

# 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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