

Incubus, Make A Move

Make a Move

I'm at the end of my reborn again
For those who own to apathy
You had the perfect opportunity,
But pled the fifth and walked away!

ohhhhhh..

Say something
Make us proud
Cast the first stone
Say any, anything at all

Make a move
Make a move

For every one thing we're ignorant of
A thousand more things beat the maze.
You saw the apple hanging on the tree
But missed the orchard in your gaze!

ohhhhhh..

Say something
Make us proud
Cast the first stone
Say any, anything at all

Make a move
(hands on the eyes are the engines of demise)
Make a move

I'm cautious of who I will call a friend;
Who you acquaint is who you are.
The darkest hours are when we choose a side.
So make your pick and take the fall.

Say something
Say anything at all
Make a move
(hands on the eyes are the engines of demise)
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