

Stones Rolling

"Child Of The Moon"

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The wind blows rain into my face
The sun glows at the end of the highway
Child of the moon, rub your rainy eyes
Oh, child of the moon
Give me a wide-awake crescent-shaped smile
She shivers, by the light she is hidden
She flickers like a lamp lady vision
Child of the moon, rub your rainy eyes
Child of the moon
Give me a wide-awake crescent-shaped smile
The first car on the foggy road riding
The last star for my lady is pining
Oh, child of the moon, bid the sun arise
Oh, child of the moon
Give me a misty day, pearly gray, silver, silky faced,
Wide-awake crescent-shaped smile

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