

The Moon Is Mine

Fairground Attraction

No calls, no letters
Just fireweeds and stinging nettles
But the moon is mine
Yeah, the moon is mine Bad news in the papers
Bad news for this sinner's wages
But the moon is mine
Yeah, the moon is mine Skim a stone across the river
Throw all my money in the wishing well
I can't afford the cost of living
If the price is living hell No one to call me baby, no, no
No valentines again
But the moon is mine
Yeah, the moon is mine No hook to hang my hat on
No rooms for rent today
But the moon is mine
Yeah, the moon is mine Skim a stone across the river
Throw all my money in a wishing well
I can't afford the cost of living
If the price is living hell I used to believe
In a glittering prize
But lately I've seen
That that's just a pillow of lies And the moon is mine
Yeah, the moon is mine
That beautiful ball of cheese
Is my personal property The moon is mine
The moon is mine
Oh, the moon is mine
The moon is mine

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