The Moon

The White Buffalo

Thought I did but then I don't feel much anymore The string between bad and good is a little misunderstood Oh and then it turns to doubt, and then you kick and scream and cast me out And all that I know is true is I'm hollow as the ocean's blue Lonely Days I await you Shadows and graves I'll be visiting soon Will I ever Will I ever Will I ever see the moon again Tossed and turned cant figure out if humans have all rung down Where there going I don't know for sure, but they, they hide an d hide and hide Who will know when they return as they've, they've all turned t o ash and burned Well at a road side at night I think that my love's run out

Lonely Days I await you Shadows and graves I'll be visiting soon Will I ever Will I ever see the moon again