

# 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