

## The Roches

### "Move"

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Sunday, cold weather  
Home, that's where I'll stay  
Okay 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

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