

## Dennis Brown

### "Desert Moon"

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"Is this the train to Desert Moon?" was all she said  
But I knew I'd heard that stranger's voice before  
I turned to look into her eyes, but she moved away  
She was standing in the rain  
Trying hard to speak my name  
They say first love never runs dry

The waiter poured our memories into tiny cups  
We stumbled over words we longed to hear  
We talked about the dreams we'd lost, or given up  
When a whistle cut the night  
And shook silence from our lives  
As the last train rolled towards the dune

Those summer nights when we were young  
We bragged of things we'd never done  
We were dreamers, only dreamers  
And in our haste to grow too soon  
We left our innocence on Desert Moon  
We were dreamers, only dreamers  
On Desert Moon, on Desert Moon  
On Desert Moon, Desert Moon

I still can hear the whisper of the summer night  
It echoes in the corners of my heart  
The night we stood and waited for the desert train  
All the words we meant to say  
All the chances swept away  
Still remain on the road to the dune

Those summer nights when we were young  
We bragged of things we'd never done  
We were dreamers, only dreamers  
Moments pass, and time moves on  
But dreams remain for just as long  
As there's dreamers, all the dreamers  
On Desert Moon, on Desert Moon  
On Desert Moon, Desert Moon

