I wish Tracy Chapman was my friend She would know exactly what to say Beginnings always hide themselves in ends At some point I will be okay

So I got high when I met you
I got high to forget you
I feel pain I don't want to
But I have to, yeah, I have to

If I want to move on, move on, move on, move on If I want to move on, move on, move on move on (Move on), move on

Went to see some shaman in Malay
To hear some things I wanted to hear
Everyone just wants to feel good
Everyone just wants to disappear
Call up girls that live in my hometown
To help fill up the minutes
Lit a match and saged my house down
It didn't make a difference

So I got high when I met you I got high to forget you I feel pain I don't want to But I have to, yeah, I have to

If I want to move on, move on, move on, move on If I want to move on, move on, move on, move on If I want to move on (Move on), move on (Move on), move on (Move on), move on I know I got to move on (Move on), move on (Move on), move on (Move on), move on