

# Devil Moon

## Bobby Long

devil moon, shows its face too soon at a hopeless time  
fast old road, shut down in the winter cold at a quiet time  
threw out my back, tending another crack on the picket line  
the sweetest wind blows through my darling's clothes when I'm insideI can feel the seasons change, like I'm to  
blame  
my industry has stretched to the pieces I've been holding  
for the devil moon has eclipsed all I see, eclipsed all I see  
and under its lights it may prove to be the killer of mecat got your tongue, when you're leading a victory song at  
a quiet time  
and it's a bad race won and a punctured lung at the starting line

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