

Junkies Cowboy "Crescent Moon"

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Reach a hand to the crescent moon
Grab hold of the hollow
If she sits in the palm of the left
That moon will be fuller tomorrow
If she sits in the palm of the right
That moon is on the wane
And the love of the one who shares your bed
Will be doing just the same

CHORUS

Won't you come with me, she said
There's plenty of room in my iron bed
You're looking cold and tired
And more than a little human
I know I'm not part of the life you had planned
But I think once your body feels my hand
Your mind will change and your heart will lose its pain

Out among the fields gently hippled beneath the corn
Assiniboine bones beneath the highway
He stood there and he thought of home
A finger traces the path of a satellite
You're drawn to a distant copse of trees
A voice as smooth as mare's trail
Clings to a prairie breeze

CHORUS

Do I reach for you when I know you're on the wane
Do I sense you when I know you're not around
Do I search for you when I know you can't be found
Do I dare to speak your name

Raise your eyes to a moonless sky
And try to wish upon a rising star
Search all you want for her blessing
But you won't find her sparkling there
Now cast your eyes to a part of the sky
Where nothing but darkness unfolds
And watch as all around you she reveals
The brilliance of secrets untold

CHORUS

Do I reach for you when I know you're on the wane
Do I sense you when I know you're not around
Do I search for you when I know you can't be found
Do I dare to speak your name

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