

## **New Pornographers "Moves"**

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I believe you've had some-  
Thing that's mine, all this time.

Start to sing along, come.  
Fork it over.

I live among the alarms  
Where I trip, where they say:

Slow to sing along, come.  
Hey, come over.

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.

Up the hill, goes the time.  
Righteous beat, of my step.

Slow to sing along, come.  
Undiscovered.

And all the years, at quarter speed,  
Haloed and trembling cling.

Slow to sing along, come.  
Turning over.

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.

Slow down, lady.  
Slow down.  
These things, get louder.  
These things, get louder.

The lava alarms, and your true  
Villain love, I kept at bay.

Slow to sing along, come.  
Like you wrote this.

Will the beams, be broken? Crossed?  
Motion sensed, it's all heat.

Slow to sing along, come.  
It's not over.

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.

Slow down, lady.  
Slow down.

These things, get louder.  
These things, get louder.

Slow to sing along, come.  
Slow to sing along, come.

You with my moves. (x4)

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