

# Tennessee Moon

Neil Diamond

Hollywood don't do what it once could do  
I used to wake up and write me a song before noon  
So I packed my dusty bags one night  
Grabbed an old guitar and I caught a red eye(?) flight

In search of a dream underneath the Tennessee Moon  
I fell in love with to old Hank Williams tune  
Makes me wonder, is it the same moon Hank played under

Touched down and she stole my heart right away  
Began to think for the first time I might stay  
And when I heard that lonesome whistle moan  
Knew I'd finally found my way back home

In search of a dream underneath the Tennessee Moon  
I fell in love with to old Hank Williams tune  
And I wonder, is it the same moon Hank stood under

When he sang about Jambalaya and Being Lonesome Enough to Cry  
And I can hear the echos in the sounds of his guitar  
And his words still paint a picture in my heart

Yeah, In search of a dream underneath the Tennessee Moon  
I fell in love with to old Hank Williams tune  
I was in search of a dream underneath the Tennessee Moon  
Yes, I fell in love with to old Hank Williams tune

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