

# The Church, Texas Moon

One more day I may forget my reason  
Some would say we bathed like a harpoon  
Followed politely south it feels like treason  
Live out my days beneath the Texas moon  
Started out a cardshark in Palm City  
Playing for another tablespoon  
Lost my fancy vest and both my kidneys  
Two red jacks and one red Texas moon  
I met a bunch of fools in Oklahoma  
Their leader was a loathsome old baboon  
He had those rascals hooked on homemade soma  
Hooked on that yeah and the Texas moon  
He knew a house that opened up in Dallas  
I'll stick it in her darkened sweetened room  
She said "I pray you can't accept that fallacy"  
&"But lie down here and feel the Texas moon"  
Crying is no substitute for laughter  
I would have felt but now I'm feeling used  
I'm hell bent for the here and hereafter  
Cold white fire like the Texas moon  
And I expect to find life there unpleasant  
My exit will be most inopportune  
I'm leaving while I can see this crescent  
The crescent of the ghostly Texas moon  
It can't be any hotter than this jail  
It can't be any colder than this mood  
It can't be any deader than a doornail  
Or half as live as the Texas moon  
Mother send no flowers for my passing  
Surely life is just one long lampoon  
Brother end your vigilance and your fasting  
I'm going down beneath the Texas moon