

The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress

[Linda Ronstadt](#)

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 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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