One by one
The colors drip from the sun
And there he lies,
Looking through the window above
To get high, to get high

On and on,
The trees grow high,
The years roll by
And he counts everyone
To feel like a part of life,
To feel high

Move, move,
Before it's too late
Move, move,
Before they close the gate
Everything's got a reason,
Everyone's got a place
You gotta move
If you want to stay

If only I could work
My way out into light
'Start over new
In a forest of dark night

You've got to move

If you want to stay

Stay, stay, stay, stay, stay