

Fish

"Poet's Moon"

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You sit there biding your time
Out of your head and into your mind
Penning thoughts that are dreams in action

A glass raised to an absent muse
A boy stands in his father's shoes
And a drunk man smiles at a thistle
Under a Poet's moon

Under a Poet's moon there's a life sign burning
A Poet's moon like a vision shining and
The lovers lie in the long grass, stolen flowers make
their bed

Under a Poet's moon there are dreams in action,
Prayers met and questions answered
As the world whirls in the darkness
I'm still staring at the skies under a Poet's moon

A night black as hoodlo's eye,
The sparks fly from a tinker's fire
As the stories burn among us under a Poet's moon

A seed falls onto stony ground
Without a hope and without a sound
From the weeds will grow the flowers under a Poet's
moon

Under a Poet's moon, there's a salmon settling
In a guddler's hand that is patient waiting
Like a lover's touch, to charm the life
His fingers play the reeds

Under a Poet's moon there's a whistle blowing
Out in no mans land
Where a flare is falling in a deadly night
The dreamers stand like flowers in a storm

Flowers in the storm, we are flowers in the storm
Under a Poet's moon

You sit there biding your time

Out of your head and into your mind
Penning thoughts that are dreams in action

A cross made in a polling booth
Another flies in a field of blue
And a drunk man smiles at a thistle
Under a Poet's moon

Under a Poet's moon there are angels crying, dead
men born
And devils laughing and the dance goes on regardless
till
You're carried from the floor

Under a Poet's moon there are dreams in action
Prayers met and questions answered as the world
whirls in the darkness
I'm still staring at the skies, staring at the skies, we're
still staring at the skies
Under a Poet's moon

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