

## Gwen Stacy

### "Move On"

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Some chickens crossed the road, straying far from the  
hen

Five reached the side one step below zen  
One was a female, four were mad-men  
Who moved on, moved on move on

Standing in line and falling asleep  
Building a fence while we're counting the sheep  
We'd let you help out but our projects are too deep  
Move on, move on, move on

You have to understand that when it comes  
To making music  
We meshed the styles of five alive and  
Intertwined and fused it  
Life comes from life and through our strife we  
Strove to make the sound true  
Compelled to spell it out, in search  
Of what we must do

Our house was too small so we had to move  
The neighbors had much doubts so we had to prove  
That our soulful dimensions were true to the groove  
We, moved on, moved on, moved on

Water the music, plant the seeds in the pot  
Music is life flowing through... is it not?  
Don't forget your roots, but also don't rot  
Just move on, move on, move on don't be afraid, let  
your feelings show  
Wear your heart on your sleeve, and let yourself glow

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