

## In Context Of The Moon

Max Webster

In context of the stars  
You point at my point right  
You reflect off my sunglasses  
Waiting for the moon on a tight night

In context of the sun  
Zero degrees is where we start  
You grind on my glass pedal  
Red line earth clutching my hear

In context of the moon  
You pull to my full height  
We black out during the eclipse  
Jelly roll on a comet kite

Out of the day into the night  
Catching the heat and the ride beat  
Ooo la la, well, ooo la, well

You says there's nothing to do  
I says that's during the day  
You says aren't we having fun  
I says the night's not yet won

You says the feeling will be  
Ooo la la, well oo la well