

# Sting, Moon Over Bourbon Street

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 only 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  
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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 moon light  
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