

Countermoon

Donald Fagen

On a night like this
You look up at your lover
It's like you're in some old cartoon
Then you detect
The scent of faded roses
Up in the sky
There's that cruel countermoon
Could that be murder you see in her eyes
You try a long and desperate kiss
You can't escape it
That beam is sure to find you

On a night like this
The story is told
How the women get restless
And the men grow cold
Gotham shudders
There's a chill in the air
There's a countermoon
Lovers all beware

Hand in hand
You walk along the river
You stop to clutch and caress
A countermoonbeam
Comes sweeping off the water
She says "You're not my Jackie.
My Jackie was the best."
Spitewaves are threatening
The seaside hotels
It's nasty weather for July
Last night you loved her
Tonight you wonder why

At every pay phone
There's somebody cryin'
All the streets are slick with tears
When you see that blue ray
There's a heartquake on the way