

# Dennis Wilson, Moonshine

Who made my moonshine intoxicate me?  
Who, who made me cry?  
Like the end of a beautiful play

Holds and tickles and hugs out the night  
Hold her hard and started to cry  
The audience thought they would die

It was you who said there won't be tomorrow  
You said you love me now in another way  
Oh, in another way

Na na na na na na na na na  
Na na na na na na na na na  
Na na na na na na na na na  
Na na na na na na na na na

It was you who said there won't be tomorrow  
You said you love me now in another way  
Oh, in another way

Gone gone away gone gone away  
Gone gone away gone gone away  
Gone gone away gone gone away  
Gone gone away gone gone away