Who Made The Moon

Little River Band

Her little eyes looked up to the evening sky
As twilight spread across her sweet face she wondered why
She turned to me to ask who made it so
So sure that I would know
Who made the moon, who paints the sky
Who hangs the stars and turns them on each night
Who tells the rose it's time to bloom
How do Junebugs know it's June
Dad, who made the moon
As that little girl grew up to discover life
She found that people's words could cut deeper than a knife
But somehow hers were always used for good
I guess she understood
Who made the moon, who paints the sky
Who hangs the stars and turns them on each night
Who fills the hearts, that have no room
With shooting stars and toy balloons
Dad, who made the moon
And who decides who gets to live

And who decides its time to die
And who decides the ones you love
Don't get to say goodbye
Now I sit alone and search the evening sky
I'd give everything I'll ever own for just one more night
To hold her close and share the mystery
And hear her asking me
Who made the moon, who paints the sky
Who hangs the stars and turns them on each night
Who shows the world how to play in tune
She got her answers way too soon
She knows who made the moon
Who made the moon, who paints the sky
Who hangs the stars and turns them on each night
How can I fill this empty room
Why'd she have to leave so soon
God, who made the moon

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