

Crescent Moon

Cowboy Junkies

Reach a hand to the crescent moon
Grab hold of the hollow
If she sits in the palm of the left
That moon will be fuller tomorrow
If she sits in the palm of the right
That moon is on the wane
And the love of the one who shares your bed
Will be doing just the same

?Won't you come with me??. she said
?There's plenty of room in my iron bed
You're looking cold and tired and more than a little human
I know I'm not part of the life you had planned
But I think once your body feels my hand
Your mind will change and your heart will lose it's pain?

Out among the fields gently hipped beneath the corn
Assiniboine bones beneath the highway
He stood there and he thought of home
A finger traces the path of a satellite
You're drawn to a distant copse of trees
A voice as sweet as Mare's tail clings to the prairie breeze

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Do I reach for you when I know you're on the wane?
Do I sense you when I know you're not around?
Do I search for you when I know you can't be found?
Do I dare to speak your name?

Raise your eyes to a moonless sky
And try to wish upon a rising star
Search all you want for her blessing
But you won't find her sparkling there
Now cast your eyes to a part of the sky
Where nothing but darkness unfolds
And watch as all around you
She reveals the brilliance of secrets untold

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