

# Shoot the Moon

Cold Chisel

We've been dancing around this feeling  
Tip tiptoeing around that word  
It's so easy to say but God dammit  
Nobody wanna say it first  
Nobody wanna say it first

How high is the moon tonight  
It ain't too high to shoot  
You can take it or leave it or hit the ground running  
Right here on the end of my boot  
Love is loaded and so is my gun, filled right to the hilt  
So take a chance now mama, horizontal or standing, gonna shake  
you 'til I make you tilt  
Shake you 'til I make you tilt

Don't you think it's time  
I know what's on your mind  
Way down south we can get a little liquor  
Way down south where the air gets thicker  
Come on baby now  
Here's the kicker  
Bite that bullet, pull it Pull the trigger

Cock the hammer and hammer the lock  
You're looking pretty cute  
In your little white frock with your  
All night boots ridin' up your thighs  
What you got in your clip  
Can only fantasise  
Spin that chamber and fire  
An' hope to fuck I get out alive

Don't you think it's time  
You know what's on my mind  
Can't hold on now, the moon's gettin' bigger  
Down that rye, suck on that jigger  
Eye to eye, together I figure  
Gonna bite that bullet, come on pull it, pull it  
Pull the trigger