

There's a moon over Bourbon street tonight

I seeas they pass beneath the pale lamplight

I've no but to follow that call

The bright lights theand the moon and all

I pray everyday to be

For I know what I do must be

Oh you'll see my shade or hear the sound of my feet

While there's a moon over Bourbon street

It was many ago that I became what I am

I was trapped in thislike an innocent lamb

Now I can never my face at noon

And you'll only see me walking by the of the moon

The brim of my hat hides the of a beast

I've the of a sinner but the hands of a priest

She everyday through the streets of New Orleans

She's innocent and, from a family of means

I have stood many times outside her..... at night

To struggle with my instinct in the pale moonlight

How could I be this way when I pray toabove

I must what I destroy and destroy the thing I love