

## Weak Moon

WHY?

Under a weak moon  
The streetlights paint tree shadows on dinosaur asphalt  
Turn on the high-beams when it gets too thick  
The phone lines cut clouds  
The trees, they need braces  
And wherever I sit down  
A parking meter springs up  
Earth is cold and it's almost June  
Oh, my

I've been my shining my shoulders for the big game  
It's time  
Oh, my