

Man In the Moon

Grinderman

My daddy was an astronaut
That's what I was often taught
My daddy went away too soon
Now he's living on the moon
Hang on to me people, we're going down
Down among the fishes in an absence of sound
It's the presence of distance and it's floating in time
It's lack and it's longing and it's not very kind
Send it scratching in this rented room
Scratching and a tapping to the man in the moon
'Bout all the things that I've been taught
My daddy was an astronaut

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