

Not Now James, We're Busy...

Pop Will Eat Itself

Augusta, Georgia, late September
One Mr. Brown's hot tempered
This man's possessed, he's restless
He's armed and dangerous, drugged and reckless
Mrs. Brown you've got a lovely son
But he's on the run on a shotgun mission

Listen here cocksuckers, motherfuckers, pay respect to my building
It's JB property and it could be the one you get killed in
Cops arrive, what's this, what's happening
What's what, where's the hot shot?
Jame's pushed his luck too far this time
He's pick-up truck's flat out and flyin'

I wanna get into it man you know
Not now James, we're busy
Not now James
Not now James
Not now James
We're busy, all the time
Not, not, not now James
Not, not now James, we're busy

Cops get excited and grin with glee they got themselves a celebrity
7 cars give chase, you're in the clear this is the race of the year
Faster soul master, they're coming at you from all directions
Speed's your protection don't look behind you 'til South Carolina
Cops spring a roadblock, he ain't gonna stop, he's gonna take a pop

Tell them all to get up and do my thing
Not now James we're busy
Not now James we're busy
Not now James we're busy
We're busy, not now James

Someone opens fire
The trucks front tyres are blown out, get the hell out
As six mile skid trapped in a ditch
In the lap of the FBI
The secret service, the Russians, they're all in this
They're doing it to James like they did it to Elvis

I want to get into it man you know
Not now James we're busy
Not now James
Not now James
Here's to you man
Too busy
Not now James, we're busy

A good foot dance in a dusted trance
Breath tested, no chance, arrested

Ooh we're gonna do a song
Not now James we're busy
Not now James
Not, not, not now James, we're busy

Hold it now
Not, not now James, we're busy
Hold it now