

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 inside I 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 me
cat 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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