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Brooke Waggoner "Beaut"

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I caught a glimpse of the moon a glowin' and a gleamin' in your eye
Yes it shined like the moon in the middle of the river
On the palest of nights

And a pack of sirens in the field to your left Caught your eyes and you were wise and moved on Yeah the looks in all your face, it was a mangled motley clutter

And you uttered things and moved and traveled on Yes you uttered things and moved and traveled on

I don't go strong, I don't go strong honey I don't move far, I don't move far honey I don't go strong, I don't go strong honey I don't move far, I don't move far honey

And a pack of sirens in the field to your left Caught your eyes and you were wise and moved on Yeah the looks in all your face, it was a mangled motley clutter

And you uttered things and moved and traveled on Yes you uttered things and moved and traveled on

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