

## 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