Dead Moon

Calexico

The winter is cold
But not as cold as a hand
Covering your heart

The moon is dead
Like the light in your eyes
Fading and gone

Cast out over the hills
Wandering forest and field
Still no resolve when sorrow calls
And silently takes you from here

April showers
Held up inside
For weeks on end

The moon is empty
Memories have all
Passed you on by

Medicine is slowly running out
Your breath is shallow and frail
The doctor arrives
Closes your eyes
Places two pennies in their place

Places two pennies in their place

Summer shadows are long
The days collapse underneath
This coldness I've known
Is now my own
Silent path to you, dear

My own path to you, dear

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!