

# Study The Moon

## These United States

I ducked down the door of a poison oak party  
Detected the man many call Moriarty  
Concluded our crimes could entitle us to thirty  
Pulled out the beak of a beautiful birdie  
I laughed on the floor where they spread the confetti  
Looked back on everything, like it was all  
Like it was alreadyAll the love unsung must have some good enough tune  
If I were worried about worthwhile, I would go study the moon.I clacked down the cobwebbing city sky crescent  
Got cracked at and spat at and branded a peasant  
Revoked me the right to appeal to a season  
Oh, but the fall was a leavesing, and the buzz really beesing  
It all drowned me out, as parades and occasions  
Bull by quiet china, and I  
I can't get no  
I can't get no sensations.Gravity gets hold of me a little bit too soon  
But if I were worried about weightless, I would go study the moon.According to religion, there is someone I can  
call  
According now to science, this is all my fault  
According to the Big Blue Ox, I should just look up Paul  
Accordingly, the consequence is a concert hall  
Where everyone waves words, but no one thing resolves  
Until they come and serve us from their wrecking ball  
By then the chancellor goes and gets the infantry involved  
The over-reaching economy creeping to a crawl  
Accountants come to tie us to the town square totem polesI should really just go and study the moon.So I made  
for the Georgia Ave. Salvation Army  
Got back with the man who had slain Moriarty  
Explained very slowly what I knew we were in for  
He turned on me totally, said  
"So what's all this hot tin for?"  
"A distraction!" I exasperated, to blanket the stink of youth  
"I am out of here!"  
There are twelve gates out, twelve gates to the city  
"Holler soon!"So now I paddle mumbling oceans as a lost reflected loon  
But if I were worried about wide wings, I would go study the moon.  
I would go study the moon.