

## HALF MOON SKY (clark hansbarger)

Under a half moon sky, I walked up Westport,  
bout an hour before the shops closed down.  
You were standing beneath a gallery  
You were waiting for a memory, too.

Oh boy you said,  
I haven't seen you in must be seven years  
But I still read your stories, still smell your cigarettes,  
Still feel the way you used to wash my hair.

That was in that skin in the place overlooking the Meadows  
Three small rooms and a balcony  
We made love to the rhythm of the laundrymat below

Come along I said  
And we went to that French place by the Stepping Stone  
With the crippled tables and the cheap house wine  
And I realized... I had been too long alone.

I asked what you'd done in the time we were apart  
You were married for a while  
I was too, but I kept my mouth shut  
Somethings just ain't worth talking about

We had a conversation  
while I measured the size of my hope  
I figured you were thinking something similar,  
but now there's no way, There's no way for me to know.

Nothing's gonna change      The way I feel about you  
Nothing's ever gonna change a thing  
No, nothing's gonna change      The way I feel about you  
Nothing's ever gonna change a thing

Just then an artist we both knew from the old days  
Called us over for a bottle of wine  
We had one and we had another, Oh we were having a time  
we talked about dear friends and people I did not know  
And I watched a change come over her and I realized I would leave this place alone

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They say life is better with both eyes closed  
Can't see what ahead, just what's already gone.  
Can't judge a lifetime till it's almost up  
and I can't stop imagining what we could have done  
what we could have done. No I can't stop imagining what we could have done.

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