

We Stole The Moon

Alabama 3

The moon has left the garden
The river has run dry
Look up at the mountain
The sun ain't left the sky

You were living on honky chicken
With that private Dick downtown
Ain't none of his investigating
Could've turned your reputation around
They called you the loner
Weirder than the Wild West
When you tried to join the army
You couldn't even pass the test
You started hanging out with me
Coz I had a little pot
Some High School Jock grassed
Me up to your Daddy
And one day I got caught
I took care of business
When they set you free again
I was moving a mountain full of money
And the party never ended

We stole the moon
We stole the car
Never made it to heaven baby
Never got that far

I was playing poker
In that basement joint you worked
When some stoned and drunk undercover man
Put his hand right up your skirt
Why'd you take the pool cue
Lay that lawman on the floor
Left a hundred dollars in the tip jar
Walked right out the back door