

Drunk On the Moon

Tom Waits

Tight-slacked clad girls on the graveyard shift
Neath the cement stroll
Catch the midnight drift
Cigar chewing Charlie
In the newspaperness
Grifting hot-horse tips
On who's running the best[Chorus]
And I'm blinded by the neon
Don't try and change my tune
Cause I thought I heard a saxophone
I'm drunk on the moon And the moon's a silver slipper
It's pouring champagne stars
Broadway's like a serpent
Pulling shiny top-down cars
Laramer is teeming
With that undulating beat
And some Bonneville is screaming
It's way wilder down the street[Chorus] Hearts flutter and race
The moon's on the wane
Tarts mutter their dream hopes
The night will ordain
Come schemers and dancers
Cherry delight
As a Cleveland-bound Greyhound
And it cuts through the night And I've hawked all my yesterdays
Don't try and change my tune
'Cause I thought I heard a saxophone
I'm drunk on the moon

Songwriters

TOM WAITSPublished by

Lyrics Â© BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.
Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>