

# Moving Work of Art

Rodney Crowell

Time is jammed and flying fast  
Breaks the bed and the pots hold rough  
I'm out here running from the past  
What we had was not enough And she just touched down in Hollywood  
And her friends all say she's looking good  
I saw it coming from the start  
She's a moving work of art The night is thick and the moon rings red  
And the stars are out of place  
My mind is liquid in my head  
Beneath the waves I see her face Then she pulls herself some tall coin gown  
Turning heads out there in tinsel town  
She's so cool, it breaks your heart  
She's a moving work of art Who we were and what we had  
Keeps me guessing to this day  
It's enough to drive you mad  
She's a million miles away Bet she's out there thinking on her feet  
Making passes through [Incomprehensible] complete  
She's as smooth as she is smart  
She's a moving work of art  
You see how she sets herself apart  
She's a moving work of art

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