

Don Dixon

"Alone With The Moon"

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She was dressed like Garbo, I was??? Mon Ami???
She picked??? an ashtray???, she took my glass and
said, "Have one on me"
I dreamed of this first meeting but blew it from the
start
The corner stone of all that's wrong, would play a loud
part
'Cause nothing's gonna work out right, nothing's gonna
work out, try as I might
I'm sitting on the fence, alone with the moon tonight

She was reading history, in my brother's store
A book on Andrew Jackson, paper money and he war
I broke the concentration, by falling off the desk
She stared through me with teachers eyes, I'm sure I
flunked the test
Nothing's gonna work out right, nothing's gonna work
out, try as I might
I'm sitting on the fence, alone with the moon tonight
If you could see me you'd take off your glasses
I thought I could dress like a man of the world
Should I drive to Texas and join a rodeo?
I would fall and hit the wall, break my neck, I know
'Cause nothing's gonna work out right, nothing's gonna
work out, try as I might
I'm sitting on the fence, alone with the moon
Nothing's gonna work out right, nothing's gonna work
out, try as I might
I'm sitting on the fence, alone with the moon
I'm sitting on the fence, alone with the moon
I'm sitting on the fence, alone with the moon tonight,
alone with the moon tonight, alone with the moon
tonight
Alone with the moon tonight, alone with the moon
tonight, alone with the moon tonight, alone with the
moon tonight

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