

Stuck on the Moon

Ron Pope

Chewing my elbows and pacing, calling my cousin collect
If you wanna run with hyenas, might find yourself bit on the neck
I've touched some impossible beauty and woke up alone with the shakes
I know I don't wanna die young, but growing old don't seem so great

I've got a friend we call Michael, he wears uncomfortable shoes
Visits us all the way uptown, 'cause that's what a good friend will do
Dominican girls float by laughin', trailin' perfume and Vidal Sassoon
I took a shot to end up with the stars and found myself stuck on the moon

Piled up dirty dishes in bedrooms, all those cigarettes we put out quick
Up on one hundred and forty ninth street, it's been raining in starts and in fits
I think I might go fishing with Charlie, come down like broken elevator shoes
You might think I'm an abomination, but I could say the same thing about you

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Dominican girls float by laughin', trailin' perfume and Vidal Sassoon
I took a shot to end up with the stars and found myself stuck on the moon
Yeah, I took a shot to end up with the stars and found myself stuck on the moon