

# You Hung the Moon

Elvis Costello

The homecoming fanfare is echoing still  
Now tapping on tables and sensing a chill  
Poor families expecting a loved one's return  
Only son and some charlatan specter, oh, when will they learn? You hung the moon from a gallows in the sky  
Choked out the light in his blue lunar eye  
The shore is a parchment, the sea has no tide  
Since he was taken from my side The lines of the fallen are viewed through the glass  
You cannot touch them at all  
Or hear their footfall just as they go past  
The drunken ground is where they are bound You hung the moon from a gallows in the sky  
Choked out the light in his blue lunar eye  
The shore is a parchment, the sea has no tide  
Since he was taken from my side So slap out his terrors and sneer at his tears  
We deal with deserters like this  
From the breech to the barrel, the bead we will level  
Break earth with a shovel, quick march on the double  
And lower him shallow like tallow down in the abyss You hung the moon from a gallows in the sky  
Choked out the light in his blue lunar eye  
The shore is a parchment, the sea has no tide  
Since he was taken from my side  
Since he was taken from my side The homecoming fanfare is echoing still

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