

The Moon Through My Window

Music & Lyrics by Mike Bass



On my **desk** I have my **notebook**,
filled with **ink** from all the **questions**
that I've asked myself from time to time.

Like why is the **moon** so beautiful
through my **window** as I write?

And why does my **guitar** feel like
a **lion** roaring through the night?

The answer could be as big as a **zebra**,
as small as an **ant**,
as relaxed as a **koala**
holding on to a **tree** branch.

As I play the **piano**, from my living room,
I can see inside a **yellow** painted **house**
with a white **car** in the driveway.

I see another person playing the **flute**,
and outside, kids playing **soccer**,
lifting the ball into a **blue** sky.

A tennis racket lying on the lawn,
and an **orange** tree perfect for making **jam**.

It started to **rain**, and I couldn't take a train,
so I got out my favorite **umbrella**,
and turned off the **video** I was watching.

I wanted to bring them something
to make them feel welcome.

So I wrapped an **egg** in a **box**
and I walked over to greet them.