

Corinne Bailey Rae

"When The Moon"

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When the moon rises over the meadow
And the grass is glistening with the dew
I'll come home and find you softly sleeping
And I'll throw up and I'll pass out next to you.

When the moon rolls through the darkness
And the birds have all gone up to their beds
I'll be down at the pub with my buddies
And I'll kick all the teeth out of their heads.

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow
And come ye back when winter's in the glen
For I'll be there and softly I'll sing for you
If the IRA hasn't kidnapped me again.

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