

# Up On The Moon

Dean Brody

My boots sure feel good on this hardwood  
My beers never tasted this cold  
The bands playing all of my favorite songs  
And somehow I don't feel at home  
Tonight she is sure lookin' pretty  
Dressed up in her Friday night's best  
And she's left no doubt that she's moving on  
Time says I should but I haven't yet

I wish we could start it all over  
And I was someone that she never knew  
Then there wouldn't be any distance  
She'd be just 'cross the room  
But from her point of view  
I might as well be up on the moon

I wish I could be just a stranger  
Walk over and ask her for a dance  
Then we could get lost in the music  
And I'd give anything for that second chance  
To smell that perfume that I bought her  
Rest my hand on the back of her dress  
And be that man standing beside her  
And not the one over here by himself

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Yeah from her point of view  
I might as well be up on the moon