

Robert Plant, Dark Moon

I love the feel of his money
One time I loved the feel of him, she yawned
It was not until he was crucified
That the benefits began
Oh for restoration I may baulk and churl
I have my standards to maintain
The very fact I'm here at all is quite absurd
The aggravation leaves a stain
Oh, I love the feel of his money she yawned
One time I loved the feel of him
It was not until he was crucified
That the benefits began
I love the feel of his money she yawned
One time I loved the feel of him
It was not until he was crucified
That the benefits began
Oh, it's a Dark Moon Oh, it's a Dark Moon
For restoration I may baulk and churl
I have my standards to maintain
The angle I come from is quite absurd
The aggravation leaves a stain
In this Dark Moon In this Dark Moon Ooh
If I had the possession that I thought that I should
I never cease to amaze From the angle that she stands, so absurd so afraid
In this Dark Moon Oh this Dark Moon
In this Dark Moon Under this Dark Moon
Oh this Dark Moon, ooh Wait a minute, wait a minute
Woo! Oh well, oh well Oh oh oh oh
'Cos Watch your soul, watch your soul, watch your soul
Watch your soul, watch your soul, watch your soul
Watch your soul, for my self