

The Moon

Glen Hansard & Mark A. Irglová

I've.. been..
Traveling the land from gravel into sand.
Not knowing where I'm going never having any plans.
Anything I wanted had to grab it in advance
Abracadabra there's a rabbit in my hands cause,
Ive got the magic stick bust the baddest tricks
Fished for a whale brought a ship up out of it
Whats that I just saw? A platypus? Naw.
Maybe its a rat crawling flat on his paws
or a baby dragon just dragging his claws
It doesn't really matter
because its Saturday,
so look that-a-way
3 o'clock matinee,
lets collaborate
and Ill pay you back soon
with a crazy rap tune.

But for now I'm just gazing at the moon
Wander and ponder the pale blue yonder
To infinite and beyond the city
Beyond the city, we all want to see serenity
But some times you've gotta hop the fence to see.
That all sidewalks must end eventually.
I sit still at the bottom of the sea,
brainwaves chill i can see an anemone,
sentient entity
Let the spirit enter me
Patient, pervasive, how I was meant to be
A stone worn smooth by the swift currents of chaos
A place to lay a thick array of lush moss
I'm parlaying on my day off
floating way off on my thought balloons and snacking on macaroons
But for now I'm just gazing at the moon.

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