

The Good Life, The Moon Red Handed

tell me, dear,

is there anything you'd like to hear?
one last song before we disappear?
some broken hearted ballad
built for two.

by the way, it seems my notebooks have been misplaced
those scribbled poetries of yesterday
they've no more effect on me,
those dead feelings

the songs we don't sing are the hardest to hear.
words left unsaid, words we wish we'd forget.
the guilt slips from our lips,
confessions hidden behind eyelids.
would you look me in the eye and tell me
does the moon weep at dawn?

his brilliance exposed
by a fierce and burning sun.
the songs we don't sing we don't want to hear.
words left unsaid well, they're only words
we lick the guilt from our lips,
we make confessions from fertile hips
and never look them in the eye.