

Picture of the Moon

Gary Moore

Picture of the moon
You gave to me that night.
The stars were out to play,
The moon was shining bright.
If only I had known
That it would end so soon.
I was left with a picture of the moon.

The sound of soft guitars
Beneath the Spanish skies.
Across the candle lights
The sadness in your eyes.
If only I had known
That it would end so soon.
I was left with a picture of the moon.

Picture of the moon
You gave to me that night.
The stars were out to play,
The moon was shining bright.
However could I know
That it would end so soon?
I was left with a picture of the moon.
I was left with a picture of the moon.
All that's left is a picture of the moon.