

Shoot the Moon

Cold Chisel

We've been dancing around this feeling
Tip tiptoeing around that word
It's so easy to say but God dammit
Nobody wanna say it first
Nobody wanna say it first

How high is the moon tonight
It ain't too high to shoot
You can take it or leave it or hit the ground running
Right here on the end of my boot
Love is loaded and so is my gun, filled right to the hilt
So take a chance now mama, horizontal or standing, gonna shake
you 'til I make you tilt
Shake you 'til I make you tilt

Don't you think it's time
I know what's on your mind
Way down south we can get a little liquor
Way down south where the air gets thicker
Come on baby now
Here's the kicker
Bite that bullet, pull it Pull the trigger

Cock the hammer and hammer the lock
You're looking pretty cute
In your little white frock with your
All night boots ridin' up your thighs
What you got in your clip
Can only fantasise
Spin that chamber and fire
An' hope to fuck I get out alive

Don't you think it's time
You know what's on my mind
Can't hold on now, the moon's gettin' bigger
Down that rye, suck on that jigger
Eye to eye, together I figure
Gonna bite that bullet, come on pull it, pull it
Pull the trigger