

Moving Trucks

Bob Mould

Tell me that you're feeling trapped in this life, thinking of moving away
You say that it's all for the best, we'll both be better off that way
My jaw hits the floor as the words sink in
I didn't know you felt so strongly
Makes me wonder what went wrong

Trust barely drips through the sieve, and I still can't believe it
Our love fades and drifts away, stand by for the last refrain
The moving trucks are pulling up in our front yard

So this is the way that it feels, I wondered how this might feel
The sound of your voice fades away like an echo in some empty cave

The 411 in my area code has got no listing for me
All my mail sits there in the post box, it seems I've lost the key

Coffee, it comes to a boil, the percolator's making noises
No one left to blame, stand by for the last refrain
I still hear the moving trucks back up in our front yard

Today is the day I forget all about it, it's over, don't worry about it
Today I can open the window, today is the day I can fly

Today I am starting the rest of my life, today, I can touch the sky
And I can leave that beeping sound of that truck behind

No moving trucks to hold me down