

# Make a Move

## Incubus

I'm at the end of my report again  
For those who won't do apathy  
You had the perfect opportunity  
But pled the fifth and walked away Say something  
Make us proud  
Cast the first stone  
Say anything at all Make a move  
For every one thing we're ignorant of  
A thousand more things beat the maze  
You saw the apple hanging on the tree  
But missed the orchard in your gaze Say something  
Make us proud  
Cast the first stone  
Say anything at all Make a move  
(hands on the eyes are the engines of demise)  
Make a move I'm cautious of who I would call a friend  
Who you acquaint is who you are  
The darkest hours are when we choose a side  
So make your pick and take a fall Say something  
Say anything at all  
Make a move  
(hands on the eyes are the engines of demise)  
Make a move

Songwriters

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