Too Many Moons

Owen

Au revoir, bonne chatte
There's too many moons and I'm but one man
You know I like to get lost without you
and return with dirty thoughts about you

Don't wait up
I'm not coming home until my insides hit the floor

Bonne nuit, martyr
There's so many moons and you're paralyzed with fear
Summer's sun brings new blood to bathe in
I can't swim but I'll dip a toe in

Don't wait up
I'm not coming home until these demons get bored
In mirrored eyes I see kerosene
and you've got the matches
(Just don't ask me to stay)

Bonjour, chère épouse
There's too many moons and I'm but one man

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