

What Kind of Move

Brooke Miller

What kind of move is the best thing
For leaving you in the I don't know
You can leave the best of a cool nest
But there's no master plan when you go
You hear the swearing and the laughter

Smoke coming in from the neighbors next door
My Christina had the toughest set of lungs

She could out sing anyone

She'd have them up on the small floor dancing

Anyone knew anyone

I hate to be leaving in the middle of this

What can I say but This city is chorded there's rhythm in the traffic

Spokes in the wheels wherever you go

I'm just one exception to be sitting here

Trying to carve out some kind of a home
Everyone around here lets their cats loose

To control the mice

It's the kind of neighborhood with a few broken down houses

But it's kinda nice
Going through photos of places you've been

The places you part

It's the packing and the moving that really holds on

To the rungs of a lonely heart
Just when you think it's over

Something new begins

Somewhere in the grander scheme of scheming

Just when you think you're stepping out

That's when you're stepping in

It leaves you open windowed and ever dreaming

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