

# Swingin' Utters, Lampshade

My Accordion is shining  
in the light of the moon from the sky  
And I sit here alone and drinking  
with the windows and doors open wide  
My hand got tired an hour ago  
and the words on each sheet  
turned blank white  
no, there's no room in the this house  
for your company, dear  
maybe tomorrow  
you can come inside

The preacher's turned to dictation  
'cause the lord has got letters to send  
There's nothing for me to believe in, either,  
I've just gone to trying to pretend

And the rain is falling slowly  
like faltering drums outside  
and the weathermen are confused  
because they can never read the sky  
someday we may even be friends again  
and I hope just that thought is enough  
You're a weathered old prince  
and the state I'm in hopefully won't hurt  
our one night together that much

Moon, shine, you're a lampshade  
For the drunken old bats and their evening  
Shine on, you'll forgive me  
For missing your last requiem

I'm all alone this evening  
as I'm along almost every day  
and It's these sad-sack times that I miss them all  
but if they were here I'd wish them away  
If they'd send me a vase of flowers  
Or better yet those aborted hours  
Drunken hours of endless time left to die  
In everyone's memory but mine