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 floorOld address book in my hand
How'd I lose my place again
The only thing not packed away
Moving on a holidayJust another place left clean
Won't be dreaming here anymore
Empty shelves and lonely keys
Sounds so hollow when I shut the doorDriving slowly, quiet streets
Signals even red and green
Me and what's not thrown away
Moving on a holidayI 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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