

Mary Black

"The Moon And St. Christopher"

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I was young I spoke like a child
I saw with a child's eyes
And an open door was to a girl
Like the stars are to the sky

It's funny how the world lives up to
All your expectations
With adventures for the stout of heart
Lure of the open spaces

There's two lanes running down this road
Whichever side you're on
Accounts for where you want to go
Or what you're running from

Back when darkness overtook me
On a blind man's curve

I relied upon the moon
I relied upon the moon
I relied upon the moon
And St. Christopher

Now I've paid my dues 'cause I have owed them
But I've paid a price sometimes
For being such a stubborn woman
In such stubborn times

And I've run from the arms of lovers
I've run from the eyes of friends
I've run from the hands of kindness
I've run just because I can

Now I've grown and I speak like a woman
And I see with a woman's eyes
And an open door is to me now
Like to the saddest of goodbyes

When it's too late for turning back
I pray for the heart and the nerve

And I rely upon the moon

I rely upon the moon
I rely upon the moon
And St. Christopher

I rely upon the moon
I rely upon the moon
I rely upon the moon
And St. Christopher to be my guide

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