People Move On

Bernard Butler

Go play safe, fly low.
for the sake of all you have known.
Throw your staff down from the citadel and run away.
He won't laugh at what you said
he's got a princess to impress.
Got no boat, plane or place to go - just the rain.
And people move on, move along,
people move on...
move along
There's a man that follows me down the street,
holding roses for all the girls he meets.
And his hair curls down to his feet
(he gives me the creeps).
He'll take the wind from your sails,
quoting Jesus - hands on the Kells.
But his words usually fail,
to move me that way.
People move on, move along,
people move on...
just gotta keep moving on.
So go play safe, fly low,
for the sake of all you have known.
Throw your staff down from the citadel, and run away.

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