

# Move On

The Wildhearts

I know it ain't always been a bed of roses  
But it ain't also been a crown of thorns  
'Cause every day that you died a rose is  
The day that you were born  
I know you really think you've thought it over  
I know how good it feels to find you're wrong  
I know when someone really fucks you over  
You feel you don't belong  
You feel you don't belong

And my foot's on the gas  
And I'm thinking fast  
I won't find no future by fixing the past  
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([Move on, Move on, Move on, Move on])

I know it isn't how you like behaving  
I know you didn't mean it seriously  
And this hell you're in heaven, dating  
Would leave eventually  
Nobody ever figured all the answers  
Nobody ever never got it wrong  
But everybody got circumstances  
That they could dwell upon  
Instead of moving on

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