

# Moonshine

Dennis Wilson

Who made my moonshine intoxicate me  
Ooooooh who made me cry  
Like the end of a beautiful play

Holds and tickles and hugs out the night  
Hold her hand and started to cry  
The audience thought they would die

It was you who said there won't be tomorrow  
You said you love me now in another way  
Oh in another way

Na na na naa na na naa no  
Na na na naa na na naa no  
Na na na naa na na naa no  
Na na na naa na na naa no

It was you who said there won't be tomorrow  
You said you love me now in another way  
Oh in another way

Gone gone away gone gone away  
Gone gone away gone gone away  
Gone gone away gone gone away  
Gone gone away gone gone away