

Everyone's Gone to the Moon

[Nina Simone](#)

Streets full of people, all alone
Roads full of houses, never home
A church full of singing, out of tune
Everyone's gone to the moon
Eyes full of sorrow, never wet
Hands full of money, all in debt
Sun coming out in the middle of June
Everyone's gone to the moon
You see a long time ago, life had begun
Everyone went to the sun
Parks full of motors, painted green
Mouths full of chocolate-covered cream
Arms that can only lift a spoon
You see everyone's gone, everybody's gone
Everyone's gone to the moon
Everyone's gone to the moon

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