

## Chills "Rolling Moon"

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We wander lost forgotten hills  
Blue sky, green grass, we are still  
The mists enfold us gently smelling  
Breeze in our ears softly telling  
of the days of light and laughter long ago  
They trace us, taste us, touch our hair  
Show us a castle and show us to their lair - to their lair  
And the rolling moon rocks on by  
We dance until we start to cry  
We've got feverish sweat and aching bones  
But please oh God, don't take us home.  
It's pretty cool but we can't rest  
The purple sun sets in the west  
We prance on gold - red summer lawns  
Dragons-blood evening, the buzz of swarms  
of lawnmowers mowing summer lawns away, far away,  
I realise we really are quite far away, far away,  
far away, far away  
And the rolling moon rocks on by  
We dance until we start to cry  
We've got feverish sweat and aching bones  
But please oh God, don't take us home  
Please oh God, don't take us home  
Please oh God, don't take us home.

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