I Move On

Michael Carubelli

Well I kick back up, on top
And I gotta get ready to go.
I picked up that sweet pretty girl,
And you know she's ready to roll.
Try and get our love back to
The way it was yesterday.
Gotta pick my self back up
And I don't got time to waste

So I move on,
and I move on.

Well this day by day,
I do this punchin' in nine to five.
But it's just what I gotta do,
To live and to survive.
But the man he gets me down,
And I feel so thrown away.
Gotta pick myself back up,
And I don't got time to waste.

So I move on,
so I move on.

Well this crazy world we're rushed into,
Gets the of me.
Gotta fight through the grind and the grit,
And be who I'm trying to be.
But the wait and see myself,
It throws me way off pace.
Gotta pick my self back up,
And I don't have time to waste.

So I move on,
so I move on.

Well I throw these loads up off my back,
And I change my luck.
Time to unwind, I started the bar
Inside my truck.

Just a way down the road,
My boys throw it down at the party place.
Time to pick myself back up,
And I don't got time to waste.

So I move on,
So I move on,
So I move on,
and on, and on,
and on, and on.

I move on,
here I go,
here I go.
I move on.

Lyrics Submitted by Bobby Ray Gray

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