

Moon over Bourbon Street

[**Kevin Max**](#)

There's a moon over Bourbon Street tonight
I see faces as they pass beneath the pale lamplight
 I've no choice but to follow that call
The bright lights, the people, and the moon and all
 I pray everyday to be strong
 For I know what I do must be wrong
Oh you'll never see my shade or hear the sound of my feet
While there's a moon over Bourbon StreetIt was many years ago that I became what I am
 I was trapped in this life like an innocent lamb
 Now I can never show my face at noon
And you'll only see me walking by the light of the moon
 The brim of my hat hides the eye of a beast
 I've the face of a sinner but the hands of a priest
Oh you'll never see my shade or hear the sound of my feet
 While there's a moon over Bourbon Street
She walks everyday through the streets of New Orleans
 She's innocent and young, from a family of means
I have stood many times outside her window at night
 To struggle with my instinct in the pale moonlight
 How could I be this way when I pray to God above?
I must love what I destroy and destroy the thing I love
Oh you'll never see my shade or hear the sound of my feet
 While there's a moon over Bourbon Street

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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