Shooting The Moon

Mona

All of the astronauts
Champagne in plastic cups
Waiting for the big hero to showOutside the door he stands
His head in his hands
And his heart in his throatWhat can he tell them now?
Sorry I let you down
Sorry, it wasn't quite trueBut don't get hung up on it
Just solider on with it
And good luck with shooting the moonShooting the moon
Shooting the moon, the moon
Shooting the moonAll of the principals
Generals, admirals
And the podium lit with the spotlightThe crowd buzzes quietly
Waiting expectantly
Like it's opening nightWhat can he tell them now?
Sorry I let you down
Sorry it wasn't quite trueBut don't get hung up on it
Just solider on with it
And good luck with shooting the moonShooting the moon
Shooting the moon, the moon
Shooting the moon

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