

Make A Move

Incubus

I'm at the end of my ribbon again
For those who own to apathy
You had the perfect opportunity
But bled the fifth and walked away

Say something
Make us proud
Cast the first stone
Say anything at all
(Anything is everything, and more)

Make a move

For every one thing we're ignorant of
A thousand more things beat the maze
You saw the apple hanging on the tree
But missed the orchard in your gaze

Say something
Make us proud
Cast the first stone
Say anything at all
(Anything is everything, and more)

Make a move
(Hands on the eyes are the engines of demise)
Make a move

I'm cautious of who I would call a friend
Who you aquaint is who you are
The darkest hours are when we choose a side
So make your pick and take a fall

Say something
Say anything at all
Make a move
(Hands on the eyes are the engines of demise)
Make a move