So Long My Moonlight

Scott Matthews

"The planet you're on means way more to you than here"
That's what she slurred as her lover just blurs
And slips out of frame as her focus gets worse.

He's craving a curious taste,
Out on the prowl, pushing hard through the crowd,
A dilution of his former self
As the last of the purity drips from his spout.

In these dizzy confines of a merry-go-round
Coughs a city draped in bellows of smoke.
And it's high time he entered the mind of someone else,
To see what it's like.

So long my moonlight,
I won't write,
I have to ride,
And I won't have time to send you any message,
'Cause the transplant on my mind is wreckage
I refuse to exhume.

Dipping your toes in the city, swimming with sharks
Careful now not to go in too deep.
The lullaby drone of a nearby phone doesn't penetrate the wall
Of your drunken drawl.

Trapped is the change that you fight to digest
As you lose sight of what you've become.
Your misery's complete as the last of your friends
Draw away an indifferent hand
And forgets who you are.

So long false moonlight,
I won't lie,
I have to confide in the haven and the comfort of my own mind,
'Cause the one I occupy treats me so unkind every time.

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