

# The Moon is a Half Way to Wednesday

Grant Simpson

Ab6 Gb6 Ab6 Gb6

1a

Ab6 Gb6 Ab6 Gb6

Ab6 Gb6 Ab6 Gb6

Ab6 Gb6 Ab6 Gb6

Ab6 Gb6 Ab6 Db7 C7

C7 F7 F7 Bb

Bb F7 F7 Bb

Bb A7 A7 Dm7

G7 Gm7 C7 Ab6

Gb6 Ab6 Gb6 Ab6

22b

# The Moon is Half Way to Wednesday

*Words and music by Grant Simpson*

Little tiny logging town  
Nestled in the bay  
Sailing ships from other worlds  
Visit every day  
Friday night  
Dance tonight  
She met him that day  
Spinning round and round the hall  
Years fade away  
    And the moon is a half way to Wednesday  
    As I stand at the top of the hill  
    And the moon looks the same as it did on that night  
    And yes, I am missing you still

Poppy's red so many dead  
And many survive  
Never thought for a moment  
That he'd be alive  
Coming home the battle ship  
Docks at the bay  
Friday night a dance tonight  
He met her that day  
    And the moon is a half way to Wednesday  
    As I stand at the top of the hill  
    And the moon looks the same as it did on that night  
    And yes, I am missing you still

Children come and go away  
Years passing by  
Every year on Friday night  
She tries not to cry  
Standing at that special place  
Looking o're the bay  
If I close my eyes and try  
I can hear the band play  
    And the moon is a half way to Wednesday  
    As I stand at the top of the hill  
    And the moon looks the same as it did on that night  
    And yes, I am missing you still