

The Moon In Your Pocket

Masters of Reality

When the moon falls right out of your pocket
When a dime won't buy time of the day
You can push you can pull you can knock it
Let the tide take your troubles away

When you're pulled by the tide of the morning
When your eyes slowly drifted away
There's a hand and it's out there before me
Listen hard for the pound of the waves

Listen hard for the pound of the waves
When you're pulled by the tide of the morning
When your eyes slowly drifted away
There's a hand and it's out there before me

Listen hard for the pound of the waves
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Waves
Waves
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