

## Moving On

Casey Donahew Band

Two packs a day and a smoker's cough  
She told me quit and I flipped her off  
Everybody thinks they know whats best for me  
They're all too blind to see that I walk alone  
A squealin tires and a door slam  
She's drunk again, I don't give a damn  
Everybody's got their own cross to bear  
Stop acting like I should care, cause I don't condone

Now it's judgement day, I got the devil to pay  
And I'm riding shotgun down a burning highway tonight  
I'm searching for a state of execution  
Maybe just an ounce of absolution to make things right  
And if I'm high, I'm elevated  
I'm not worn, I'm a little faded but I'm not gone  
And if I had it my way, I'd find me another day to say  
I'm moving on

I kicked the hinge right off the door  
Shattered glass across the floor  
An old syringe and a bag of pills  
That's where she finds her thrills  
But I think she's lost

And I don't have any regrets  
But I'm not finished yet  
Bloodshot eyes and whiskey breath  
Some things are worse than death  
But I hate the cost  
Watch me--I'm moving on...