

# Kimya Dawson, Moving On

she was reunited with the father of her kids  
he said &quot;it wasn't me it was the booze; i know not what i did&quot;;  
she said &quot;you filled the bathtub with my blood when you bashed in my head  
you can go to hell i'm moving on  
you can go to hell i'm moving on&quot;;

then she saw her mom who said &quot;i love you sweet baby&quot;;  
she said &quot;then why'd you beat me until i started to bleed?  
you starved me too i had to dance for money in the street  
you can go to hell i'm moving on  
you can go to hell i'm moving on&quot;;

running from the one who gave her life  
running from the man who called her wife  
she will find a way out i am sure  
then no one can hurt her anymore

when she got there the old man was holding a tutu  
and a pair of brand new pink capezio toe shoes  
she laughed and said &quot;excuse me sir do those belong to you?&quot;;  
he said &quot;no they're yours, go put them on&quot;;  
he said &quot;no they're yours, go put them on&quot;;

the stage was big as every place she'd ever lived combined  
and there were wooden soldiers there that were three times her size  
with a plie and a releve her dreams were realized  
she said &quot;but i thought clara was a blonde&quot;;  
she said &quot;but i thought clara was a blonde&quot;;

the old man said &quot;now princess, yes your hair's as black as night  
but prima ballerinas now we know aren't always white  
a million people saying something's so don't make it right&quot;;  
she said &quot;i've died and gone to heaven,  
i've died and gone to heaven,&quot;;

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