

# Moth

moe.

Somewhere between the plastic dog-eared  
Flaps of the kitchen screen door  
Rests a little gypsy moth  
Who got burned out from the war  
It was a big one - the war that is  
It was a Sunday afternoon  
The gypsy was held a prisoner by the  
Screen door from the moon

Somewhere between the dog food and the  
Moth in the kitchen screen door  
I fell in love with a gypsy  
So I signed up for the war  
She was a big one - the moth that is  
She was the size of a baby raccoon  
I pulled down the plastic prison walls  
And we danced in the light of the moon

She knows nothing at all about life  
She knows everything about living  
She knows nothing at all about life  
She knows everything about living

She looped and swirled and dove and twirled  
In a dance and celebration  
We'd won the war of the kitchen screen door  
And the gypsy's liberation  
It was a big one - the victory  
And the sun gave way to the moon  
We got drunk and she thanked me  
And then we drank all afternoon

Somewhere between the back porch  
And the yellowy light of the moon  
Waits a widow weaving wonders  
On a Sunday night in June  
She was a big one - the spider that is  
And she never even batted an eye  
When the gypsy flew into her web and I thought

You know sometimes it might be difficult  
To walk a straight line when you're  
Half in the bag and three sheets to the  
Wind so to speak, but to fly?

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(Jam)

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