

the moon

a children's song for grownups

the moon is full.
the moon is whole.

i'm lookin' at the ground.
i'm starin' at my feet.
i kick a rock into the sky;
my life is incomplete.

the moon is full.
the moon is whole.

the rock sails towards the heavens.
the moonlight grabs my eye.
now i have got to get there,
and here's the reason why.

the moon is full.
the moon is whole.

the moon is full of pockmarks.
my soul is full of holes, but
she still shines her splendor.
she shines both night and day.
she still shines her splendor.
her light will make me whole.

the moon is full.
the moon is whole.
the moon is full.
her light will make me whole.

the moon (audio, with a vague notion of its melody)

the moon Stephen Muratore
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