

# 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 away There'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 unusual Jenny Tonight upon the mock brine of a Luna Sea  
Far off we sail on to back o' the moon Jenny, 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 lie There'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 it Jenny Tonight upon the mock brine of a Luna Sea  
Far off we sail on to the back o' the moon That 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 sides Jenny, 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 away There'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 placers No 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 houses Here, I've found back o' the moon  
Not here, I've found back o' the moon

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