

The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress

Joe Cocker

See her as she flies
Golden sails across the skies
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

And Lord it felt so fine
The moon a phantom rose
Through the mountains and the pine
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, yes I did
And I tripped and I missed my star
And I fell and fell alone
The moon's a harsh mistress

The sky is made of stone
The moon's a harsh mistress
She's hard to call your own

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