

Julia with Blue Jeans On

Moonface

It's a mad man's game
Making cadences land in golden fields
A mad man's game
Making the commonplace unreal
I can't say why
But I have a way of bleeding dry
Anything you call a rose
From red to white
A full bouquet
To fucking snow
It's a mad man's game
I had been spending a lot of time
In my expensive furs
When the question first occurred to me
Is there anything more famous,
Anything more grand,
Anything more noble than a folded hand?
Fantasy, it's a mad man's game
At the very least, a younger man's game
I'd say the only word worth singing
Is a name
I'd say the only name worth singing
Is not 'God'
It's you
Julia
As beautiful, and simple as the sun
Julia with blue jeans on
Julia, as beautiful and simple as the sun
Just Julia with blue jeans on
I see you there
Oh, at the bottom of the stairs
Obliterating everything I've ever written down
Was there any other way
That you could have been found?
Oh Julia with blue jeans on

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