

Move On Through

Seventh Wonder

A poor man on a street somewhere
His crowd's walking by acting just like he's not there at all
He keeps on playing for what they don't want to spare him
But by the look of his happy face
Right now he doesn't really care

Some babies being raised on razorblades
Some choke on golden spoons
Everybody needs their own way to
ease all the rashes inside a while
And it's why the poor man's putting on a smile

Can't get enough of this sensation
So pure in every way, giving this man his
everyday reincarnation
Every time his heart is feeling blue
touched by the music he can move on through

A rich girl in a private jet
Holds on to the part cause her future is already set
She'd save a thousand souls in Africa gladly
While they're taking her somewhere else
She cranks the volume in her headphones to forget

Some babies being raised on razorblades
Some choke on golden spoons
Everybody needs their own way to
ease all the rashes inside a while
And it's why the poor man's putting on a smile

Can't get enough of this sensation
So pure in every way, giving this girls her
everyday reincarnation
Every time her heart is feeling blue
touched by the music she can move on

While time is slipping through the hourglass
Let's sing at the top of our lungs:
- We're are all the same!"
Knowing that before our fate we're all the same
Let's sing this great refrain!

Can't get enough of this sensation
giving us people everyday reincarnation
Every time we are feeling blue
Touched bt the music we can't get
enough of this sensation
So pure in every way, giving us people
everyday reincarnation
Every time we are feeling blue
Touched by the music we will
Move on through