Rigmor Gustafsson "The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress"

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See her how she flies

Golden sails across the skies

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

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 his eyes

I fell out of his heart

I fell down on my face

I tripped and missed my star

I fell and fell alone

The moon's a harsh mistress

The sky is made of stone

The moon's a harsh mistress

She's hard to call your own

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