

## Loudon Wainwright Iii

### "The Man In The Moon"

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It was hard bein' married to Charlie -  
It was no kind of regular life.  
He never stopped ramblin' or drinkin' or gamblin',  
At least not while I was his wife.

I never knew what he was up to,  
Except for those postcards he'd send -  
Just a coupla lines to say he was fine,  
And he'd sign them "C. Poole, your old friend."

Now and again out of nowhere,  
He'd come back with his hat in his hand,  
And I could never stay angry  
With that dear sweet impossible man.  
Sometimes he'd sing in the kitchen,  
Sometimes we'd cuddle and spoon,  
But mostly I couldn't help feeling  
Like I married the man in the moon.

He always had his explanations -  
Like butter wouldn't melt in his mouth.  
It was never his fault, and when he got caught,  
He'd call me to come bail him out.

No matter how much I pleaded,  
He just wouldn't take care of himself.  
He collapsed in the street, so broke down an' beat,  
There was nothin' I could to help.

Now and again out of nowhere,  
He'd come back with his hat in his hand,  
And I could never stay angry  
With that dear sweet impossible man.  
Sometimes he'd sing in the kitchen,  
Sometimes we'd cuddle and spoon,  
But mostly I couldn't help feeling  
Like I married the man in the moon.

It was hard bein' married to Charlie.

