

John Hiatt, Full Moon

There's a wind inside my soul,
Burnin' secrets in the cold.
My spirit rages.

And the faces in my field,
Only flesh made out of him.
My body ages.

Houses made of stone and ice.
Chimneys smokey paradise.
If you gotta leave, you gotta leave alone.

CHORUS:

Oh Lord, there's a full moon, oh Lord, in my eyes.
There's a full moon; insane vision in disguise.
There's a full moon.
Oh Lord, there's a full moon out tonight.

Old men close their eyes and weep.
Young men pray that they're asleep,
Inside the madness.

Young girls dance between the sparks,
And old women die in parks,
From too much sadness.

And we dig a million holes.
And were goin' down for gold.
If you gotta leave, you gotta leave alone.

REPEAT CHORUS