

Alabama Watchdog, Move On

I got my head down hair in my eyes
I find another excuse, and say "I gave it a try"

I play the same damn reasons run the list through my mind
Find another reason why I'm willing to fight

I calm down, in the heat of the night
I caught myself slipping back to the void

I move on, letting go of the past
Finding all the reasons why I'm willing to last

So don't be scared now
You have the right to move on.
So give'em hell son
Try to make it better...

Don't, stop breaking the truth!
You know you got to move on
Don't, stop breaking the truth!
You know you got to move on
You got to go and got to move on
You know you got to move on
Every now and then I try to push it away.

I shut the noise, and make them unkind
call out the shape in the mirror, and feel the vision unwind
recall the lessons I've learned and why the future is bright
reminding all the reasons to fight.

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