

# Moving On a Holiday

**Freedy Johnston**

Here comes the first good snow  
Only to decorate a vacant yard  
Moving out of here tonight  
All that's left to do is sweep the floor  
Old address book in my hand  
How'd I lose my place again  
The only thing not packed away  
Moving on a holiday  
Just another place left clean  
Won't be dreaming here anymore  
Empty shelves and lonely keys  
Sounds so hollow when I shut the door  
Driving slowly, quiet streets  
Signals even red and green  
Me and what's not thrown away  
Moving on a holiday  
I can almost hear my heart  
But the motor's making  
Such a peaceful sound  
Up across the great divide  
And you can't tell  
When you start going down

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