

Tomte

"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
Those she looks as warm as gold
The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress
The moon can be so cold

Once the sun did shine
And Lord it felt so fine
The moon of phantom rose
Trough the mountains and the pie
And then the darkness fell
The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress
It's hard to love her well

I fell out of her eyes
I fell out of her heart
I fell down on my face
And I drift and met my star
I fell, I fell alone

The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress
The skies is made of stone
The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress
She's hard to call your own

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