

Elvis Costello

"You Hung The Moon"

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The homecoming fanfare is echoing still
Now tapping on tables and sensing a chill
Poor families expecting a loved one's return
Only son and some charlatan specter, oh, when will
they learn?

You hung the moon from a gallows in the sky
Choked out the light in his blue lunar eye
The shore is a parchment, the sea has no tide
Since he was taken from my side

The lines of the fallen are viewed through the glass
You cannot touch them at all
Or hear their footfall just as they go past
The drunken ground is where they are bound

You hung the moon from a gallows in the sky
Choked out the light in his blue lunar eye
The shore is a parchment, the sea has no tide
Since he was taken from my side

So slap out his terrors and sneer at his tears
We deal with deserters like this
From the breach to the barrel, the bead we will level
Break earth with a shovel, quick march on the double
And lower him shallow like tallow down in the abyss

You hung the moon from a gallows in the sky
Choked out the light in his blue lunar eye
The shore is a parchment, the sea has no tide
Since he was taken from my side
Since he was taken from my side

The homecoming fanfare is echoing still

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