

# The Moon And St. Christopher

Mary Black

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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