Who Built the Moon

Shinyribs

One there was a pilgrim,
he was lonely as a broom
He had the idea, to build the moon
He Started with an onion,and then he let it dry,
He rang it like a bell and it made him cry,
The he covered it up, with dust and dirt
Then he made it hollow, so it wouldn't hurt
Then he cut the ropes, and it cam unwound
Then he raised it up, up off them ground

Now the moon is a hangin. in the sky
Shankin the oceans and moving the tide
And if his calculations, was not true
Then we may not be lonely, looking at the moon

Somebody once asked, the astronauts, Who built the moon
But they would not, talk about the pilgrim, and his lonely shell
Looking down on the earth, all by his self
But they was really worried, about his lonely bones
Said can we send a mission, to bring him home
But by the time the apollo, it touched down, he was hiding in a hole, under ground

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A lookin at the moon
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Lyrics submitted by Scott Ward.

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