

Laura Hadley

Daniel Johnston

We met when we were kids and I noticed her right away
We went bowling with the gang
What a sweet girl she was

I put my hand on hers in a moment of a spur
And spoke poetry of the moon
It seemed appropriate

But later we seemed embarrassed but from then on
No matter where we went, the moon was there to remind us

When I had my nervous breakdown, she seemed to blame herself
She wanted to reach out to me
But there was nothing she could do to help

She blossomed into a beauty which I had much expected
And I grew shy and quiet
And noisy in the head

Once it last inspired, I tried to impress her
Rambling jokes and acting silly was no act
I bumped her once by accident
And shot, much to my surprise, electric thunderbolts jumping from her eyes

Years passed and no progress, just unspoken promises
We had made to each other
In a glimpse, in a moment, with our eyes

One night I saw her at a campfire
And she sat down beside me and was so talkative and polite
I burst into a song of forbidden love
As an impromptu show of gratitude
Suddenly she broke down and started laughing
And fell off her log

And then I walked her to her car and meant to say
"I thought the moon looked pretty"
But I forgot to mention it

So this hard tale of unrequited love
Incoherent, but it's true
It's memory will surely shine with time
And it's sure to make us blue