

Back O' The Moon

10,000 Maniacs

Jenny, Jenny you don't know the nights I hide
Below a second story room to whistle you down
The man who's let to divvy up, time is a miser
He's got a silver coin only lets it shine for hours
While you sleep it awayThere's one rare and odd style of living
Part only known to the everybody Jenny
A comical where's the end parade
Of the sort people here would think unusualJennyTonight upon the mock brine of a Luna Sea
Far off we sail on to back o' the moonJenny, Jenny you don't know the days I've tried
Telling backyard tales so to maybe amuse
Oh, your mood is never giddy if you smile, I'm delighted
But you'd rather pout such a lazy child
You dare fold your arms, tisk and say that I lieThere's one rare and odd style of thinking
Part only known to the everybody, Jenny
The small step and giant leap takers
Got the head start in the race toward itJennyTonight upon the mock brine of a Luna Sea
Far off we sail on to the back o' the moonThat was a sigh but not meant to envy you
When your age was mine, some things were sworn true
Morning would come and calendar pages had
New printed seasons on their opposite sidesJenny, Jenny you don't know the nights I hide
Below a second story room to whistle you down
Oh, the man who's let to divvy up, time is a miser
He's got a silver coin, lets it shine for hours
While you sleep it awayThere's one rare and odd style of living
Part only known to the everybody Jenny
Out of tin ships jump the bubble head boys
To push their flags into powdered soils and cry
No second placersNo smart looking geese in bonnets
Dance with pigs in high button trousers
No milk pail for the farmer's daughter
No merry towns of sweet walled housesHere, I've found back o' the moon
Not here, I've found back o' the moon

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