

Move On

The Revivalists

This is a stick up, I'm here for your love
It's coming with me where I'm going
Just keep your distance so we can end this,
Without making it a headline story
You've had your shot but now we'll do things my way
Her pistols cocked and the flash was blinding

Do you really wanna live your life inside a wishing well
You'll be spending more than your last dime buying shit that ain't for sale
Do you really have to scream I love you to a dial tone at 5 am
Thinking things could never be this good again
Move on alone
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So rub your eyelids, enjoy the silence
Cuz freedom doesn't count for nothing
Give in to hunger cuz in the jungle
Everybody's stealing something
I'm looking back and seeing mass destruction
Covered in ash from your last eruption

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