

In The Direction Of The Moon

Wolf Parade

I - I'm the wall of sand, and stone, and
you - you're some kind of ivy
I'm trying to hold
as best as I can.
But I'm a disaster!
I could not be burning faster!
I stick my arms into webs!
I take my meals with weirdos,
and play with my rocket ships.
And all the while, you -
- you - are so composed.

You are the most gracious thing I know -
touched by cooking fires, touched by snow.
And I - I think you're fantastic,
and I - I know that you care.
I'll put my rockets away,
if you let fall
your house of skin and air.
I've been running off of fumes, again.
I've been running off my mouth.

I've been running in the hours
between midnight and dawn
in the direction of the moon,
with the impression
that's the way to find your house.
So hey, have you built your bastion?
And hey, how long can you put up with these questions,
when you've got nowhere to go
except into the terrible air?
And I - I think you're fantastic,
and I - I know that you care.
I'll put my rockets away,
if you let fall
your house of skin and
- Erring on the side of caution - apparently past,
come down from the rim of that crystal glass.
I - I'm wall of sand, and stone, and
you - you're some kind of ivy

I'm trying to hold
as best as I can.

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