

## Fast Kid

Chuck Prophet

Hey! Get up off your knees  
Which one of you is who he claims to be?  
Well, they call me John the Baptist, son  
A woman in a veil's got me on the run  
She's a fast kid growing up all wrong  
Shaking like a leaf in the golden dawn  
Gone with the wind, gone with the moon  
Gone like the tar in my silver spoon  
Away, gone away  
I got a feeling rising in my throat  
We didn't get here on no fishing boat

Hold on!  
She might be broke. she might be bent  
But she ain't working for the government  
Hold on!  
She's a fast kid growing up all wrong  
Shaking like a leaf in the golden dawn  
Gone with the wind, gone with the moon  
Gone like the tar in my silver spoon  
Away, gone away  
Gone away  
Gone away  
Gone away  
Gone away