

Truly Fine Citizen

Moby Grape

He sits in his window and watches the people go by
They chance to see him
Gold for this life, than for him is to make mankind
Not for his table
His eyes then are burning
His feet ain't going nowhere
He don't care
Sits in his bookshop and tries to sell you a book
Take a look
Think you better get along now
You just passed him by
He won't be here for long now
You can tell all your family
Move, sweet on you
Two clay men solved the truth
They're gonna beat down the forces of evil
Come move, sweet on you,
Move, sweet on you
Come move, sweet on you
Come move, sweet on you
Come move, sweet on you