Crescent Noon

The Carpenters

Green September
Burned to October brown
Bare November
Led to December's frozen ground
The seasons stumbled round
Our drifting lives are bound
To a falling crescent noon
Feather clouds cry
A vale of tears to earth
Morning breaks and
No one sees the quiet mountain birth
Dressed in a brand new day
The sun is on it's way

To a falling crescent noon
Somewhere in
A fairytale of forest lies one
Answer that is waiting to be heard
You and I were
Born like the breaking day
All our seasons
All our green September's burn away
Slowly we'll fade into
A sea of midnight blue
And a falling crescent noon

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