

## Rupert Hine "Move Along"

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

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.

-

Lyric: David Maclver

Music: Rupert Hine

Electric Piano & Harmonica: Rupert Hine

Electric & Accoustic Guitars: Simon Jeffes

Bass: John Perry

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

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

---

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