

Matthew Perryman Jones

"Beneath The Silver Moon"

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You were once a boy in tattered jeans
With skin dark by the sun
Eyes so wide and deep with reckless dreams
To carry you along

You were always talking 'bout the sea
The brilliant mystic view
You never seemed to shrink from mystery
That was life to you

And you would find a resting place
Where stars would light the room
And trees would bend with sacred grace
Beneath the silver moon

I see you in this height so sad and sweet
Your spirit burning bright
I know he whispers still in places deep
With flaming words of light

And you would find a resting place
Where stars would light the room
And trees would bend with sacred grace
Beneath the silver moon

And you would find a resting place
Where stars would light the room
And trees would bend with sacred grace
Beneath the silver moon
Paroles de Chansons

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