

Everyone's Gone to the Moon

Nina Simone

Streets full of people, all alone
Roads full of houses, never home
A church full of singing, out of tune
Everyone's gone to the moon

Eyes full of sorrow, never wet
Hands full of money, all in debt
Sun coming out in the middle of June
Everyone's gone to the moon

You see a long time ago life had begun
Everyone went to the sun

Parks full of motors, painted green
Mouths full of chocolate-covered cream
Arms that can only lift a spoon

You see everyone's gone
Everybody's gone
Everyone's gone to the moon
Everyone's gone to the moon
What will happen now
Everyone's gone to the moon
There's nobody left
Everyone's gone to the moon