

## Customs

# "Where The Moon Spends His Days"

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This, my dear, is where  
The starlight ends, my dear  
I always imagined that  
It would be like  
This, my dear,  
Is where Godot  
Should interfere  
Is this the point where  
We should kiss?  
Or is this just a walk?

And this my love, is where  
The moon spends his days, my love  
I always imagined it to be a  
Little higher above, my love  
Like where the wind blows our minds, my love  
Is this the time for our embrace?

Or is it just a walk?

This, my love, is where the  
Clocks buy time, my love  
And this, my dear, is where a  
Fool shows his love, my dear

There I said it  
It threw a different light on you  
Now I get it  
It threw different light on you

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It threw a different light on you  
Now I get it  
It threw different light on you

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