

# Everyone's Gone to the Moon

Nina Simone

Streets full of people, all alone  
Roads full of houses, never home  
A 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

You see a long time ago life had begun  
Everyone went to the sun

Parks full of motors, painted green  
Mouths full of chocolate-covered cream  
Arms that can only lift a spoon

You see everyone's gone  
Everybody's gone  
Everyone's gone to the moon  
Everyone's gone to the moon  
What will happen now  
Everyone's gone to the moon  
There's nobody left  
Everyone's gone to the moon