

Hine Rupert

"Move Along"

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And it's a hard time to find a place
Just to sit down a while and cry;
And it's a cold town, smiling disgrace,
Won't let a man alone to die,
'cause a low voice gratin' gravel pittin'
Come along and take you by surprise...
Move along, you gotta git down on
your way,
Move along, you gotta git down on
your way.
Pickin' grass, looking for an omen,
For a while I though I'd maybe settle
down;
Got a heap of logs and a belly full of
hunger
And a yearnin' jus' to build me a home.
With a cold face, stalkin' through a
nightmare
Comes an echo of a place that I've
bin before...
Move along, you gotta git down on

your way,

Move along, you gotta git down on

your way.

Well, time after time I can sit here

waiting

For the level to do something in the bay;

And day over night see my cold foot

shuffle

Outta sand shoes slipping away.

Come a stiff hair bristle like a poker

Pokin' fingers into something he ain't

poked before...

Move along, you gotta git down on

your way,

Move along, you gotta git down on

your way.

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Lyric: David MacIver

Music: Rupert Hine

Electric Piano & Harmonica: Rupert Hine

Electric & Accoustic Guitars: Simon Jeffes

Bass: John Perry

Congas, Tambourine, Cabassa & Ass's Jaw: Ray Cooper

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