

Roches

"Move"

Visit "[Move](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Sunday
Cold weather
Home, that's where i'll stay
Ok i admit it
I've been drifting
Dreaming the hours away

Dreamin' of love
The gentle kind
I don't have to prove myself
All of the time

Working
Years at a job
Burning for a raise
Let's face it
I'm no go getter
Worthy of a boss's praise

Worthy of love
The unusual kind
I don't have to prove myself
All of the time

At the bus stop when the evening falls
Resting there until the driver calls

Hurry it up now hurry it up and move, lady

Magic
It's a shiny train
Stealing away in the wind
I can't catch it
So i close my eyes
Feel it against my skin

Feeling that love
You're a friend of mine
I don't have to prove myself
All of the time

At the bus stop in the hazy dawn

Come on mister one last lazy yawn

Hurry it up now hurry it up and move, lady

Visit [Roches](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.