

Once Upon a Blood Moon

Sage Francis

He offered her the world, but came up short
The nastiest of storms made him settle on a city with a port
He watched ships sail by in the middle of July
He wrote notes on paper boats, sat and waited for replies
Hope floats, even when it's on fire
Especially when it's on fire, but the smoke makes him tired
Took a blade to the chest like he was opening a body bag
"Sir he's still alive in there" well Christ then, remove the tag
What's it say? It says "Fold along the lines
And set me free," not on fire, cause oftentimes
When I set myself free, this empty
Bag of a body tends to get burned in effigy
I've lost the energy to fight off the flames
I blow it off like it's all just a game, all the same
Wish he wouldn't write himself out of the picture
It's a beautiful lotion that you got
When there's someone there to share it with you
This is why she can't have nice things
He was too caught up in work to sign for the nice deliveries that life brings
Now he can't tell if he's dead or not
He said, "I bet I am, and I can prove it." She said "you better not"
This is why she can't have nice things
Because talk is cheap and it was poor communication

All he wanted to say, on the dock that day
Was "I love you, and I'm sorry," but instead, he just waved
Good bye, and he cried, love
So much he watched the waters rise up
It must have been a changing of the tides, but I've come to assume
It was the changing of a mind, once upon a blood moon

They skimmed rocks for the whole day
He imagined he was throwin' rotten parts of himself that broke away
So he couldn't stop, fascinated by the way they skip up top
Give up and then drop, he sank with them
They convened on the rock bottom and made a decision
They could never raise children, not like this
Not like people who make babies on purpose
That's when he came to the surface, fully intending
To be so strong in his resolve, 'til all of it dissolves
Slippin' through his pruny fingers like this could've been ours
But this is to the offers that can't be followed through with
The water works, the leaky faucet still lost fluids
To the current of the stream that'll always push you from me
To the reoccurring dream that makes reality less ugly
In a picturesque setting, where the world looks airbrushed
Needless to say, words failed us

On the dock that day, all I wanted to say
Was "I love you, and I'm sorry," but instead, I just waved
Good bye, and I cried, love
So much I watched the waters rise up
It must have been a changing of the tides, that was breaking up our lives
It was a water raged wrinkling time

Yessir, minds are made for the changing, but mine's been deterioratin'

Like the bluffs in the shoreline, where I've been waitin' too exhale
Since the summer when we watched every last one of our friends set sail
And I was the only livin' boy left in Providence
Collecting death certificates from the rest of my documents
Just for origami purposes, I gave 'em to the ocean
But hey, look at me, I'm great at foldin'
Guess I'll just do this the rest of my life
It's got to do with lots of lovin', and it ain't nothin' nice

This is why she can't have nice things
He was too caught up in work to sign for the nice deliveries that life brings
This is why she can't have nice things
Because talk is cheap and it was poor communication
This is why she can't have nice things
He set fire to the paper boat sonatas he's been writin'
And this is why, I assume the moon's bleeding
And why there wasn't any blood left in the rock he was squeezing