

## **Henley Don**

### **"Talking To The Moon"**

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D. Henley / B. Hornsby)

When the hot September sun down in Texas

has sucked the streams bone dry, and turned the  
roads to dust

in the sleepy little towns down in Texas

the shades are all pulled down, the streets are all  
rolled up

And the only thing that breaks the silence

are the trucks a-passing by,

late at night on a front porch swing

you can hear a mournful sigh.

And the lonesome whip-or-will

cries to the stars above

he was calling out for his lady love

she's been gone so long.

I was just talking to the moon

hopin' someday soon that I'd be over

the memory of you, too hard to hold

And the wind across the plains

is all that now remains

( you know ) the night shakes loose the names

but they never quite go back the came

So goodbye, rodeo  
it's a long, funny way for a man to go  
and never change  
never change at all  
I was just talking to the moon  
hopin' someday soon that I'd be over  
the memory of you, too hard to hold on  
I was just talking to the moon  
hopin' someday soon that I'd be over  
the memory of you

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