

Nightclothes

Radical Face

We crept from the room
The moonlight spilled down the hall
And I tiptoed with you
Then we climbed out the window
And there in the yard
Our nightclothes blowing in the breeze
And you looked up at the sky
And said the moon would be ours

And all this time I hear those words like bombs in the distance
And oh my mind, I can still smell the rain in the air

But time's gone by
And I'm not the kid I was on that evening
And somewhere inside
I hope you still see me just the way I was before I walked away

Mud on your dress
Blood stains on the knees of my pants
And we went in search of the moon
'cause you said that you knew where it slept in the day
So we gathered up our tools:
A sling-shot in case it ran for the sky
And a blanket from your room, the one with no holes
So we could drag it all the way back home

And you said when we got it back
We would cut it in two
And we'd wear the hide so magnificent
And then I could control time for you
And I still hear the way that you laughed
When you found I believed you
And I could still feel you pull on my arm
When I was too afraid to go

And all this time I hear those words like bombs in the distance
And my, oh my, I can still smell the dirt on our hands

'cause in my head
You're still alive, you're still alive
And I know that it's a lie
But it's one I like, it's one I like