

# Moe., Moth

Now somewhere between the plastic, dog eared flaps of the kitchen screen door  
Rests a little gypsy moth, it got burned out from the war  
It was a big one, the war that is, it was a Sunday afternoon  
The gypsy was held prisoner by the screen door from the moon

Now somewhere between the dog food and the moth in the kitchen screen door  
I fell in love with the gypsy, so I signed up for the war  
It was a big one, the moth that is, she was the size of a baby raccoon  
I pulled down the plastic prison walls and we danced in the light of the moon

(Chorus) Well she knows nothing at all about life  
Now she knows everything about living  
She knows nothing at all about life  
Yeah, she knows everything about living

She dipped and swirled and dove and twirled  
And danced in celebration  
We won the war of the kitchen screen door  
And the gypsy's liberation

It was a big one, the victory, and the sun gave way to the moon  
Well we got drunk and she thanked me, and then we drank all afternoon

Now somewhere between the back porch and the yellowed light of the moon  
Waits a widow even wonders on a Sunday night in June  
It was a big one, the spider that is, and she never even batted an eye  
The gypsy flew into her web and I thought

You know, sometimes it might be difficult to walk the street blind when you're half in the bag and th

(Chorus)  
(repeat Chorus)