

Tom Waits, Drunk On The Moon

Tight-slacked clad girls on the graveyard shift
'Neath the cement stroll catch the midnight drift
Cigar chewing charlie in that newspaper nest
Grifting hot horse tips on who's running the best

And I'm blinded by the neon
Don't try and change my tune
'Cause I thought I heard a saxophone
I'm drunk on the moon

The moon's a silver slipper it's pouring champagne stars
Broadway's like a serpent pulling shiny top-down cars
Laramer is teeming with that undulating beat
And some Bonneville is screaming it's way wilder down the street

And I'm blinded by the neon
Don't try and change my tune
I thought I heard a saxophone
I'm drunk on the moon

Hearts flutter and race the moon's on the wane
Tarts mutter their dream hopes the night will ordain
Come schemers and dancers cherry delight
As a Cleveland-bound Greyhound and it cuts through the night

And I've hawked all my yesterdays
Don't try and change my tune
I thought I heard a saxophone
I'm drunk on the moon