

Move on  
And shuffle off  
Winter's gift is a burning cough

Once a stranger  
Always a friend  
To the cold and the odd stare  
And the danger  
Should he ever open his mouth

And so he bides his time  
Yes, he bides his time  
Yes, he bides his time

Some day he thinks he may fool everyone  
And they'll give and let him live in the bright hot sun

And so he bides his time  
Yes, he bides his time  
Yes, he bides his time

Doorways and hope keep him warm  
Strangely calm before the storm  
Quite sure that he will be free  
To speak of voices he can't quite see  
They tell him more than he'd ever wished to know

And so he bides his time  
Yes, he bides his time  
Yes, he bides his time

And when the bugle sound  
Knocks the mountains down  
His work will be done  
Whispers in his ear he keeps him clear  
For the angels when they come

So he bides his time  
Yes, he bides his time  
Yes, he bides his time

Till he assumes his place  
Then he'll see the face of God, of God  
The ruthless King of Kings  
Who keeps telling him things  
That still seem odd

So he bides his time  
Yes, he bides his time  
Move on