

Parts In Different Places

Moving Mountains

We were driving down furnace woods
Long sleeves, striped shirts
Throwing my hands out the door
But all in fun. Did we kill him?
(Wait for the air to stop, then wake up
Come Up. Hold your head in the place
But shake off your thoughts)
I laughed so hard, glass through the air
Right by his face, good thing we cared - but not at all
And it was then, that I felt the breeze
Over my head and through my hands
Are you sorry? Are you sad?
You're just a little bit tired
You didn't even mean to leave, nothing more
I won't remember what it's like to be young again
I'm just a little bit tired
And anyone would feel the same
When you were leaving me
You once wrote me a card
That won't fit (in my hands)
And it was funny at the time
But now it just stays with me
And I hope you will hear when I sing this to you
Keep moving on, keep moving on