

Living On the Moon

Jeremy Fisher

Gotta be a better way, somewhere out there
Gotta be something else
Grandpa would stare out into thin air
Just trying to figure it outThe porch light flickers, moths and mosquitoes
Screen door speaks to the breeze
Me and my sister up, talking to Jesus
Hands folded, down on our kneesDear papa, what would we do?
Living upon that moon, shoot at the stars
Build motels and bars and try to find someone to screw
Try to feel somewhere to museWhite noise and rabbit ears, tuned into all your fears
Every night it's the same
Daddy sits in his chair, mama wears rubber gloves
She got a dishpan drainGrandpa smokes a cigarette
It's just for him not for kids
Watch from the windowsill as smoke dances upward
A ghost in the darkness, white out perfectly stillDear papa, what would we do?
Living upon that moon, shoot at the stars
Build motels and bars and try to find someone to screw
Try to feel somewhere to museOut in the shed after midnights in bed, the real hard work begins
Grandpa tinkers with a rocket he built from a fifty four rambler with fins
He says, you and your sister can escape this misery
C'mon child climb on inDear papa, what would we do?
Living upon that moon, shoot at the stars
Build motels and bars and try to find someone to screw
Try to feel somewhere to muse

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