Robert Palmer, Spanish Moon

One two
Well the night that I got into town
Was the night that the rain froze on the ground
Comin' down the street I heard such a sorrowful tune
Comin' from the place they called the Spanish Moon
Well I stepped inside, and I stood by the door
While dark-eyed girls sang and played the guitar
Hookers and hustlers, filled up the room
This was the place they called the Spanish moon
Whiskey and bad cocaine
Got me on jaundice train
If that don't kill me soon
The women will down at the Spanish Moon
Well I sold my watch and I pawned my ring
Just to hear that girl sing
'Bout the news my whole ?? rose soon
'Bout the news down at the Spanish Moon
Whiskey and bad cocaine
Got me on jaundice train
If that don't kill me soon The women will down at the Spanish Moon
oh oh give it
What if I said, can you get to the end It's a ?? situation
If that don't kill me soon
The women will down at the Spanish Moon
Oh oh, give it to me please, whoa
Well I stepped inside, and I stood by the door
A dark-eyed girl sang and played the guitar
Hookers and hustlers, filled up the room
This was the place they called the Spanish moon
Whiskey and bad cocaine
Got me on jaundice train
If that don't kill me soon
The women will down at the Spanish Moon