

Jenny

Jenny you don't know the nights I hide  
below a second story room  
to whistle you down  
the man who's let to divvy up  
time is a miser  
he's got a silver coin  
only lets it shine for hours  
while you sleep it away

there's one rare and odd style of living  
part only known to the everybody  
a comical where's the end parade  
of the sort people here would think unusual

Jenny

tonight upon the mock brine of a Luna Sea  
far off we sail on to Back O' The Moon

Jenny

Jenny you don't know the days I've tried  
telling backyard tales  
so to maybe amuse  
o your mood is never giddy  
if you smile I'm delighted  
but you'd rather pout  
such a lazy child  
you dare fold your arms  
tisk and say that I lie

there's one rare and odd style of thinking  
part only known to the everybody Jenny  
the small step and giant leap takers  
got the head start in the race toward it

Jenny

tonight upon the mock brine of a Luna Sea  
far off we sail on to the Back O' The Moon

that was a sigh  
but not meant to envy you  
when your age was mine  
some things were sworn true  
morning would come

and calendar pages had  
new printed seasons on  
their opposite sides

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below a second story room  
to whistle you down  
o the man who's let to divvy up  
time is a miser  
he's got a silver coin  
lets it shine for hours  
while you sleep it away

there's one rare and odd style of living

part only known to the everybody Jenny  
out of tin ships jump the bubble head boys  
to push their flags into powdered soils and cry  
no second placers

no smart looking geese in bonnets  
dance with pigs in high button trousers  
no milk pail for the farmer's daughter  
no merry towns of sweet walled houses

here I've found  
Back O' the Moon  
not here  
I've found  
Back O' the Moon