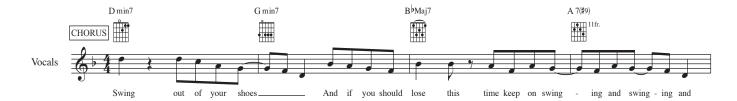
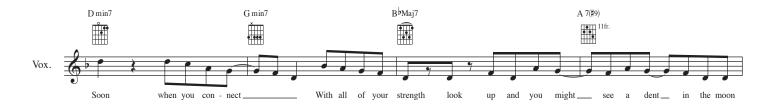
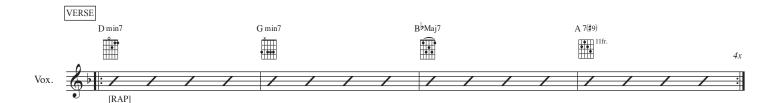
DENT IN THE MOON

Music by Kush Mody, Miles Douglas & Pat Dimitri Lyrics by George Watsky







DENT IN THE MOON

Chorus:

Swing, out of your shoes
And if you should lose this time
Keep on swinging and swinging and soon
When you connect
With all of your strength
Look up and you might see a dent in the moon

Verse 1:

Yeah, you see them craters?
That was cause a kid said there'd be none greater

In ten years Hammering Hank was at the plate launching balls into space saying see ya later! skinny as a toothpick but he got a nack watch him swing a broomstick at a bottlecap watch him rinse and repeat til he's on the map going from the cheap seats to the autographs Papa put a bat in my hand and all he said was never ever rock a Dodger hat

And whether you win or you didn't you gotta be getting dirty and we better send your jersey to the Laundromat

it was in the cards

I knew someday I'd be a big league star playing second base for the giants wearing number 9

rocking knee-high socks if I just worked hard

Verse 2:

We had our 6th grade baseball tryouts on the basketball courts so the fastball- had hops

we didn't have a grass field and so coach hit us grounders off the asphalt– I dropped a lot and so he hit em faster and I took em off my ankles yelling that's all you got? and when I saw my name on the roster I went insane like I was sniffing bath salts, i'm not—here to play soft

I'll go beastmode on a piñata and bite it's motherfucking face off

until it rains candy out of it's neck-hole I don't go flexing my pecs, or get swole I wasn't the fastest

And when I moved it kinda looked like I was running through molasses – true it's silly to give a shit about a game but earth is a little ball that's just spinning on its axis – too

Verse 3:

I wasn't cut out for the bigs, guess I been a fool

and middle school was just a bit of cruel ridicule

but when you step into the ranks of the man it's like they push you from the high dive to a kiddie pool (thanks)

It's time to ballroom waltz that plank
We're little minnows in a small shark tank
You try to swim without getting blood in the
water, but you're all heart and guts like a
ballpark frank

Never an all star

I had to keep score

If I were perfect I would quit and join peace corp

I'm not a hero, if I didn't try my doubts eat at me like I'm a carcass on the sea floor (yeah)

So say this shit is too corny it tastes better to me than, 'ooh poor me' I'm just trying to sing a different tune and then fit into a world that didn't have room for me

Cardboard Castles