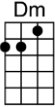














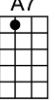
MOON OVER BOURBON STREET - Sting

4/4 1234 (slow count)







Intro:  (2 measures)




There's a moon over Bourbon Street to-night. I see faces as they pass beneath the pale lamplight

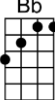
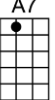
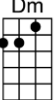
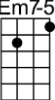
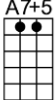
I've no choice but to follow that call. The bright lights, the people, and the moon and all

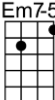
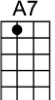
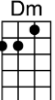
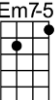
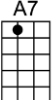
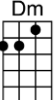
I pray every day to be strong, for I know what I do must be wrong

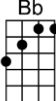
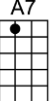
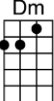
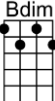
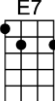
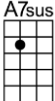
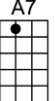
Oh, you'll never see my shade, or hear the sound of my feet

    ) X4

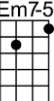
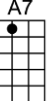
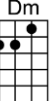
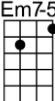
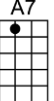
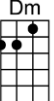
While there's a moon over Bourbon Street

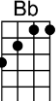
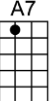
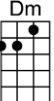
It was many years ago that I be-came what I am. I was trapped in this life like an innocent lamb

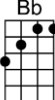
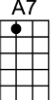
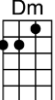
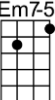
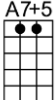
Now I can never show my face at noon, and you'll only see me walking by the light of the moon

The brim of my hat hides the eyes of a beast. I've the face of a sinner but the hands of a priest

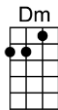
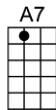
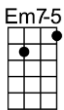
  

Oh, you'll never see my shade, or hear the sound of my feet

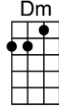
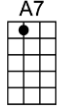
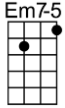
    ) X4

While there's a moon over Bourbon Street

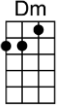
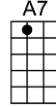
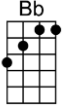
p.2. Moon Over Bourbon Street



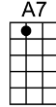
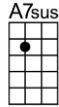
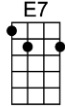
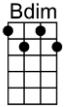
She walks everyday through the streets of New Orleans



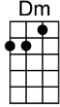
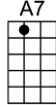
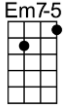
She's innocent and young from a family of means



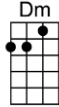
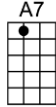
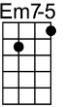
I have stood many times outside her window at night



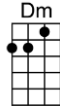
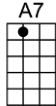
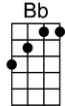
To struggle with my instinct in the pale moonlight



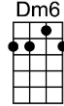
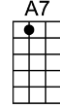
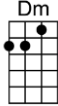
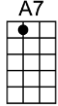
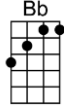
How could I be this way when I pray to God above



I must love what I de-destroy and de-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... While there's a moon over Bourbon Street

MOON OVER BOURBON STREET -Sting

4/4 1234 (slow count)

Intro: Dm (2 measures)

Em7b5 A7+ Dm Em7b5 A7+ Dm
There's a moon over Bourbon Street to-night. I see faces as they pass beneath the pale lamplight
Bb A7 Dm Bdim E7 A7sus A7
I've no choice but to follow that call. The bright lights, the people, and the moon and all
Em7b5 A7 Dm Em7b5 A7 Dm
I pray every day to be strong, for I know what I do must be wrong
Bb A7 Dm
Oh, you'll never see my shade, or hear the sound of my feet
Bb A7 (Dm Em7b5 A7+) X4
While there's a moon over Bourbon Street

Em7b5 A7 Dm Em7b5 A7 Dm
It was many years ago that I be-came what I am. I was trapped in this life like an innocent lamb
Bb A7 Dm Bdim E7 A7sus A7
Now I can never show my face at noon, and you'll only see me walking by the light of the moon
Em7b5 A7 Dm Em7b5 A7 Dm
The brim of my hat hides the eyes of a beast. I've the face of a sinner but the hands of a priest
Bb A7 Dm
Oh, you'll never see my shade, or hear the sound of my feet
Bb A7 (Dm Em7b5 A7) X4
While there's a moon over Bourbon Street

Em7b5 A7 Dm
She walks everyday through the streets of New Orleans
Em7b5 A7 Dm
She's innocent and young from a family of means
Bb A7 Dm
I have stood many times outside her window at night
Bdim E7 A7sus A7
To struggle with my instinct in the pale moonlight
Em7b5 A7 Dm
How could I be this way when I pray to God above
Em7b5 A7 Dm
I must love what I de-destroy and de-destroy the thing I love
Bb A7 Dm
Oh, you'll never see my shade, or hear the sound of my feet
Bb A7 Dm Bb A7 Dm6
While there's a moon over Bourbon Street... While there's a moon over Bourbon Street