**NIGHT MOVES (G)**

G F

I was a little too tall - could've used a few pounds

C F

Tight pants, points, hardly reknown

She was a black-haired beauty with big dark eyes

And points all her own sitting way up high

Way up firm and high

Out past the cornfields where the woods got heavy

Out in the back seat of my '60 Chevy

Workin' on mysteries without any clues

D Em D C

Workin' on our night moves

D Em D C

Tryin' to make some front page drive-in news

D Em D C

Practicin’ our night moves

G F C F

In the summertime - in the sweet summertime

We weren't in love, oh no, far from it

We weren't searchin' for some pie in the sky summit

We were just young and restless and bored

Livin' by the sword

And we'd steal away every chance we could

To the backroom, to the alley or the trusty woods

I used her, she used me but neither one cared

We were gettin' our share

Workin' on our night moves

Tryin' to lose the awkward teenage blues

Workin' on our night moves

And it was summertime

CM7 G CM7

And oh the wonder - we felt the lightning

F D G

And we waited on the thunder - waited on the thunder

G

I awoke last night to the sound of thunder

CM7

How far off I sat and wondered

G CM7

Started humming a song from nineteen sixty two

Em

Ain't it funny how the night moves?

C Em C

When you just don't seem to have as much to lose

Em CM7 G

Strange how the night moves, with autumn closing in

original key: G