

Oh, we were standing there
When the moon broke through
And I wonder still
What it meant to you

Do the months roll by
When you're far from home?
Are you doing fine
Have you grown wistful on your own?

By now, all the crowd's inside
Through the glass door, pairs of shifting lights
I can understand
Why you'd live this life
Content to wait awhile
This view is rather nice

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Do the months roll by
When you're far from home?
Are you doing fine
Have you grown wistful on your own?

Air's still on the balcony's edge
Then the month's gone
With everything we said
I contextualize on a frame and screen
Non-diegetic tunes with striking color schemes

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When the moon broke through
And I wonder still
What it meant to you

Every county road
Every coastal view
Moments meant to fade to
An image you'll flip through