

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