

Brooke Miller

"What Kind Of Move"

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What kind of move is the best thing
For leaving you in the I don't know
You can leave the best of a cool nest
But there's no master plan when you go
You hear the swearing and the laughter
Smoke coming in from the neighbors next door

My Christina had the toughest set of lungs
She could out sing anyone
She'd have them up on the small floor dancing
Anyone knew anyone
I hate to be leaving in the middle of this
What can I say but

This city is chorded there's rhythm in the traffic
Spokes in the wheels wherever you go
I'm just one exception to be sitting here

Trying to carve out some kind of a home

Everyone around here lets their cats loose
To control the mice
It's the kind of neighborhood with a few broken down
houses
But it's kinda nice

Going through photos of places you've been
The places you part
It's the packing and the moving that really holds on
To the rungs of a lonely heart

Just when you think it's over
Something new begins
Somewhere in the grander scheme of scheming
Just when you think you're stepping out
That's when you're stepping in
It leaves you open windowed and ever dreaming

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