Moving On

Kimya Dawson

She was reunited with the father of her kids
He said, "It wasn't me, it was the booze, I know not what I did"
She said, "You filled the bathtub with my blood
When you bashed in my head
You can go to hell, I'm moving on
You can go to hell, I'm moving on"Then she saw her mom who said, "I love you, sweet baby"
She said, "Then why'd you beat me until I started to bleed?
You starved me too, I had to dance for money in the street
You can go to hell, I'm moving on
You can go to hell, I'm moving on"Running from the one who gave her life
Running from the man who called her wife
She will find a way out I am sure
Then no one can hurt her anymoreWhen she got there, the old man was holding a tutu
And a pair of brand new pink capezio toe shoes
She laughed and said, "Excuse me, Sir, do those belong to you?"
He said, "No, they're yours, go put them on"
He said, "No, they're yours, go put them on"The stage was big as every place she'd ever lived combined
And there were wooden soldiers there that were three times her size
With a plie and a releve, her dreams were realized
She said, "But I thought Clara was a blonde"
She said, "But I thought Clara was a blonde"The old man said, "Now princess, yes, your hair's as black as night
But prima ballerinas, now we know aren't always white
A million people saying something's so, don't make it right"
She said, "I've died and gone to heaven
I've died and gone to heaven"Running from the one who gave her life
Running from the man who called her wife
She will find a way out, I am sure
Then no one can hurt her anymore

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/