

## Good Life, The "The Moon Red Handed"

Visit "[The Moon Red Handed](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

tell me, dear,  
is there anything you'd like to hear?  
one last song before we disappear?  
some broken hearted ballad  
built for two.  
by the way, it seems my notebooks have been  
misplaced  
those scribbled poetries of yesterday  
they've no more effect on me,  
those dead feelings  
the songs we don't sing are the hardest to hear.  
words left unsaid, words we wish we'd forget.  
the guilt slips from our lips,  
confessions hidden behind eyelids.  
would you look me in the eye and tell me  
does the moon weep at dawn?  
his brilliance exposed  
by a fierce and burning sun.  
the songs we don't sing we don't want to hear.  
words left unsaid well, they're only words  
we lick the guilt from our lips,  
we make confessions from fertile hips  
and never look them in the eye.

Visit [Good Life, The](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.