

Rialto, Underneath A Distant Moon

Goodbye world, adios
This is where I'm getting off
They say I'm lost
But I'm happy here

All you boys and you girls
Who were not made for this world
I know a way to where you'll feel immune
Underneath a distant moon

Memories mingle with dreams
Like old newspapers in the wind
Sometimes they drift along for miles
Or cling to something for a while
Before they're gone
Over the roof tops and beyond

Let this night take me and you
And wrap us in its velvet blue
And from this world we'll be delivered soon
Underneath a distant moon