

Back To The Moon
10000 Maniacs

G

Jenny

Am

Jenny you don't know the nights I hide

C

below a second storey room

G

to whistle you down

the man who's let to divvy up
time is a miser

Am

he's got a silver coin

C

only lets it shine for hours
while you sleep it away

G

D

there's one rare and odd style of living

Am

G

D

part only known to the everybody Jenny
a comical where's the end parade

Am

G

of the sort people here would think unusual

D

Jenny

C

G

D

tonight upon the mock brine of a Luna Sea

C

G

D

far off we sail on to Back O The Moon

(same as above)

Jenny

Jenny you don't know the days I've tried
telling backyard tales
so to maybe amuse
o your mood is never giddy
if you smile I'm delighted
but you'd rather pout
such a lazy child
you dare fold your arms
tisk and say that I lie

there's one rare and odd style of thinking
part only known to the everybody Jenny

the small step and giant leap takers
got the head start in the race toward it

Jenny

tonight upon the mock brine of a Luna Sea
far off we sail on to the Back O The Moon

Dm

that was a sigh

C

but not meant to envy you

Dm

when your age was mine
some things were sworn true

C

morning would come

Bb

and calendar pages had

Am

new printed seasons on

G

their opposite sides