

Twisp and the Cone

They Ate Isengard

The moon's so bright and the mood's so low
Everybody's longing for that rock'n'roll
Moon's so bright, mood's so low
Everybody's longing for rock'n'roll
The city's asleep and the town is dead
Everybody out here's got a gun instead
City's asleep, town is dead
We could fall in love instead)stead)The streets have cracked, pavement's black
Streets cracked, pavement's black
Pavement's back, streets cracked
You could spend the night in my bed
There's a jarful of hate down in Tram Stop Town,
Everybody seems to get along somehow
Jarful of hate, Train Track Town
Nothing gets as good as when it's doneYou are blind
There's no end (there's no end)
You're so blind
There's no end (there's no end)The moon's so bright and the mood's so low
Everybody's longing for that rock'n'roll
Moon's so bright, mood's so low
(There's a jarful of hate down in Tram Stop Town,
Everybody seems to get along somehow
Jarful of hate, Train Track Town
Nothing gets as good as when it's done)
(Everybody's longing for rock'n'roll
The city's asleep and the town is dead
Everybody out here's got a gun instead
City's asleep, town is dead
We could fall in love instead)stead)

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