

Going South (Apollo 440 Mix)

The Wolfgang Press

Peace and love - a phoney kind of blubber
My instincts tell me to crash
You've got salt emissions and you know how to use them
I somesow think this won't last So I'm moving south
To the great unknown
Yeah I'm moving south
Where the head unloads You've got a reason
Some funky little demons
Telling me that life is a gas
You're a deconstruction a euphemism nothing
Motown gives it a blast
So I'm moving south
To the great unknown
Yeah I'm going south
Where the head unloads Called my brother - he said I need a lawyer
And my life is sinking at best
Called my brother - he said I've just become
A moaner who lives in the past
You've got a vision
Some funky little 'isms
Telling me that life is a gas
Your misconception is a pitiful expression
It's something I'll never possess So I'm moving south
To the great unknown
Yeah I'm moving south
Where the head unloads
Peace and love - a phoney kind of blubber
My instincts tell me to crash
You've got salt emissions and you know how to use them
I somesow think this won't last So I'm moving south
To the great unknown
Yeah I'm moving south
Where the head unloads (Allen, Gray, Cox) Bass: Dave Curtis.
Percussion Programming: Robin Brown, Drostan Madden, Apollo 440.
Dobro Guitar: Noko.
Backing Vocals: Claudia Fontaine.
Engineered: Drostan Madden, Andy Kowalski.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>