

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