

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 what's 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...