

Silver Moon

Blitzen Trapper

Barks in the dark of a summertime sight
Oh, what a silver moon
Fist full of figs, and a rusty flashlight
Just dippin' along like a broken down kite, hey

Oh, what a silver moon
Sings by the light of her room
And the song is the shape of a strange balloon-oon
Silver moon

Empty the break from a dirty glass jar
Oh, what a silver moon
We sit for a bit in a battle-cracked car
While her ice follow us with a single glass star

Oh, what a silver moon
Her father will be coming soon
And his hand swiftly split the clasp in two-oo
Silver moon, ooh
Silver moon

(Here we go)

We walk through the park in a summertime storm
Strangely amazed and a little bit warm
Fresh from the flash of a threshing room floor

Oh, what a silver moon
Her father will be coming soon
And the song is the shape of a strange balloon-oon
Silver moon, ooh
Silver moon, ooh
Silver moon, ooh
Silver moon
My silver moon
Silver moon