

Crimson Moon

Blackberry Smoke

Homecoming queen about to turn eighteen
Just a couple months younger than
That wannabe James Dean
She can't wait, just say when
She ain't gonna leave a note
She ain't gonna tell a friend

He smelled the rain on the blacktop
She heard the banshee in the wind

Hey hey hey darling please
Let's put these hard times in the breeze
Let's go find a little breathing room
Bathed in the light of a crimson moon

He was named after the hurricane
Blew through in '79 and he did just about the same
Ain't no point, no way of living it down
Standing at the crossroads of this sideways one light town

Screen door closed is the only sound she made
She climbs on and wraps her hands around his waist

Hey hey hey darling please
Let's put these hard times in the breeze
Let's go find a little breathing room
Bathed in the light of a crimson moon

Nothing worse than the hell left behind
As two lost souls they go running off into the night
They felt the fire of running on two wheels
If they don't stop tonight Lord knows they never will

Hey hey hey darling please
Let's put these hard times in the breeze
Let's go find a little breathing room
Bathed in the light of a crimson moon