

Don Gibson**"Talking To The Moon"**

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When the hot September sun down in Texas
Has sucked the streams bone dry, and turned the
roads to dust
In the sleepy little towns down in Texas
The shades are all pulled down, the streets are all
rolled up
And the only thing that breaks the silence
Are the trucks a-passing by,
Late at night on a front porch swing
You can hear a mournful sigh.
And the lonesome whip-or-will
Cries to the stars above
He was calling out for his lady love
She's been gone so long.
I was just talking to the moon
Hopin' someday soon that I'd be over
The memory of you, too hard to hold
And the wind across the plains
Is all that now remains
(you know) the night shakes loose the names
But they never quite go back the came
So goodbye, rodeo
It's a long, funny way for a man to go
And never change
Never change at all
I was just talking to the moon
Hopin' someday soon that I'd be over
The memory of you, too hard to hold on
I was just talking to the moon
Hopin' someday soon that I'd be over
The memory of you

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