Silver Moons

Sunset Rubdown

Confetti floats away like dead leaves
In the wagon's wake
There were parties here
In my honor
'Til you sent me away
And now
Silver moons belong to you

Passing the baton
From the old mare to the fawn
It was out of line but it was fun
Didn't you love the part right before the dawn
And now:

Silver moons belong to you

I'm off to wither away
And to practice all these ancient ways
Tell the new kids where I hid the wine
Tell their fathers that I'm on my way

Hey, hey!
Maybe these days are over, over now
Maybe these days are over, over now
And I loved it better than anyone else you know

And I believe in growing old with grace!
I believe she only loved my face!
I believe I acted like a child
Making faces at acquired tastes
And now:

Silver moons belong to you!
And silver moons belong to you
I'm off to whither away
And to practice all these ancient ways
Tell the new kids where I hid the wine
Tell their fathers that I'm on my way

Hey, hey!

Maybe these days are over, over now
I think!
Maybe these days are over, over now
I believe in growing old with grace
I believe she only loved my face and I think
Maybe these days are over, over now

Gone are the days bonfires make me think of you
Looks like the prophesy came true
You are a fallen tree
He is a fallen tree

How old are you?
No how old are you?

Under all the folds of the dresses that you wear

There's an ocean and a tide and a riot in the square
Over all the days that the coffers made your hair
Swing around to the cadence of your wheelchair

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Under all the folds of the dresses that you wear
Sway around to the cadence of your voice when you sang there