

Tennessee Moon

Neil Diamond

Hollywood don't do what it once could do
I used to wake up
And write me a song before noon.
So I packed my dusty bags one night,
Grabbed an old guitar
And I caught a red-eye flight

In search of a dream underneath
The Tennessee moon
I fell in love to an old Hank Williams tune
Makes me wonder,
Is it the same moon Hank played under?

Touched down
And she stole my heart right away
Began to think for the first time
I might stay
And when I heard
That lonesome whistle moan
Knew I'd fin'ly found my way back home

In search of a dream underneath
The Tennessee moon
I fell in love to an old Hank Williams tune
And I wonder,
Is it the same moon Hank stood under
When he sang about jambalaya
And bein' lonesome enough to cry?

And I can hear the echoes
In the sounds of his guitar
And his words still paint
A picture in my heart

Yeah, in search of a dream underneath
The Tennessee moon
I fell in love to an old Hank Williams tune
I was in search of a dream underneath
The Tennessee moon,
Yes, I fell in love
To an old Hank Williams tune