

Talking to the Moon

Don Henley

When the hot September sun down in Texas
I sucked the streams bone dry and turned to roads to dust
In the sleepy little towns down in Texas
The shades are all pulled down, streets are all rolled up

And the only thing that breaks the silence
Are the trucks a-passin' by
Late at night on the front porch swing
You can hear their mournful sigh

And the lonesome whippoorwill
Cries to the stars above
He was calling out for his lady love
She's been gone so long

I was just talking to the moon
Hopin' someday soon that I'd be over
The memory of you, too hard to hold

And the wind across the plains
Is all that now remains
You know the night shakes loose the names
But they never quite go back the way they came

So, goodbye rodeo
It's a long, funny way for men to go
Never change
Never change at all

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Hopin' someday soon that I'd be over
The memory of you, too hard to hold on

I was just talking to the moon
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The memory of you