

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