

Cara Let The Moon

Blues Traveler

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