

# COOLAMON MOON

(Neil Murray/Andrew McMillan)

I caught the bus at two-fifteen, settled back with a magazine  
As we rolled on out the Stuart Highway  
I'd done this ride so many times I never even raised my eyes  
When a man in dusty clothes sat next to me  
Five hundred miles ahead of me, I hoped I would be able to sleep  
And not wake up 'til she was standing there  
And the moon hangs like a Coolamon in the sky

Daylight swiftly fell away headlights cut the night like a blade  
And the man in dusty clothes hadn't moved  
I thought of her so snug and warm, when the dusty man began to snore  
And wondered if she was thinking of me  
We'd met by chance six months ago and though it's hard I couldn't say no  
So every month I ride this bus to meet her  
And the moon hangs like a Coolamon in the sky  
And my love is far away from me tonight

All night long we let them off, stopping at little lonely spots  
'Til it was just the dusty man and me  
3am we're an hour from town, the dusty man he'd made no sound  
Soon I would be holding her in my arms  
And the moon hangs like a Coolamon in the sky  
And my love is far away from me tonight  
And the moon hangs like a Coolamon in the sky

The dusty man he leant on me, I tried to straighten him in his seat  
Then his hand fell cold in mine  
There was no breath upon his face and no pulse that I could trace  
So we rode like that mile after mile  
And when the lights of her town appeared  
I knew that she'd be waiting there and I knew the dusty man was at my side  
And the moon hangs like a Coolamon in the sky  
And my love is far away from me tonight  
And the dusty man, he stays by my side  
While the moon hangs like a Coolamon in the sky  
Yes, the moon hangs like a Coolamon in the sky