

## **Bob Mould**

# **"Moving Trucks"**

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Tell me that you're feeling trapped in this life  
Thinking of moving away  
You say that it's all for the best  
We'll both be better off that way

My jaw hits the floor as the words sink in  
I didn't know you felt so strongly  
Makes me wonder what went wrong

Trust barely drips through the sieve  
And I still can't believe it  
Our love fades and drifts away  
Stand by for the last refrain  
The moving trucks are pulling up in our front yard

So this is the way that it feels  
I wondered how this might feel  
The sound of your voice fades away  
Like an echo in some empty cave

The 411 in my area code  
Has got no listing for me  
And all my mail sits there in the post box  
It seems I've lost the key

Coffee, it comes to a boil  
The percolator's making noises  
No one left to blame  
Stand by for the last refrain  
I still hear the moving trucks back up in our front yard

Today is the day, I forget all about it  
Oh, it's over, don't worry about it  
Today I can open the window  
Today is the day, I can fly

Today I am starting the rest of my life  
Today I can touch the sky  
And I can leave the beeping sound  
Of that truck behind

No moving trucks to hold me down

No moving trucks to hold me down  
No moving trucks to hold me down  
No moving trucks to hold me down

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