

Move Over Busker

Paul McCartney

Well the rest of my life lay in front of me,
I was pedaling down the road,
When I saw Nell Gwynne and her oranges
And I'll have one of those.
She said move over busker, don't bang your drum
Move over busker, your time will come.

Well I was hanging around for a miracle,
Struggling with a rhyme,
When I saw Mae west in a sweaty vest,
And I said I'll come up and see you sometime.
She said move over busker, don't bang your drum
Move over busker, your time will come.

You've got it coming, come on come on,
You've got it coming, coming to you.
You've got it coming, come on come on,
You've got it coming, coming to you.

Well I've been waiting, but I'm impatient,
No-one can hold me back, I want to stay with the action.
But I won't get it, my great illusion
Will vanish anyhow if I don't grab it now.

Well I was hacking my way throughout the undergrowth,
Juggling with my pride,
When I saw Errol Flynn in a tiger skin,
And I said you look satisfied!
Well he looked down at me from his motor home,
And he gave me a dirty smile,
He said well yes I am but she's calling me,
Would you excuse us for a while

Move over busker, your day is done.
Move over busker, my time has come.