Fish, Poets Moon

--- "Poet's Moon" from the fish single "Credo" ---You sit there biding your time of your head and into your mind Penning thoughts that are dreams in action

A glass raised to an absent muse a boy stands in his father's shoes And a drunk man smiles at thistle under a Poet's moon

Under a Poet's moon there's a life sign burning

A Poet's moon like a vision shining and

The lovers lie in the long grass, stolen flowers make their bed Under a Poet's moon there are dreams in action, prayers met

And questions answered as the world birls in the darkness

I'm still staring at the skies under a Poet's moon

A night black as hoodlo's eye, the sparks fly from a tinker's fire

As the stories burn among us under a Poet's moon

A seed falls onto stony ground without a hope and without a sound

From the weeds will grow the flowers under a Poet's moon

Under a Poet's moon, there's a salmon dettling

In a guddler's hand that is patient waiting

With a lover's touch, to charm the life

His fingers play the reeds

Under a Poet's moon there's a whistle blowing out in no mans land

Where a flare is falling in a deadly night

The dreamers stand like flowers in a storm

You sit there biding your time out of your head and into your mind

Penning thoughts that are dreams in action

A cross made in a polling booth another flies in a field

Of blue and a drunk man smiles

At a thistle under a Poet's moon

Under a Poet's moon there are angels crying, dead men born

And devils laughing and the dance goes on regardless till

You're carried from the floor

Under a Poet's moon there are dreams in action

Prayers met and questions answered as the world birls in the darkness

I'm still staring at the skies, under a Poet's moon

[FISH]