

# Drunk on the Moon

Tom Waits

Tight-slacked clad girls on the graveyard shift  
'Neath the cement stroll  
Catch the midnight drift  
Cigar chewing charlie  
In that newspaper nest  
grifting hot horse tips  
On who's running the best

And I'm blinded by the neon  
Don't try and change my tune  
'Cause I thought I heard a saxophone  
I'm drunk on the moon

And the moon's a silver slipper  
It's pouring champagne stars  
Broadway's like a serpent  
Pulling shiny top-down cars  
Laramer is teeming  
With that undulating beat  
And some Bonneville is screaming  
It's way wilder down the street

And I'm blinded...

Hearts flutter and race  
The moon's on the wane  
Tarts mutter their dream hopes  
The night will ordain  
Come schemers and dancers  
Cherry delight  
As a Cleveland-bound Greyhound  
And it cuts through the night

And I've hocked all my yesterdays  
Don't try and change my tune  
'Cause I thought I heard a saxophone  
I'm drunk on the moon