

## Moon Hits

Vansire

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

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?

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

Oh, we were standing there  
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