

Glen Campbell "The Moon's 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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