People Move On

Bernard Butler

Go play safe, fly low
For the sake of all you have known
Throw your staff down from the citadel and run awayHe won't laugh at what you said
He's got a princess to impress
Got no boat, plane or place to go but just the rainPeople move on
Move along
People move on
Move alongThere's a man that follows me down the street
Holding roses for all the girls he meets
And his hair curls down to his feet, he gives me the creepsHe'll take the wind from your sails
Quoting Jesus, hands on the Kells
But his words usually fail to move me that wayPeople move on
Move along
And people move on
Just gotta keep movin' onSo go play safe, fly low
For the sake of all you have known
Throw your staff down from the citadel and run away

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