

## Tom Waits "Drunk On The Moon"

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Tight-slacked clad girls on the graveyard shift  
'Neath the cement stroll, catch the midnight drift  
Cigar chewing Charlie in that newspaper nest  
Grifting hot horse tips on who's running the best

And I'm blinded by the neon  
Don't try and change my tune  
I thought I heard a saxophone  
I'm drunk on the moon

And the moon's a silver slipper, it's pouring  
champagne stars  
Broadway's like a serpent pulling shiny top-down cars  
Laramer is teeming with that undulating beat  
And some Bonneville is screaming its way wilder down  
the street

And I'm blinded by the neon  
Don't try and change my tune  
I thought I heard a saxophone  
I'm drunk on the moon

Hearts flutter and race, the moon's on the wane  
Tarts mutter their dream, hopes the night will ordain  
Come schemers and dancers, cherry delight  
As a Cleveland-bound Greyhound and it cuts through  
the night

And I've hocked all my yesterdays  
Don't try and change my tune  
'Cause I thought I heard a saxophone  
I'm drunk on the moon

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