

Comanche Moon:

Down in Texas, on the edge of Forth Worth
Where the brush dots the range
there's a woman giving birth
to a half-breed child
who should inherit the earth
but he was borne in Texas,
on the edge of Forth Worth

Riding and raiding was the law of the land
but the stealing was more
than the settlers could stand
so they threw up fences
and carved lines in the sand
Wild hearts were held
in the palms of wild hands

CHORUS:

Comanche moon, Comanche moon
Shines bright on a blade, while the cacti bloom.
What one man seeks lays another to ruin.
there's blood on this land
Comanche moon.

The Prairie sun faded, and the buffalo died.
Whiskey soused men
stripped them of their hide.
The carbines cooled
while the Panhandle cried.
Bluecoats road over
bleached bones in the night.

Ghost herd of horses in the canyon below
no blanket could staunch
the sting of the snow.
Desire is a dream
that slays what you hold
Wrinkled hands, war,
a broken arrow.

CHORUS:

INSTRUMENTAL:

Down in Texas, on the edge of Fort Worth

where the roofs scrape the sky
above the blacktop turf
a summer moon night,
and the fear that it births,
shines down on Texas,
to steal your breath and your worth.

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