Moonshine

Paul Weller

Dine-WellerA bag of nerves
I seem to suppress
Alien of being
Not known to duress
Moonshine, moonshine
There's something in the hills I cannot posses
As dark as sunday
We're woven again
I pack no meaning
I'm shrunken in vain
Moonshine, moonshine
I'm bleak as Tuesday
I seek no applause
Not really like me
Refuse to go on
My faith has been surely fired
I'm schooled in the test of time
Moonshine, moonshine
There's something in the hills I cannot posses
I'm deaf as Thursday
I seek to explode
One hour daily
I work to implode
Moonshine, moonshine

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