

Man in the moon

The Tiger Lillies

Well no one buys matches
From the urchin in the street
Though each one can see
She has no shoes on her feet

They'll cook and eat
By their Christmas tree
Their children play with presents
All warm and happy

Alone with the man
Alone with the man

Alone with the man
The man in the moon

While her flesh starts to freeze
They eat, drink and are happy

And when next time their confessions
they do make
Will they remember the match girl
Each one did break

The one they left freezing
Freezing on the street
Without love
And no shoes on her feet