# The Moon Red Handed

## The Good Life

Tell me, dear is there anything you'd like to hear?
One last song before we disappear?
Some broken hearted ballad built for two
By the way, it seems my notebooks have all been misplaced
Those scribbled poetries of yesterday
They've no more effect on me, those dead feelingsThe songs we don't sing are the hardest to hear
Words left unsaid, words we wish we'd forget
The guilt slips from our lips, confessions hidden behind eyelids
Would you look me in the eyeAnd tell me does the moon weep at dawn?
His brilliance exposed by a fierce and burning sunThe songs we don't sing we don't want to hear
Words left unsaid well, they're only words
We lick the guilt form our lips we make confessions from fertile hips
And never look them in the eye

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