

“SILVER MOONS” by Asha Noel Iyer

V. 1

Sometimes I see you sitting there,  
Like a jar of dull dishwater.  
You open your eyes, but where they should be,  
Silver moons are all I see.

I want you to know,  
That I saved all of the yellow M&Ms.  
And just in case you come back one day,  
We'll eat them on Alibaster way.

V. 2

Sometimes I see you sitting there,  
Like a honey-warm street beggar.  
You open your arms, but where I should be,  
Someone else takes space as if they're me.

But if perchance the day comes  
When you come around again  
I ought to keep my truck in drive  
And then I'll gather all the wind

CHORUS

Hey you, I'm sorry,  
I never said goodbye.  
Hey you, I'm sorry,  
I should have risked crossing a line  
I'd give you answers  
Give you pop tarts  
Give you my love  
But you, I'm sorry  
I never said goodbye.

V. 1 AGAIN