

Moving Trucks

Bob Mould

Tell me that you're feeling trapped in this life
Thinking of moving away
You say that it's all for the best
We'll both be better off that way My jaw hits the floor as the words sink in
I didn't know you felt so strongly
Makes me wonder what went wrong Trust barely drips through the sieve
And I still can't believe it
Our love fades and drifts away
Stand by for the last refrain
The moving trucks are pulling up in our front yard So this is the way that it feels
I wondered how this might feel
The sound of your voice fades away
Like an echo in some empty cave The 411 in my area code
Has got no listing for me
And all my mail sits there in the post box
It seems I've lost the key Coffee, it comes to a boil
The percolator's making noises
No one left to blame
Stand by for the last refrain
I still hear the moving trucks back up in our front yard Today is the day, I forgot all about it
Oh, it's over, don't worry about it
Today I can open the window
Today is the day, I can fly Today I am starting the rest of my life
Today I can touch the sky
And I can leave the beeping sound
Of that truck behind No moving trucks to hold me down
No moving trucks to hold me down
No moving trucks to hold me down
No moving trucks to hold me down

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