

New Pornographers, The "Moves"

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I believe
You've had some-
thing that's mine
All this time
So to sing along, cry
Fork it over

I live among
The alarms
Where I trip
Where they sing
So to sing along, cry
Hey, come over

Uh Uh - Uh Uh - Uh Oh-

Up the hill
Goes the type-
writered beat
Of my step
So to sing along, cry
Undiscover

And all the years
At quarter speed
Haloed and
Trembling clean
So to sing along, cry
Turning over

Uh Uh - Uh Uh - Uh Oh-

Slo-o-o-ow do-o-o-own la-a-a-a-die-e-e-es
Slo-o-o-o-o-o-o-ow do-o-o-o-o-o-o-own

These things get louder
These things get louder

The lava alarms
And your true
Villain love

Are kept at bay
So to sing along, cry
Like you wrote it

Will the beams
Be broke and crossed
Motion sensed
It's all heat
So to sing along, cry
It's not over

Uh Uh - Uh Uh - Uh Oh-

Slo-o-o-ow do-o-o-own la-a-a-a-die-e-e-es
Slo-o-o-o-o-o-o-ow do-o-o-o-o-o-o-own

These things get louder
These things get louder

So to sing along, cry
So to sing along, cry

You with all your moves
You with all your moves
You with all your moves
You with all your moves

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