

The Disco Biscuits

"The Very Moon"

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Manilla was a crude machine who'd taken his fair share
He gobbled up the world he owned as petals paved his
stairs

Manilla thanked the very moon for money and his life
He trifled nothing miniscule including one, his wife

Leora, his arranged wife, did not need his greed
She asked the stars, the very moon, to one day cross
the sea

Manilla gazed an empty stare nothing there could grow
She cherished dreams of flying high and leaving him
below

Leora stands on her head
Doin' the two step on her hands
As her eyes move round the room
To catch someone watching

Leora stands on her head
Doin' the two step on her hands
Underneath the very moon
That each one was watching

Manilla wanted worldly things and everything he'd
have
He built castles, moats, battleships and troops in iron
clad
Manilla heard Mulberry's name under the very moon
His troops went running the next day to find the air
balloon

Leora, his arranged wife, cooked the men a feast
And cleaned herself up solemnly before she faced the
beast
That night she asked the very moon was this her fate to
be
At lunch she met the flying man whose airships
crossed the sea

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Doin' the two step on her hands
As her eyes move round the room

To catch someone watching

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Underneath the very moon
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