

# You Hung The Moon

Elvis Costello

The homecoming fanfare is echoing still  
Now tapping on tables  
And sensing a chill  
Poor families expecting loved one's return  
Only summon some charlatan spectre  
Oh, when will they learn?

You hung the moon  
From a gallows in the sky  
Choked out the light  
From his blue lunar eye

The shore is a parchment  
The sea has no tide  
Since he was taken from my side

The lines of the fallen are viewed through a glass  
But you cannot touch them at all  
Or hear their footfall just as they go past  
The drunken ground is where they are bound

You hung the moon  
From a gallows in the sky  
Put out the light in his blue lunar eye

The shore is a parchment  
The sea has no tide  
Since he was taken from my side

So slap out his terrors  
And sneer at his tears  
We deal with deserters like this  
From the breech to the barrel, the bead we will level  
Break earth with a shovel, quick march on the double  
Lower him shallow like tallow down in the abyss

You hung the moon  
From a gallows in the sky  
Choked out the light in his blue lunar eye

The shore is a parchment  
The sea has no tide  
Since he was taken from my side