

The Moon

Pile

I used to spend my days howling at the moon
Draining glass, gathering gravel on my tooth
Not much has changed in the way that that world moves
Except now the moon howls too

We can talk ourselves into a headache
No one's trying to kill us on purpose
Someday we'll read the news on the porch
Until then we'll have to move

We'll get some rest some time this afternoon
Where we can bake in some light that ends too soon
If it weren't for the night I'd never leave my room
But now I get pulled in by the moon