

## **Blues Traveler**

### **"Cara Let The Moon"**

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When Brooklyn breaks into Saturday  
The club rats scurrying away  
And closing out and closing in  
It's rare that something then begins  
With promises like shining lights  
Amidst the dawn of dying night  
Through ringing amps and flattened beer  
And all my cues for getting out of here

But Cara let the moon come in  
And windowsills again have room  
Cara let the moon come in  
And for a time I'm high as noon  
Cara let the moon come in  
And I was sad I had to run  
But Cara let the moon come in  
And past upon the evening sun

Now I'm an old and broken me  
Too many rides upon the wind  
That carries hawks across the sea  
To hunt and shiver for their sins  
Too many dreams are left to stand  
Until the tide can knock them down  
But remembering I reach my hand  
In case a few are still around

Cause Cara let the moon come in  
And windowsills again have room  
Cara let the moon come in  
And for a time I'm high as noon  
Cara let the moon come in  
And I was sad our set was done  
But Cara let the moon come in  
And past upon the evening sun

So pass the bottle, Pack the bowl  
Let's swap our tales of rock n'roll  
We have until the engine strums  
And the Prevo sails to Kingdom Come

Cara let the moon come in

And windowsills again have room  
Cara let the moon come in  
And for a time I'm high as noon  
Cara let the moon come in  
And a profoundness had begun  
But Cara let the moon come in  
And past upon the evening's son

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