

The Knux

"Move On"

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So at my show on Monday
I was hoping someday
You'd be on your way to better things
It's not about your make-up
Or how you try to shape up
To these tiresome paper dreams
Paper dreams, honey

So now you pour your heart out
You're telling me you're far out
You're not about to lie down for your cause
But you don't pull my strings
'Cos I'm a better man
Moving on to better things

Well uh oh, oh I love her because she moves in her own
Way
Well uh oh, oh she came to my show just to hear about
My day

And at the show on Tuesday
She was in her mindset
Tempered furs and spangled boots
Looks are deceiving
Make me believe it
And these tiresome paper dreams
Paper dreams, honey
Yeah

So wont you go far
Tell me you're a keeper
Not about to lie down for your cause
And you don't pull my strings
'Cos I'm a better man
Moving on to better things

Well oh oh, oh I love her because she moves in her own
Way
Well oh oh, oh she came to my show just to hear about
My day

Yes I wish that we never made it
Through all the summers
They're keeping us instead of
Kicking us back
Down through the suburbs
Yes I wish that we never made it
Through all the summers
They're keeping us instead of
Kicking us back
Down through the suburbs

But uh oh, I love her because she moves in her own way
But uh oh, she came to my show just to hear about my
Day
But uh oh, oh I love her because she moves in her own
Way
But uh oh, oh she came to my show just to hear about
my
Day

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