

A.A. Bondy

"On The Moon"

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No one can see the way it will be
Your thread, there on the loom
And an unknown hand
Will pull on the strand
And guide you right on through

And the roses die and bloom
And I'm dreaming in my room
That you and I fell into the sky
And went dancing on the moon

And the comet will come
And swing 'round the sun
And you will be replaced
Until that day sometimes I will pray
That you may find some grace

And the roses die and bloom
And I'm dreaming in my room
That you and I fell into the sky
And went dancing on the moon

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