

The Moon In Your Pocket

Masters of Reality

When the moon falls right out of your pocket
When a dime won't buy time of the day
You can push you can pull you can knock it
Let the tide take your troubles away When you're pulled by the tide of the morning
When your eyes slowly drifted away
There's a hand and it's out there before me
Listen hard for the pound of the waves Listen hard for the pound of the waves When you're pulled by the tide of
the morning
When your eyes slowly drifted away
There's a hand and it's out there before me
Listen hard for the pound of the waves Listen hard for the pound of the waves Waves
Waves
Waves When the moon falls right out of your pocket
When a dime won't buy time of the day
You can push you can pull you can knock it
Let the tide take your troubles away Let the tide take your troubles away

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