

# Living on the Moon

Joe Bonamassa

Hard to breath, the air's been stolen  
Without my suit, bruised and swollen

It's hot as Hades

He ain't in a moon

'Cause hanging out with you is like living on the moon  
It threw me out, guess we're even

Took me back when I was leaving

Something tells me it was all too soon

'Cause hanging out with you is like living on the moon

And there are times where you're the best thing on earth

When the sun comes up we stop throwing the dirt  
Hard to keep feet on the ground

Love the ups, hate the downs

If I steer right I might make it to the dunes

'Cause hanging out with you is like living on the moon

(Oh, hit me now!)There are times when you're the best thing on earth

When the sun comes up we stop throwing the dirt

Maybe we just need some space

I'll leave my bag here just in case

Sometimes I feel like I've been marooned

'Cause hanging out with you is like living on the moon

'Cause hanging out with you is like living on the moon

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