

## Furnace Woods

## Moving Mountains

I will hold a place for you  
All alone to see it through  
And all these feelings are meant to grow  
Inside our bodies, inside our bones

Some run away  
I am a mountain a few yards away  
You are the road  
That bridges the waters and keeps me from cold

I will hold, oh

And I will hold a place for  
You all alone to see it through  
And all of these feelings  
Are meant to grow, are meant to grow  
And I will hold a place for  
You all alone to see it through  
And all of these feelings  
Are meant to grow, are meant to grow