

# Living On The Moon

Jeremy Fisher

Gotta be a better way, somewhere out there,  
Gotta be something else,  
Grandpa would stare out into thin air just trying to figure it out,  
The porch light flickers, moths and mosquitos,  
Screen door speaks to the breeze  
Me and my sister up talking to Jesus,  
Hands folded down on our knees,

Dear Papa,  
What would we do  
Living upon that moon  
Shoot at the stars  
Build motels and bars  
And try to find someone to screw,  
Try to feel somewhere to muse

White noise and rabbit ears,  
Tuned into all your fears,  
Every night it's the same,  
Daddy sits in his chair,  
Mama wears rubber gloves,  
She got a dishpan drain,  
Grandpa smokes a cigarette it's just for him not for kids,  
Watch from the windowsill,  
As smoke dances upward a ghost in the darkness white out perfectly still

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Out in the she'd after midnights in bed,  
The real hard work begins,  
Grandpa tinkers with a rocket he built,  
From a '54 rambler with fins,  
He says you and your sister can escape this misery c'mon child climb on in

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