

Sisters of the Moon (Live At Wembley, 6/22/80)

Fleetwood Mac

Intense silence
As she walked in the room
Her black robes trailing
Sister of the moon And a black widow spider makes
More sound than she
And black moons in those eyes of hers
Made more sense to me Heavy persuasion
It was hard to breathe
She was dark at the top of the stairs
And she called to me And so I followed as friends often do
I cared not for love nor money
And I think she knew
Well, the people, they love her
And still they are the most cruel She asked me, "Be my sister
Sister, sister of the moon" Some call her sister of the moon
Some say, illusions are her game
They like to wrap her in velvet
Does anyone, ooh, know her name?

Songwriters

NICKS, STEVIE Published by

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