

Power of the Moon

Ezra Furman

Train goes by upside-
down in a puddle and I'm feeling a little ill
What's my problem, I think I see a promise from God in a rainbo
w on an oil spill
It's just a light from above making patterns in some wasted hum
an fuel
So why go looking for an infinite mercy like you're digging thr
ough shit for a jewel?
But I guess we all have our moments
When we find logic constraining
We take the frame from the painting
And let the colors bleed out into the room
But once the colors are running
You can't turn nothing back into something
You've lost your warm sunny picture
And now you live under the power of the moon

3am, kicking trash down the gutter on the boulevard of broken b
rains
What's the blues but a lust for affection plus the sound of the
whistle on a far-off train?
The human mind is a maze in the hedges on the lawn of a distant
king
You catch a glimpse of a great golden doorway once or twice in
a lifetime of wandering
Oh, you catch a glimpse

But some of us don't forget it
The memory gets embedded
We chase the shine of a doorway
We're not even sure we really saw
Yeah, and then the moon keeps appearing
The headlight on the train we've been hearing
Yeah, we're on the track of something
And it's gonna run into us soon
Under the power of the moon

Under the power of the moon
Under the power of the moon
Under the
Under the
Under the power of the moon
Under the power of the moon
Yeah, yeah