Move

The Roches

Sunday, cold weather
Home, that's where I'll stay
Okay I admit it, I've been drifting
Dreaming the hours awayDreamin' of love
The gentle kind
I don't have to prove myself
All of the timeWorking, years at a job
Burning for a raise
Let's face it, I'm no go getter
Worthy of a boss's praiseWorthy of love
The unusual kind
I don't have to prove myself
All of the timeAt the bus stop when the evening falls
Resting there until the driver calls
Hurry it up now, hurry it up and move, ladyMagic, it's a shiny train
Stealing away in the wind
I can't catch it so I close my eyes
Feel it against my skinFeeling that love
You're a friend of mine
I don't have to prove myself
All of the timeAt the bus stop in the hazy dawn
Come on mister one last lazy yawn
Hurry it up now, hurry it up and move, lady

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