

## 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