

Move On Maggot

Those Poor Bastards

One, two, three, four
Move on, move on, move on maggot
Move on, move on, move on maggot

Keep on walking, nothing here to see
Nothing here to see but me
My heart is hanging down
Heart is hanging down
Hanging down to my knee

Everybody lives, everybody lives
Everybody lives for money
When I send 'em to their graves
Jesus thinks it's funny

Move on, move on, move on maggot
Move on, move on, move on maggot
Move on
Maggot, maggot

Hey pretty gal, pretty pretty gal
Won't you be my darlin'?
Carve the flesh off these bones
Look at me I'm starving

Move on, move on, move on maggot
Move on, move on, move on maggot
Move on
Maggot, maggot
Move on