

# The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress

Josh Groban

See her as she flies  
Golden sails across the skies  
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  
And the moon's a harsh mistress  
It's hard to love her well

I fell out of her eyes  
And I fell out of her heart  
I fell down on my face  
Yes I did  
And I tripped and I missed my star  
Then I fell and fell alone  
And the moon's a harsh mistress  
And the sky's made of stone

The moon's a harsh mistress

She's hard to call your own