

# Red Moon

David Gray

Weighing that silver there with your hands  
In no position to make demands  
Got what you wanted oh very nice  
But every kiss must have a price

I'm gettin tired of being denied  
Of sayin the same old things  
And these tears ain't gonna mend these broken wings  
Red mood

All that I've witnessed  
Hard to believe  
I can still find it in me to be so naive  
Cry on your pillow into the night  
Coz saying you're sorry won't make it right

I'm gettin tired of, being denied  
Of things getting in my way  
And if I'm quiet that's cos there's nothing left to say  
And if I'm quiet that's cos there's nothing left to say

Red moon  
Red moon  
Red moon  
Red moon