

The Moment

Terra Naomi

The wayward wind winds home at last
Feels the same and bends the mast
The moon rose backward till its past

Time the trickster ticking fastOh the faces empty places we have been
Try to so hard to find the moment love beginsOctober comes the colors change

The trees shake off their summer chains
Nothing ventured nothing gained

Nothing censored or explainedOf the faces empty places we have been
Try so hard to find the moment love beginsIf were to slip like a sailing ship

Like a fingertip on your skin
Like my fingertip on your silky skin
Like a sailing boat on a summer wind

On a summer windOh the faces empty place we have been
Try so hard to find the moment love beginsOh the faces empty place we have been
Try so hard to find the moment love beginsThe moment love beingsOoh...

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