

Grinderman, Man In The Moon

My daddy was an astronaut
That's what I was often taught
My daddy went away to soon
Now he's living on the moon
Hang on to me people we're going down
Down among the fishes in an absence of sound
It's the presence of distance and it's floating in time
It's lack and it's longing and it's not very kind
Sitting here scratching in this rented room
Scratching and atapping to the man in the moon
About all the things that I've been taught
My daddy was an astronaut