Lampshade

Swingin' Utters

My Accordion is shining
in the light of the moon from the sky
And I sit here alone and drinking
with the windows and doors open wide
My hand got tired an hour ago
and the words on each sheet
turned blank white
no, there's no room in the this house
for your company, dear
maybe tomorrow
you can come insideThe preacher's turned to dictation
'cause the lord has got letters to send
There's nothing for me to believe in, either,
I've just gone to trying to pretendAnd the rain is falling slowly
like faltering drums outside
and the weathermen are confused
because they can never read the sky
someday we may even be friends again
and I hope just that thought is enough
You're a weathered old prince
and the state I'm in hopefully won't hurt
our one night together that muchMoon, shine, you're a lampshade
For the drunken old bats and their evening
Shine on, you'll forgive me
For missing your last requiem

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