

Moving On

Rare Americans

We're fighting every day
I've got no words left to say
I think I'm moving on
We tried our best
These words have been on my chest
I think I'm moving on

We're too young to have this many problems
Too old for all of the drama
Don't know where it went wrong
I love you too much to drag this out farther
Hate that we're not meant for each other
It's better now, than to carry on

I think we're moving on
I think we're moving on
I think we're moving on

In a couple years
I'll see you out having beers
With someone you belong
He'll treat you right
Give you cuddles every night
He will hold you tight
Like I would always fight
It'll be alright
It'll be alright

We're too young to have this many problems
Too old for all of the drama
Don't know where it went wrong
I love you too much to drag this out farther
Hate that we're not meant for each other
It's better now, than to carry on

I think we're moving on
I think we're moving on
I think we're moving on

So close, no one knows me any better
So far from our first days together
Staying up, dusk till dawn
Can't believe we're moving on
Can't believe we're moving on
I can't believe we're moving on