Blue Moon Rose

Everything But the Girl

I have a friend and she comes from the high plains Wise as the hills and fresh as the rains I have a friend and she taught me daring Threw back the windows and let the air in

For all she knows Bless my blue moon rose

I have a friend and we talk about books She comes around and she drinks while I cook Took me an atlas to find her town And to realise that the world was round

For all she knows Bless my blue moon rose