

Move, move, move

By Daniel Varona

I heard there's answers at
The bottom of the bottle
Yet here I sit, and I've
Got no questions

Making friends with a bottle
Making friends with the stars
Making friends with a song
A song that I call our song

And move, move, move
Move, move, move
Move, move, move
Is what my new friends scream

"What do you need?" Asks the bottle
"What do you want?" Ask the stars
Just our song is what I say
Just our song

And move, move, move
Move, move, move
Move, move, move
I hear my friends scream

I think I have it
I think I got it
I think I hear it
But I just can't see it

So move, move, move
Move, move, move
Move, move, move
I can hear my friends