

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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Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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