

## Deaf Club "Moving Still"

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So lately the sun it slips  
Sedately, watch it dip  
And tasting the air is thick  
Awaiting for night to come

Cos we are sold an aching hold to lose control  
We are we are we are

To go under the stars  
I get so tall, I get so tall  
They cut holes in where we are  
Too sensible, too sensible

The place I know, the face it holds  
I chase and throw a final stare  
You're moving still, I take until the final thrill  
We are we are we are

To go under the stars  
I get so tall, I get so tall  
They cut holes in where we are  
Too sensible, too sensible

Faintly tracing all the steps you're taking  
To the place you're waiting in the time it's taking us

To go under the stars  
I get so tall, I get so tall  
They cut holes in where we are  
Too sensible, too sensible  
My hands hold and tear apart  
I guess they know, I guess they know  
Your eyes up, attention got  
I take it all, I take it all

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