

## **Glen Campbell & Jimmy Webb**

### **"The Moon is a Harsh Mistress"**

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See her how she flies.  
Golden sails across the sky.  
She's close enough to touch  
but careful if you try.  
Though she looks as warm as gold,  
The moon's a harsh mistress;  
The moon can be so cold.

Once the sun did shine;  
Good Lord, it felt so fine.  
The moon, a phantom, rose  
Through the mountains and the pines,  
And then the darkness fell.

The moon's a harsh mistress,  
It's hard to love her well.

I fell out of her eyes.  
I fell out of her heart.  
I fell down on my face.  
I tripped and missed my start.  
God, I fell and fell alone.  
The moon's a harsh mistress.  
She's hard to call your own.

The moon's a harsh mistress.  
The sky is made of stone.

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