

## Mount Eerie

### "Moon Sequel"

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And when I talk to my friends,  
And find out that you're having fun,  
That you're swallowing life,  
That you're in the sun,  
That you're fucking around,  
That you're growing a new one.

I bellow out my voice,  
I yell out loud,  
I have my shirt off in front of a crowd,  
I tell them about you and how you're gone,  
You're gone (repeated 21 times)  
But am I lying?  
Don't I have you in my mind the entire time?  
Yes.

I can leave all the places we went,  
But I can't leave without the bones you bent,  
So I hobble along.  
And now it's me who's gone,  
And now it's me who has your fear of opening hearts,  
And all the false starts.

We could tear hope apart with  
this deep gouging  
And biting back,  
with the way that you get all  
my friends in the sack.

"What's Left?" I scream when I look up at the night,  
Where the novelty has worn off of moonlight.  
"What Gives?"  
And I roll on the ground.  
"Who Cares?"  
And there's no answering sound...  
And there's nobody around...  
And there my answer was found.

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