

Midnight Moon

Whisperado

If I was a chemist I would mix a potent brew
Keep a little for myself and give the rest to you
Then maybe you would love me like the way I do
And I would show you to my Mama because Mama can see true

Oh the Midnight Moon keeps traveling up the sky
Never knowing if we live or if we die
My old Mama can't remember who I am
Cause she is smoking with Elijah by the tents of Abraham

If I had a shop I'd keep in stock on all my racks
Creams and lotions, balms and salves and aphrodisiacs
Got no room for magazines or trashy paperbacks
For all the glammers and the magicks and the mystic almanacs

Oh the Midnight Moon keeps traveling up the sky
Never knowing if we live or if we die
My old Mama can't remember who I am
Cause she is smoking with Elijah by the tents of Abraham

Sometimes I don't know what I believe in anymore
All my inspirations keep on walking out the door
But then I realize what a stupid metaphor

SOLO

If I owned half of Florida I'd still be just a man
And I would make love to you the best way that I can
Show you where my Mama lies beneath the shifting sand
Because she would have loved to meet you prior to the Promised Land
Yes she would have loved to meet you prior to the Promised Land

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Lyrics submitted by Paul.

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