

Moth

moe.

Somewhere between the plastic dog-eared
Flaps of the kitchen screen door
Rests a little gypsy moth
Who got burned out from the war
It was a big one - the war that is
It was a Sunday afternoon
The gypsy was held a prisoner by the
Screen door from the moon

Somewhere between the dog food and the
Moth in the kitchen screen door
I fell in love with a gypsy
So I signed up for the war
She was a big one - the moth that is
She was the size of a baby raccoon
I pulled down the plastic prison walls
And we danced in the light of the moon

She knows nothing at all about life
She knows everything about living
She knows nothing at all about life
She knows everything about living

She looped and swirled and dove and twirled
In a dance and celebration
We'd won the war of the kitchen screen door
And the gypsy's liberation
It was a big one - the victory
And the sun gave way to the moon
We got drunk and she thanked me
And then we drank all afternoon

Somewhere between the back porch
And the yellow light of the moon
Waits a widow weaving wonders
On a Sunday night in June
She was a big one - the spider that is
And she never even batted an eye
When the gypsy flew into her web and I thought

You know sometimes it might be difficult
To walk a straight line when you're
Half in the bag and three sheets to the
Wind so to speak, but to fly?

She knows nothing at all about life
She knows everything about living
She knows nothing at all about life
She knows everything about living

(Jam)

She knows nothing at all about life
She knows everything about living
She knows nothing at all about life
She knows everything about living
She knows nothing at all about life

She knows everything about living
She knows nothing at all about life
She knows everything about living