

Twin Moon

Sarah Slean

Hey Mister Paper
Better get your story straight
We're not from the sixties
And it's Sarah with an h

And, oh, sometimes
The way you read things
The way you see things
The way you reach things
Hurts my heart

Oh, I fear
Somehow you'll find the need
To spit out my name
Like a watermelon seed

And, oh, sometimes
I think 'what am I doing?
This business of bleeding'
A dime for showing
My heart

Oh, twin moon
You are my twin moon
Take me up-sky
So I can kiss you
Drink your starlight

Oh, twin moon
You are my twin moon
Take me up-sky
So I can kiss you
Drink your start light

I want to show you
I want to show you
I want to show you
My heart