

Move Around

[Stephen Stills](#)

What do we do given life we move around
Solitude, reach for light
Rich or slight, we move around One searches for the sake of searching
Clearly then stumbling, falling, lurching
We move around A superb point of reference detected
Becomes absurd with a moment's reflection
Leaves one a passage of simple thought
Not sagging with the excess weight and excess baggage
And we move around, we move around One thinks then sinks, then stands at brink
Finds a key and stinks of revelation
Drinking in exaltation we move, we move around No need to prove no one around
No one but you to stand your ground
We move around
Don't you know it's all right to be wrong
Thus you grow, be amused and be strong The acceptance of error with grace
Is to refuse to be vain and so afraid of losing face
This fear drives one further into what one thinks
To be a race of life or death
Or simply take another breath of nature's air now
Which is fair now, which is to be alive to move around

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