

## 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"