

Don Henley, Talking To The Moon

When the hot September sun down in Texas
Sucked the streams bone dry
Turned to roads to dust
In the sleepy little towns down in Texas,
the shades are all pulled down;
the streets are all rolled up.
And the only thing that breaks the silence
Are the trucks a-passin' by
Late at night on the front porch swing
You can hear their mournful sigh
And the lonesome whippoorwill cries to the stars above
He was callin' out for his lady love
She's been gone so long

I was just talkin' to the moon
Hopin' someday soon that I'd be over
The memory of you-too hard to hold

And the wind across the plains
Is all that now remains
And the night shakes loose the names
But they never quite go back the way they came

So, good-bye rodeo
It's a long, funny way for men to go
Never change
Never change at all

I was just talkin' to the moon
Hopin' someday soon that I'd be over
The memory of you- too hard to hold on

I was just talkin' to the moon
Hopin' someday soon that I'd be over the
Memory of you