

The Moon

The White Buffalo

Thought I did but then I don't feel much anymore
The string between bad and good is a little misunderstood
Oh and then it turns to doubt, and then you kick and scream and
cast me out
And all that I know is true is I'm hollow as the ocean's blue

Lonely Days I await you
Shadows and graves I'll be visiting soon
Will I ever
Will I ever see the moon again

Tossed and turned cant figure out if humans have all rung down
Where there going I don't know for sure, but they, they hide an
d hide and hide
Who will know when they return as they've, they've all turned t
o ash and burned
Well at a road side at night I think that my love's run out

Lonely Days I await you
Shadows and graves I'll be visiting soon
Will I ever
Will I ever see the moon again