

Shooting The Moon

[Mona](#)

All of the astronauts
Champagne in plastic cups
Waiting for the big hero to show Outside the door he stands
His head in his hands
And his heart in his throat What can he tell them now?
Sorry I let you down
Sorry, it wasn't quite true But don't get hung up on it
Just solider on with it
And good luck with shooting the moon Shooting the moon
Shooting the moon, the moon
Shooting the moon All of the principals
Generals, admirals
And the podium lit with the spotlight The crowd buzzes quietly
Waiting expectantly
Like it's opening night What can he tell them now?
Sorry I let you down
Sorry it wasn't quite true But don't get hung up on it
Just solider on with it
And good luck with shooting the moon Shooting the moon
Shooting the moon, the moon
Shooting the moon

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