

# Night Moves

## Ganadhara Khot

I was a little too tall  
Could've used a few pounds  
Tight pants points hardly reknown  
She was a black haired beauty with big dark eyes  
And points all her own sitting way up high  
Way up firm and high  
Out past the cornfields where the woods got heavy  
Out in the back seat of my '60 Chevy  
Workin' on mysteries without any clues  
Workin' on our night moves  
Trying' to make some front page drive-in news  
Workin' on our night moves in the summertime  
In the sweet summertime  
We weren't in love oh no far from it  
We weren't searching for some pie in the sky summit  
We were just young and restless and bored  
Living by the sword  
And we'd steal away every chance we could  
To the backroom, the alley, the trusty woods

I used her she used me  
But neither one cared  
We were getting our share  
Workin' on our night moves  
Trying to lose the awkward teenage blues  
Workin' on out night moves  
In the summertime  
And oh the wonder  
Felt the lightning  
And we waited on the thunder  
Waited on the thunder  
I woke last night to the sound of thunder  
How far off I sat and wondered  
Started humming a song from 1962  
Ain't it funny how the night moves  
When you just don't seem to have as much to lose  
Strange how the night moves  
With autumn closing in

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