

It's Like Reaching for the Moon

[Billie Holiday](#)

It's like reaching for the moon
It's like reaching for the sun
It's like reaching for the stars
Reaching for you You're so far above me
How can I expect an an angel to [unverified]
It's so refined as you are It's like flying without wings
Playing fiddle without strings
And a million other things
No one can do No, my hopes are slender
In my secret heart I pray
You'll surrender soon
No, it's like reaching for the moon

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