

# Talking to the Moon

Don Henley

When the hot September sun down in Texas  
Has sucked the streams bone dry  
And turned to roads to dust  
In the sleepy little towns down in Texas,  
The shades are all pulled down;  
The streets are all rolled up.  
The only thing that breaks the silence  
Are the trucks a-passin' by  
And late at night on the front porch swing  
You can hear a mournful sigh  
The lonesome whippoorwill cries to the stars above  
He was callin' out for his lady love  
She's been gone so long  
I was just talkin' to the moon  
Hopin' someday soon that I'd be over  
The memory of you-too hard to hold  
And the wind across the plains  
Is all that now remains  
The night shakes loose the names  
But they never quite go back the way they came  
So, good-bye rodeo  
It's a long, funny way for a man to go  
And never change-  
And never change at all  
I was just talkin' to the moon  
Hopin' someday soon that I'd be over  
The memory of you, too hard to hold on  
I was just talkin' to the moon  
Hopin' someday soon that I'd be over the  
Memory of you

Songwriters

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