

Protest the Hero "Moonlight"

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Yawn awake, familiar surroundings
All hotel rooms are pretty much the same
Although the room number might change
Catch a glimpse of everything within the lighter's flame

There's always a window and so changes the view
Affording a clue to the answer that's owing
Where we might be and where we might be going

There's no fixed address but the band, white as a
suburb
Catch a reflection, it's going knots
As we're headed in any direction
So press your head against the window
Look outside at emptiness

Tell a joke or take a piss
Take a picture at every mile
Lock the door and start the engine
'Cause it's gonna be a while

Tell a joke, take a piss
Take a picture at every mile
Start the van, close the door
Quince, I think it's gonna be a while

The climates flay themselves
Undress themselves at the side of the road
Commute at the union between failure and hope

[Incomprehensible] highway line, [Incomprehensible]
on the land
Twist and turn, and tell a story like the palm of your
hand
Buckle up and wonder, keep watching the skies
Pucker up and flounder in the blink of an eye

The climates flay themselves
Undress themselves at the side of the road
Commute at the union between failure and hope

Turn our weakness into

Turn our blindness into
Turn our questions into answers as obvious

Turn our weakness into might, oh
Turn our blindness into sight
Turn our questions into answers just as obvious
As moonlight in the darkest, darkest night
As moonlight in the darkest, darkest night

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