

# **Moonshine**

## **Dennis Wilson**

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

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