

Moon Is a Harsh Mistress

Judy Collins

See her how she flies
golden sails across the sky
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
over the mountains and the pines
then the darkness fell
the moon's a harsh mistress
it's hard to love her well

I fell out of her eyes
fell out of her heart
fell down on my face
I tripped and missed my stars
fell and fell alone
the moons a harsh mistress
the sky is made of stone
the moon's a harsh mistress
she's hard to call your own

Lyrics submitted by C Kelly Collins.

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