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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