

# Stephen Stills, Move Around

What do we do  
Given life  
We move around  
Solitude  
Reach for light  
Rich...  
Or slight...  
We move around  
We move around  
One searches  
For the sake of searching  
Clearly then  
Stumbling...  
Falling...  
Lurching...  
We move...  
We move around  
A superb point of reference detected  
becomes absurd with a moments reflection  
leaves one a simple thought  
not sagging with the excess weight of excess baggage  
and we move around  
We move around  
One thinks then  
...Jinks  
...Then stands at a brink  
Finds a key...  
And stinking of revelation  
...drinking in exaltation  
We move...  
We move...around  
No need  
To prove  
No one around  
No one  
...but  
You to stand your  
...ground  
We move around  
Don't you know its all right...  
...To be wrong thus you grow be amused and be strong  
The acceptance of error with grace  
Is to refuse to be vain and so afraid of losing face  
This fear drives one further into what one thinks  
To be a race of life...or death  
Or simply take another breath  
Of nature's...air now...  
Which is fair now...  
Which is to be alive  
To move  
We move around