

Kathy Mattea

"Quarter Moon"

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(Bob Millard)

When everything you own
Will fit in a paper sack
No one notice you leavin'
Nobody ask when you comin' back
You live in a rented room
Your money run out too soon
You've pawned all your hopes
Bummed all your smokes
And you leave by the quarter moon
Quarter moon better than none
When you travel the night road
Quarter moon better than none
When you carry a light load
And every bowery bum
You know was somebody's mothers son
He never mean to hurt nobody
Just a'drinkin' to have his fun
Drinkin' away the good times
Drinkin' away the bad
And nobody know where a poor man go
When he lose everything that he had

Quarter moon better than none
When you travel the night road
Quarter moon better than none
When you carry a light load
And every man in the mission tonight
Is dreamin' whiskey shadows
Where heaven in lined with bottles of wine
And deep sparkling meadows
When everything you own
Will fit in a paper sack
No one notice you leavin'
Nobody ask when you comin' back
You live in a rented room
Your money run out too soon
You've pawned all your hopes
Bummed all your smokes
And you leave by the quarter moon
Quarter moon better than none
When you travel the night road

Quarter moon better than none
When you carry a light load

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