

## At The Moonbase

### Dog Slaughter Beach

I met her at the moonbase  
We went for a passport picture  
She told me how her dad died  
She kept his bass in the basement

And her friends at the bar were all drunk with compassion  
She shrunk when they wrapped arms around and slapped hands to b  
are shoulder blades  
Prayed some pedestrian gravity might pull hard at the end of he  
r cigarette  
It was awkward in the car; it was easy in the bathroom  
It was true love in Denver; we were licking up the crumbs  
We were terrible dealers peddling head for favors  
In the pre-dawn blue forever

Ah, ah  
Ah  
Ah, ah

She was a big red bike and a lace-white dress  
And black canvas boots laced to the last eyelet  
On Columbus Boulevard  
With little brown spots of spent rain swept up from the bright,  
black street  
There were books on tray tables in airliner cabins  
Platitudes spilled onto petulant napkins  
All piled with good luck under an old truck-stop sign  
Where I caught a glimpse of your spirit through mine

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Ah, ah  
Ooh, ooh  
Ah, ah  
Ah, ah  
Ooh, ooh  
Ah, ah