

# Lasso The Moon

## Level 42

She carries the water from the well in the morning  
while the sand burns her feet the sun only stares  
and the loneliness lingers with slow grasping fingers  
as the afternoon withers the flowers in her hair

Then night fills the sky as she sits on the hillside  
and memories drift by like clouds past the stars  
recalling romances and all the bright chances  
but none of them lasted. they passed through her heart

And she says -

where is a man who can build a good fire  
with a passion as wide as the sky at high noon  
a man whose hand is strong as his longing  
where is the man who can lasso the moon

She falls asleep and her dreams are her blanket  
and she shares with the moon the secret she knows  
as the dawn leaves its tears to wash the dry valley  
the tears of a woman can wash a man's soul

And she says -

where is a man who can build a good fire  
with a passion as wide as the sky at high noon  
a man whose hand is strong as his longing  
where is the man who can lasso the moon

And she says -

where is a man who can build a good fire  
with a passion as wide as the sky at high noon  
a man whose hand is strong as his longing  
where is the man who can lasso the moon

and I say -

I am a man who can build a good fire  
and my passion's as wide as the sky at high noon  
come take my hand, it's as strong as your longing  
just say the word and I'll lasso the moon

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