

# Talking To The Moon About You

George Formby

I'm a lucky son of a gun, I can't believe that it's true  
That this lucky son of a gun, found somebody like you.

I think you must know the man in the moon, Up in the heavens so  
blue,  
Because I think you fell from heaven, I'm talking to the moon a  
bout you.

I think he must know the reason you fell, I've got an idea he k  
new  
And even though I know he'll never tell, I'm just talking to th  
e moon about you.

He may be saw the angels take, a rainbow from the skies and mak  
e  
A beautiful someone especially for me, I felt like a Romeo too,

And that's the very reason why you see me just talking to the m  
oon about you.

I want to find out if you're a good cook, and various things th  
at you do,  
You got me going crazy honey lamb, I'm just talking to the moon  
about you.  
It's heaven to look right into your eyes, the feeling is someth  
ing so new,  
I think I'm down to earth then realise, I'm just talking to the  
moon about you.

I wish I knew if I'd a chance, to marry you and find romance,  
I'd love to find out how homely you are, and if you'd share a c  
ottage for two.  
Or if you're just a lovely fallen star, if that's the case it's  
right,  
To go on every night, just talking to the moon about you.