

## Poor Moon

### "Birds"

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Oh, my darling  
Don't you cry  
Just hold my hand a while  
Before I die  
We've seen so many places  
You and I  
We've made the most  
We've traveled far and wide

And even now, if I just close my eyes  
I am reminded of a certain time  
We lost the trail on old North Caroline  
And spent the night  
In the full moonlight  
Fast asleep, holding each other tight

And in the early morning hours  
Woke up in fields with golden flowers  
Settled near a wild oak tree  
As he was stretching out his arms to breathe the air

And even now, if I just close my eyes  
I am reminded of a certain time  
We lost the trail on old North Caroline  
And spent the night  
Fast asleep holding each other tight

And in the early morning hours  
I've never seen so many flowers  
Settle near a wise old tree  
And as he stretches out his arms  
It's me he carries on the summer breeze

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