

The Attic

Van Dyke Parks

I was there upon
A four poster there
Mind tousled
I came to bear
Some thoughts from the past
Amid a dash of influenza

And then I came to see in baggage
The memories of truncated souvenirs
The war years

High moon I said
High moon lighted
High moon eye
To my moon

Far beyond the blue mist
Enveloped lawn
The blanketed night comes on
The champagne is dead and gone
The forest around sensitive sound forest primeval
Through the panes cloud buttermilk
War remains and twisted cross
War refrains lunatic so

High moon I said
High moon lighted
High moon eye
To my moon

Your age will most probably
Carry away the letters enveloped in carrion
Vague unpleasantries of the war
May your son's progenitorship
Of the state haphazardly help him to carry on
God send your son safe home to you

High Moon
You're eye
To my moon