

The Sad Milkman

The Handsome Family

Above the dark highway, on a black tar roof
Stood the sad milkman in love with the moon
She filled up his window with soft milky light
So he climbed up the chimney and into the night

But the moon, she rises
And the moon, she falls
And her slow white eye
Sees nothing at all

Down on the sidewalk, a crowd gathered 'round
Throwing up bricks and bottles to knock the boy down
He stood up above them with his hands in the air
Crying up to the moonbeams, come let down your hair

But the moon, she rises
And the moon, she falls
And her slow white eye
Sees nothing at all

He wanted to feel like a bucket of milk
Or sweet summer wind on rolling green hills
He wanted to fly up from the roof
Up through the night wind to the arms of the moon

But the moon, she rises
And the moon, she falls
And her slow white eye
Sees nothing at all

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