

Your Move

Almost left at noon, winters hard the boulevard won't bloom till June.
Honestly there is nothing left for me, because it all stays the same, and it won't ever change.

I packed up my guitar, thinking of the life of being a rock star.
It's not for me but I could see allure, the wealth, the traveling far -- as I started up my car.

Open fields, tempting fate, this wild emotion.
Looking back to the past, it's here with you.
Not letting fear, control the pain, the wild emotion.
All the change you write the chapter it's your move.

I wasn't far away, when memories of Lakeway drive and Boundary played.
To eat Lafeens and throw Frisbee one more time, in the comfort of the air,
from Baker to the Bay.

As I walked out the door, I realized what my heart realized long before, the harder you kick the longer
you stick, the worse it will get, only to wait for... only to wait for...

Open fields, tempting fate, the wild emotions.
Looking back to the past, it's here with you.
Not letting fear, control the pain, the wild emotion,
All the change you write the chapter it's your move.

A long way from home, oh it's stirring in my bones, part of being alone for always I do this on my own.
I'm doing this alone.

Open fields, tempting fate, the wild emotions.
Looking back to the past, it's here with you.
Not letting fear, your unprepared, the wild emotion,
All the change you write the chapter it's your move.
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