

Low Red Moon

Belly

So what, you think this is usual
Strange moon, strange land
Strange man

Hold your hands tightly horses
Hold them, hold them kindly
Man

Low red moon
I'll paint you
Sleep like a baby
Sleep like a baby

And you shine so different on another
You shine different on another

I look up and I see
The raising of an old hope
Brave and tattered

A shinning night
With shinning eyes
That shines around me brightly

So now I say, "This is beautiful"
I think you are
Strange

Low red moon
I'll paint you
Sleep like a baby
Sleep like a baby

And you shine so different on another
You shine different on another
Strange moon, strange land
Strange

Moon you made me cry
When I was young
And I was young

Now I've got strong arms
Strong arms from the spinning God
And I say, "He belongs to me
He belongs to me
He's a human bed of roses"