

Summer Moon

Cold Chisel

Driving the nightshift again
Driving the nightshift again
The times I've rolled this line, this same old
Long headed East double lane

Driving these nightshifted eyes
Driving these nightshifted eyes
To light my way from midnight out to Hay
There's big summer moon on the rise

Puts me in a mind, of once upon a time
A hall above the beach when I was young, it was
Too many years, too far behind
Old piano, saxophone and drum

And hanging out over the sea
That same summer moon laid for me
A road of light on out into the night
A highway to where I could be

If ever I can find that innocence of mind
The wonder in that younger set of eyes
I'll get it on the road, the rhythm of the line
The wheeling of the desert where it flies

Come on roll up that line baby roll
Light up these nightshifted eyes
Speed my way from midnight out to Hay
Big summer moon on the rise

Speed my way from midnight out to Hay
Big summer moon on the rise