

Foundations, The "So, This Is Moving On"

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I'll leave the cold patches and moonless nights to you
I'll be picking up where I left off, and I'm finding out it's
so much easier

"This isn't in my nature," she said
The scars it made are weaving patterns in the fabric
I know it's self-defeating but I can't stop it
Now I'm finding out just what this could be

If this is moving on, now tell me how to get out
If you pick me up, I'll stand on my feet
And I'll be doing this my own way
The tables are turning, and your bridges are burning
down
Is this what you wanted?
Now my assumptions prove me wrong again
And I know this really has to stop now
This really has to stop now
And I hate the way you make me feel cause it's keeping
me from moving on

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The scars it made are weaving patterns in the fabric
I know it's self-defeating but I can't stop it
Now I'm finding out just what this could be
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