

The Man In The Moon

Andy M. Stewart

I came from the land of the long grass and gorse
I flew with the eagle and I ran with the horse
And I played with the wild wind and whistled its tune
I ebbd with the ocean and slept in the moon

Chorus:

And you brought me down gently
You brought me down clean
You fed me the summer
You fed me your dreams
Your hands held the wound
And heart healed the pain
And your eyes stole the light
Of the moon as it waned

We journeyed the moorlands and oceans of blue
We slept with the dawn and we rose with the dew
And we sang with the breezes of the year to be born
We lay in the long grass when the scythe took the corn

Chorus:

And you brought me down gently
You brought me down clean
You fed me the summer
You fed me your dreams
Your hands held the wound
And heart healed the pain
And your eyes stole the light
Of the moon as it waned

I will fall with the leaves, I'll turn with the land
I'll chill with the first frost that stings on your hand
But I gathered the seeds from the gorse and the broom
"I'll lay them forever," said the Man in the Moon

Chorus:

And you brought me down gently
You brought me down clean
You fed me the summer
You fed me your dreams
Your hands held the wound
And heart healed the pain
And your eyes stole the light
Of the moon as it waned