

Chris Flew, Yellow Moon

I'm sitting on a corner fence
Staring at a yellow moon
And all I see is emptiness
So many miles away from you
A childish look of innocence
Can't be bought for anything
I'd give a thousand stars
To buy back pieces of my innocence
I'm sitting on a corner fence
On the night before the last day ever
I think I'm gonna die tonight
It'd make this thing a whole lot easier
Than sitting on a corner fence
Trying hard to change the world
And losing all my innocence
Looking for that special girl