

Young Moses

Josh Ritter

Lay down, young Moses, child,
Your wandering star a while.
Hang your heart on a quiet soul and
Stay a while in the house of gold.
Each room has many mansions,
Each mansion, many rooms.
You'll sleep on sheets of silver,
You'll eat on plates of moon.

I will take up, white linen.
I will a rove and go.
I do not need your mansions,
I'll live in a house of soul.
Bring me my Florida water.
Set me my serpent free.
Hang ye no stars above me,
I am bound for Expidite!

All the love they're gonna give me.
All the love, all the love, all the love.
They're gonna be my family now,
And y'all can keep your thrones.

I've been upon the mountain,
I've been to the end of the line.
I've pierced the fiery curtain,
The only face that I touched was mine.

I'll burned me through Ohio.
I'll find the Appleseed
That lives on lightning bugs.
His mouth a-glow when he begins to preach, and
I'll burn me through the handle.
I'll drink the cactus truths.
I'll sleep with peyoteros,
Hills the color of conqueror root.

I got my heavy work in.
I hung your capstone, too.
I'm the king of the milk maids, honey.
Say my name, you know it's true.
I got my heavy work in.
I take my lightning sweet.
I've been a beast of burden,
That is to say I am a beast.