

# 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