

## **Moe. "Moth"**

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Now somewhere between the plastic dog and the flaps  
of the kitchen screen door  
Rests a little gypsy moth, it got burned out from the war  
It was a big one, the war that is, it was a Sunday  
afternoon  
The gypsy was held prisoner by the screen door from  
the moon  
Now somewhere between the dog food and the moth in  
the kitchen screen door  
I fell in love with the gypsy, so I signed up for the war  
It was a big one, the moth that is, she was the size of a  
baby raccoon  
I pulled down the plastic prison walls and we danced in  
the light of the moon  
(Chorus) Well she knows nothing at all about life  
Now she knows everything about living  
She knows nothing at all about life  
Yeah, she knows everything about living  
She dipped and swirled and dove and twirled  
And danced in celebration  
We won the war of the kitchen screen door  
And the gypsies liberation  
It was a big one, the victory, and the sun gave way to  
the moon  
Well we got drunk and she thanked me, and then we  
drank all afternoon  
Now somewhere between the back porch and the  
yellowed light of the moon  
(?)s widow even wonders on a Sunday night in June  
It was a big one, the spider that is, and she never even  
batted an eye  
The gypsy flew into her web and uhh  
You know, sometimes it might be difficult to walk the  
street blind when you're half in the bag and three  
sheets to the wind so to speak but to fly?  
(Chorus)  
(repeat Chorus)

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