

## Silver Moons

## Sunset Rubdown

Confetti floats away like dead leaves  
In the wagon's wake  
There were parties here  
In my honor  
'Til you sent me away  
And now  
Silver moons belong to you

Passing the baton  
From the old mare to the fawn  
It was out of line but it was fun  
Didn't you love the part right before the dawn  
And now:

Silver moons belong to you

I'm off to wither away  
And to practice all these ancient ways  
Tell the new kids where I hid the wine  
Tell their fathers that I'm on my way

Hey, hey!  
Maybe these days are over, over now  
Maybe these days are over, over now  
And I loved it better than anyone else you know

And I believe in growing old with grace!  
I believe she only loved my face!  
I believe I acted like a child  
Making faces at acquired tastes  
And now:

Silver moons belong to you!  
And silver moons belong to you  
I'm off to whither away  
And to practice all these ancient ways  
Tell the new kids where I hid the wine  
Tell their fathers that I'm on my way

Hey, hey!

Maybe these days are over, over now  
I think!  
Maybe these days are over, over now  
I believe in growing old with grace  
I believe she only loved my face and I think  
Maybe these days are over, over now

Gone are the days bonfires make me think of you  
Looks like the prophesy came true  
You are a fallen tree  
He is a fallen tree

How old are you?  
No how old are you?

Under all the folds of the dresses that you wear

There's an ocean and a tide and a riot in the square  
Over all the days that the coffers made your hair  
Swing around to the cadence of your wheelchair

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Under all the folds of the dresses that you wear  
Sway around to the cadence of your voice when you sang there