

## 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