

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