

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 awayWhen 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 wavesListen hard for the pound of the wavesWhen 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 wavesListen hard for the pond of the wavesWaves
Waves

WavesWhen 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 awayLet the tide take your troubles away

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