

Moonshine

[Dennis Wilson](#)

Who made my moonshine intoxicate me
Ooh, who made me cry
Like the end of a beautiful play Holds and tickles and hugs out the night
Hold her hand and started to cry
The audience thought they would die It was you, who said there won't be tomorrow
You said, you love me now in another way
Oh, in another way It was you, who said there won't be tomorrow
You said, you love me now in another way
Oh, in another way Gone away
Gone away
Gone away
...

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