

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