

Bitterness becomes you
It goes well with your hair
Just like your sister's earrings
Or that funny little shirt you wear
Now you're holding parties
For the ghosts of a Burgess page
Connoisseur, butterfly collector
You're a living legend in your head
You're so hot
You're so cold
You're so rock'n'roll
You're so close
Too close
Go, go if you want
It's okay
Stay if you must
I don't care anyway
I'm gonna move on
I'm gonna move on
I'm gonna move on out
Star-struck on Quaaludes
A poet on a stake
A substation
A pulp fiction
You just never got the hang of it
You've been bought
And sold
But you still don't know
About rock'n'roll
You're too close
Too close
Go, go if you want
It's okay
Stay if you must
I don't care anyway
I'm gonna move on
I'm gonna move on
I'm gonna move on out
Take a letter Mr. Jones
Close the door, unplug the phones
And if anyone should ask you
Tell them I'm not at home
Oh no, I'm digging up rock'n'roll
And you're close, so close
(Shoop shoop, rock'n'roll)
(Shoop shoop, shoop shoop)
I don't care anyway...
I'm moving right on...
C'mon...