

Texas Moon

The Church

One more day I may forget my reason
Some would say we bathed like a harpoon
Followed politely south it feels like treason
Live out my days beneath the Texas moon
Started out a cardshark in Palm City
Playing for another tablespoon
Lost my fancy vest and both my kidneys
Two red jacks and one red Texas moon
I met a bunch of fools in Oklahoma
Their leader was a loathsome old baboon
He had those rascals hooked on homemade soma
Hooked on that yeah and the Texas moon
He knew a house that opened up in Dallas
I'll stick it in her darkened sweetened room
She said "I pray you can't accept that fallacy"
"But lie down here and feel the Texas moon"
Crying is no substitute for laughter
I would have felt but now I'm feeling used
I'm hell bent for the here and hereafter
Cold white fire like the Texas moon
And I expect to find life there unpleasant
My exit will be most inopportune
I'm leaving while I can see this crescent
The crescent of the ghostly Texas moon
It can't be any hotter than this jail
It can't be any colder than this mood
It can't be any deader than a doornail
Or half as live as the Texas moon
Mother send no flowers for my passing
Surely life is just one long lampoon
Brother end your vigilance and your fasting
I'm going down beneath the Texas moon