

Devil Moon

Bobby Long

Devil moon shows its face too soon at a hopeless time
Fast old road? shut down at a winter cold at a quiet time
Threw out my back tending another crack on the picket line.
The sweetest wind blows through my darling's clothes when I'm inside

I can feel the seasons change, like I'm to blame
My industry is stretched To the pieces I've been holding!

For the devil moon has eclipsed all I see eclipsed all I see
And under it's light it may prove To be the killer of me!

Cat got your tongue When you leaded a victory song at a quiet time
And it's a bad race won and a punctured lung at the starting line

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