

To the Moon, Alice

Alice and Harry got married when maybe
breaking up might have been the better thing to do.
Granted they had their moments, but in the big picture those moments were too few.
'Cause somewhere in his past ol' Harry boy let that demon of anger have his heart.
Alice mistook the anger for jealousy, the jealousy for love, and she played her part.

To the moon, Alice, to the moon—
You're going soon, Alice, to the moon.

Harry saw life as a pressure cooker and the fits of rage as just escaping steam.
Alice saw life as a struggle to hold the little love she deserved,
and her dreams were only dreams.
Learning to see Harry's boiling point coming,
she learned things she could do to stoke the fire,
'Cause in the stillness after the steam was blown
he was her lover again and she his one desire.

To the moon, Alice, to the moon—
You're going soon, Alice, to the moon.
There's a different line drawn every day,
Cross any one and you're on your way to the moon.

Alice discovered romantic novels could take her places she could not forget.
Harry discovered alcohol, a real good snarl, and growl for making threats.

Alice was in New Zealand one night with a taut and tan lover's arm around her waist.
Harry came in with a bottle of gin and brought her home real quick
by slapping her around the place.
Oh, Alice, you're gonna end up tip-toeing 'round the lion's den for one too many nights.
No matter what you think you deserve or think you'll lose,
you gotta make it out of there alive.

To the moon, Alice, to the moon—
You're going soon, Alice, to the moon.
There's a different line drawn every day,
Cross any one and you're on your way to the moon.

Words & Music by Michael Cody
© Window on the West (ASCAP)