

Smoking Popes, The Moon Looks Like A Tomato

And the moon looks like a tomato
And there's a blanket over the sun
And all the stars fall out of the sky
One by one
One by one
They all fall down

(chorus)

They all fall
There's none left at all
They all fall down
They all fall
They can't stand
The judgment at hand
They all fall down
Down

And the wind becomes a tornado
And all the houses built on the sand
Will all come crashing down to the ground
One by one
One by one
They all fall down

(chorus twice)

And a thousand reasons to never
Take the outstretched hand of the sun
Every excuse just crumbles to dust
One by one
One by one
They all fall down

(chorus)