

Concrete Moon

Eugene McGuinness

Grab your umbrella ad hover over town
Where they're tearin' the decorations down
You cast a spell on those letharios and clowns, no doubt
I hear a rapse of the foreign concrete moon
Below a chandelier of frozen tears I loom
Where all these painted ladies haunt these furnished rooms
Wipin' their mouths

Roll up, roll up and gather round
Push your shoulders back above your chest out
All the evergreen, ever news and love passage
Where's our electric arcades?
They're so in love

Gone while the undertaker sleeps
Come while the youngin often hear the panthers grieve
Come while the liquid sky swirls dark
End it

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