

Moth

moe.

Now somewhere between the plastic dog and the flaps of the kitchen screen door
Rests a little gypsy moth, it got burned out from the war
It was a big one, the war that is, it was a Sunday afternoon
The gypsy was held prisoner by the screen door from the moon
Now somewhere between the dog food and the
moth in the kitchen screen door
I fell in love with the gypsy, so I signed up for the war
It was a big one, the moth that is, she was the size of a baby raccoon
I pulled down the plastic prison walls and we danced in the light of the moon [Chorus]
Well she knows nothing at all about life
Now she knows everything about living
She knows nothing at all about life
Yeah, she knows everything about living
She dipped and swirled and dove and twirled
And danced in celebration
We won the war of the kitchen screen door
And the gypsy's liberation
It was a big one, the victory, and the sun gave way to the moon
Well we got drunk and she thanked me, and then we drank all afternoon
Now somewhere between the back
porch and the yellowed light of the moon
?'s widow even wonders on a Sunday night in June
It was a big one, the spider that is, and she never even batted an eye
The gypsy flew into her web and uh' You know, sometimes it might be difficult to walk the street blind
When you're half in the bag and three sheets to the wind
So to speak' but to fly? [Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

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