

Rutles

"Life Moves"

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Sometimes I move too fast
Sometimes I move too slow
Sometimes I don't move anywhere at all
Lungs black with smoke
Sometimes I wish I said the right thing
But it just keeps getting caught up in my throat
We're all living the same days
But the rhythm keeps keeps on changing
And you can't keep up the pace
With the end in sight
We're just trying to survive
Tired around the eyes
I've been caught so many times
I'm not sure if I've ever been free at all
Guts tied in knots around all this shit we've lost
We're still trying to digest these old ghosts
Life moves way to slow
Like you don't got anywhere good to go
Life moves way to fast
The days and weeks pile up and they won't last
Life moves not at all

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