

Everyone's Gone To The Moon

Jonathan King - '65

2 rounds

Streets full of people, all alone

Roads full of houses, never home

Church full of singing, out of tune

Everyone's gone to the moon

Eyes full of sorrow, never wet

Hands full of money, all in debt

Sun coming out in the middle of June

Everyone's gone to the moon

Long time ago

Life had begun

Everyone went to the sun

Cars full of motors, painted green

Mouths full of chocolate-covered cream

Arms that can only lift a spoon

Everyone's gone to the moon **X3**