

The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress

Glen Campbell, Jimmy Webb

See her how she flies.
Golden sails across the sky.
She's 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;
Good 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 her eyes.
I fell out of her heart.
I fell down on my face.
I tripped and missed my start.
God, I fell and fell alone.
The moon's a harsh mistress.
She's hard to call your own. The moon's a harsh mistress.
The sky is made of stone.

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