

# 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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