

## 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