

## Attila

### "The Moon Is Mine"

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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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