

I've waited through the wars of winter  
I've watched the cherry blossoms bloom  
I cannot wait here any longer  
I'm leaving at the rising of the moon  
I know what lies beneath Manhattan  
I know who's buried in Grant's Tomb  
I wonder if they'll wait a while  
To clear away my crocodile  
I'm leaving at the rising of the moon

They always ask me about Pravda  
It's just the Russian word for truth  
Your consciousness is not my problem  
'Cause when I come home, it won't be home to you

Your uncle Henry lived in Moscow  
Your aunt Ludmilla lived there too  
Irina grew up in Wisconsin  
I'm leaving at the rising of the moon

The final moments in a doorway  
The final moments in a doorway  
The sacred light of afternoon  
The sacred light of after-  
Something starts to shake the leaves  
You tug upon your T-shirt sleeves  
And shiver 'til the rising of the moon

They always ask me about Pravda  
It's just the Russian word for truth  
Your consciousness is not my problem  
'Cause when I come home, it won't be home to you

I took the family balalaika  
Those strings would never stay in tune  
I hung it up by the piano  
I'm leaving at the rising of the moon

I had a job once in Penn Station  
I had a job once in Penn Station  
Down at a tie shop called Tiecoon  
Down at a tie shop called Tiecoon  
Every time my shift began  
I'd see that quiet businessman  
I'm leaving at the rising of the moon

They always ask me about Pravda  
It's just the Russian word for truth  
Your consciousness is not my problem  
And I hope you know your brain's not bulletproof