

# Moon over Bourbon Street – Sting

There's a moon over bourbon street tonight  
I see faces as they pass beneath  
The pale lamplight  
I've no choice but to follow that call  
The bright lights the people and  
The moon and all  
I pray everyday to be strong  
For I know what I do must be wrong  
Oh you'll never see my shade or hear  
The sound of my feet  
While there's a moon over bourbon street  
It was many years ago that I became what I am  
I was trapped in this life like an  
Innocent lamb  
Now I can never show my face at noon  
And you'll only see me walking by the  
Light of the moon  
The brim of my hat hides the eye of a beast  
I've the face of a sinner but the  
Hands of a priest  
Oh you'll never see my shade or hear  
The sound of my feet  
While there's a moon over bourbon street  
She walks everyday through the  
Streets of New Orleans  
She's innocent and young from  
A family of means  
I have stood many times outside  
Her window at night  
To struggle with my instinct in the  
Pale moonlight  
How could I be this way when  
I pray to god above  
I must love what I destroy and destroy  
The thing I love  
Oh you'll never see my shade or hear

The sound of my feet  
While there's a moon over bourbon street

---



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych