

Man On The Moon

Jesus Jones

I never wrote a book like the ones I like to read
'cos aiming for the stars, well, it brings me to my knees
I thought I handled sin when it was sin that handled me
When I thought I saw the light
I couldn't see the wood for the trees

There's a man on the moon
And he says that he's not coming down
But he's thinking of you every time the world spins around

I could never eat enough so I bit the hand that fed
Always talked too much but most was left unsaid

I lost friends and influenced no-one
Announced the ending before it was over
Fought accusations that I was jaded
But I look at the stars and know their lights already faded