

Clint M. Haney**"Move On"**

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I'm tired of thinking

The whole world's after me

I'm tired of drinking

Thinking you're taking stabs at me.

It's time for stepping up

No more thinking, no more drinking.

No more time for giving up

More rising, no more sinking.

'Cause there's no one to feel sorry for me, but myself.

And there's nothing to worry about, but what I create.

To place myself in loneliness is oblivious.

There's no more excuses, step to the plate.

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