Mr. Jones  
Close the door, unplug the phones  
And if anyone should ask you  
Tell them I'm not at home  
Oh no, I'm digging up rock'n'roll  
And you're close, so close  
(Shoop shoop, rock'n'roll)  
(Shoop shoop, shoop shoop)  
I don't care anyway...  
I'm moving right on...  
C'mon...