

The stars are burning
And the moon is shining bright,
The world is turning underneath
This canopy of night...
Somewhere tomorrow warms the distance
With the light of dawn
You yawn, my love
Your eyes are growing tired
The dawn must come although we will deny it
I'd like to hold you here
Beneath these clouds of darkest blue
It could be a million years
Before the day comes creepin through,
But in the meantime
Let the moonshine shine
I'm fine my love, but tell me
How are you...?
You know that in the end it all comes true...
Heavenly homes are hard to find,
Heavenly thoughts in heavenly minds
Are not the world's design