

# Talking to the Moon

Don Henley

When the hot September sun down in Texas  
I sucked the streams bone dry and turned to roads to dust  
In the sleepy little towns down in Texas  
The shades are all pulled down, streets are all rolled up

And the only thing that breaks the silence  
Are the trucks a-passin' by  
Late at night on the front porch swing  
You can hear their mournful sigh

And the lonesome whippoorwill  
Cries to the stars above  
He was calling out for his lady love  
She's been gone so long

I was just talking to the moon  
Hopin' someday soon that I'd be over  
The memory of you, too hard to hold

And the wind across the plains  
Is all that now remains  
You know the night shakes loose the names  
But they never quite go back the way they came

So, goodbye rodeo  
It's a long, funny way for men to go  
Never change  
Never change at all

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