Rolling Moon

The Chills

We wander lost forgotten hills
Blue sky, green grass, we are still
The mists enfold us gently smelling
Breeze in our ears softly telling
of the days of light and laughter long ago
They trace us, taste us, touch our hair
Show us a castle and show us to their lair - to their lair
And the rolling moon rocks on by
We dance until we start to cry
We've got feverish sweat and aching bones
But please oh God, don't take us home.
It's pretty cool but we can't rest
The purple sun sets in the west
We prance on gold - red summer lawns
Dragons-blood evening, the buzz of swarms
of lawnmowers mowing summer lawns away, far away,
I realise we really are quite far away, far away,
far away, far away
And the rolling moon rocks on by
We dance until we start to cry
We've got feverish sweat and aching bones
But please oh God, don't take us home
Please oh God, don't take us home
Please oh God, don't take us home.

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