

## Tata Young

### "Moontime"

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Slip into the bubbling bryne my workaholic friend  
For bright and early in the morn you will be up again  
With the world safe at rest so our journey begins  
For we know when it rises we can't be together then

Through every window, crack, and crawl  
Trying to escape from streets outside these broken  
windows where we may never be safe  
Hold onto me one last time before I must slip back  
To a world that constantly lies to me

So I just lie back  
You as a guide overhead leading me back to my room  
Where the resting ones are a rising  
So a new game can resume

We slip back into our roles and we play them perfectly  
fine  
Of lying down upon our backs and waiting for  
moontime

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