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## Mostly Autumn "The Ghost Moon Orchestra"

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And obending such a willow tree, Sweet pink twilight, thunder leaves. We all look sad as the sun goes down, The forest whips a deathly howl.

Something's sturring deep inside, The trees stand deadly still tonight. The sun on river stops its flow, The ravens gather in the creepy cold.

Slowly coming, slowly gathering.

If you go down to the woods today looking for a big surprise

The orchestra is coming to play before your very eyes. And everything you've ever been is in the show tonight. Wrapped up in your very own symphony.

Don't go down to the woods today, you really have no choice

The orchestra demands your presence, strictly on your own.

Stand to your potential is the death to your soul. I hope you've been good, boys and girls.

The foam hands to the poet's house, I ran cursed ash and sweetest lies. Everybody down at the bottom of the parlor. The hippies in aband on the camping sat. All the land and under sea, everybody's playing hide and seek.

Can't top run your shadow today, orchestra's very very hungry.

Slowly coming, slowly gathering.

If you go down to the woods today you're in for a big surprise

The orchestra is coming to play before your very eyes. Strip the mellow from your coats and feed it to the night Soaked in your very old symphony.

Don't go down to the woods today, you really have no choice

The orchestra is calling your name, strictly you alone. All the hugs, the terrible love, all you've ever been Drowning in your very own symphony.

And they're looking for a groat, is it your lucky day If you been a bad boy, then, Lord, you better pray. 'cause either the devil will wish it on you Endlessly playing humanity's chew. But he's keeping a scar from one out to ten, And some of you, buggers, go up to eleven. Stare to attention as they smog to the fire Of the life that you lived in the comfort of all.

Don't go down to the woods tonight, Don't go down to the woods all alone.

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