

## **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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