

# Midday Moon

## Astronautalis

A sliver of chalk across the blue  
Lord knows I don't know what the hell's the use of the midday moon  
You came to my arms too goddamn soon  
Lord knows I don't know what to do with you and the midday moon This is just to say  
They've taken everything away  
Every step we made fit into six trucks  
Pick-ups drawing dust above the driveway The muddy cavalcade came at half past eight  
Collecting everything in that grassy bank  
And every trace of you was taken too  
And what was once a womb is just a hollow room It was a windy day  
That kind that makes me hate L.A.  
'Cause God gave them a perfect sun  
And they think gangs and smog were hardly a fair trade  
They don't breathe or flinch  
Or even blink at how the green will shift  
When the wind parades across the meager ridge  
And kicks the weeds a bit to make seem as if the lea is a sea of waves They say you can't cheat  
death  
Maybe it's just a shortness of breath  
Or no pains in your chest  
A disease we agree that we ain't cured yet Forgive me dear  
I never thought that we'd end up here  
From ["sweet dreams"] whispered in your ear  
Before a long night's sleep so cold and clear A sliver of chalk across the blue  
Lord knows I don't know what the hell's the use of the midday moon  
You came to my arms too goddamn soon  
Lord knows I don't know what to do with you and the midday moon  
I've been told that when we die we pass onto the other side  
there's no bright light, no bright light.  
Death is just a pasture gate that opens by lifting a plank  
To just more life, just more life I met an old man, sun-tanned, provided by Jesus  
And the light that passed through stain glassed pieces  
He clutched a rosary flat to his chest  
And confessed he wasn't ready for death I seen an iron eyed firefly, femme fatale  
Too vain to explain how her hair fell out  
Lusting for the next thing to erase her shame  
She doesn't want to live forever, but she's scared to fade away This is how they came to me, one  
at a time  
Pilgrims to my building on the cemetery ground  
All they wanted was an answer and I could never let 'em down  
I couldn't promise them forever but I could buy a lot of time You Jeanvieve, you were the straw  
Whispering your wishes in cotton Quebeois

I wonder if the Maker ever felt he botched the flock  
But never had the mettle to make the world stop  
Stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop[I wonder if the maker ever felt he botched the  
flockBut never had the mettle to make the world stop]  
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