

Sunset Rubdown

"Silver Moons"

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Confetti floats away like dead leaves in the wagon's
wake
There were parties here in my honor 'til you sent me
away
And now silver moons belong to you
I'm passing the baton from the old mare to the fawn
It was out of line but it was fun,
Didn't you love the part right before the dawn?
And now silver moons belong to you
I'm off to the ballet and to practice all these ancient
ways
Tell the new kids where I hid the wine,
Tell their fathers that I'm on my way, and say:

Maybe these days are over, over now
Maybe these days are over, over now
And I loved it better than anyone else you know
And I believe in growing old with grace
I believe she only loved my face
I believe I acted like a child
Making faces at acquired tastes
And now silver moons belong to you

And silver moons belong to you
I'm off to the ballet and to practice all these ancient
ways
Tell the new kids where I hid the wine,
Tell their fathers that I'm on my way, and say:

Maybe these days are over, over now
I think maybe these days are over, over now
I believe in growing old with grace
I believe she only loved my face
And I think maybe these days are over, over now

Gone are the days bonfires make me think of you
Looks like the prophecy came true
You are a fallen tree, he is a fallen tree
How old are you, no, how old are you?

Under all the folds of your dresses that you wear

There's an ocean and a tide and a riot in the square
Over are the days that the congas made your hair
Sway around to the cadence of your hey-ho hey-ho
cheer

Under all the folds of your dresses that you wear
There's an ocean and a tide and a riot in the square
Over are the days that the congas made your hair
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Under all the folds of your dresses that you wear
There's an ocean and a tide and a riot in the square
Over are the days that the congas made your hair
Sway around to the cadence of your hey-ho hey-ho
cheer

Under all the folds of the dresses that you wear
Sway around to the cadence of your voice when you
sang there

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