

Pickin Neath the Marilyn Monroe Moon

Paul Henry Dallaire

Last night when I scrambled home neath the moonlight
down the hall through the walls a new born baby cried
The sirens outside make me wish to be sober
for I feel a new song building deep in my heart

Marilyn Monroe moon shines bright thru my window
I turn off the T.V. and I turn out the light
She knows my love has gone to another
cry ma a river you cool summer rain

Chorus:

Sing me a song of my silver haired mother
strawberries for breakfast and ice cream in June
America bleeds for that Chuck wagon Cowboy
pickin neath the Marilyn Monroe moon

Verse:

Godamn the pushman Lord I've had enough
script call for actors who lie like a rug
Cop-killers hi-jackers make people cry
like the sound of a train whistle moanin good-bye

So by the light of the moon a new song I'll write
'bout Cats howlin passion in the dead of the night
How men dance alone to the beat of the drummer
it's a new do si do and it's Saturday night

I'll slay you you dragon at dawn come tomorrow
cause I've been ridin shotgun for most of my life
The battle to come will be fought in the bosom
Newfoundland screech makes it all feel allright

Paul Henry Dallaire/ SOCAN.CA

Lyrics Submitted by Paul Henry Dallaire

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