

Moving Mountains

"Parts In Different Places"

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We were driving down furnace woods -
Long sleeves, striped shirts,
Throwing my hands out the door,
But all in fun. Did we -- kill him?
(Wait for the air to stop, then wake up.
Come Up. Hold your head in the place,
But shake off your thoughts)
I laughed so hard, glass through the air.
Right by his face, good thing we cared - but not at all.
And it was then, that I felt the breeze
Over my head and through my hands.
Are you sorry? Are you sad?
You're just a little bit tired.
You didn't even mean to leave, nothing more.
I won't remember what it's like to be young again.
I'm just a little bit tired.
And anyone would feel the same,
When you were leaving me.
You once wrote me a card,
That won't fit.
And it was funny at the time,
But now it stays with me.
And I hope you will hear when I sing this to you.
Keep moving on, keep moving on.

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