

Move

The Roches

Sunday
Cold weather
Home, that's where I'll stay
Ok I admit it
I've been drifting
Dreaming the hours away
dreamin' of love
The gentle kind
I don't have to prove myself
All of the time
working
Years at a job
Burning for a raise
Let's face it
I'm no go getter
Worthy of a boss's praise
worthy of love
The unusual kind
I don't have to prove myself
All of the time
at the bus stop when the evening falls
Resting there until the driver calls
hurry it up now hurry it up and move, lady
magic
It's a shiny train
Stealing away in the wind
I can't catch it
So I close my eyes
Feel it against my skin
feeling that love
You're a friend of mine
I don't have to prove myself
All of the time
at the bus stop in the hazy dawn
Come on mister one last lazy yawn
hurry it up now hurry it up and move, lady