

# The Moon's a Harsh Mistress

Glen Campbell

See her how she flies  
Golden sails across the sky  
Close enough to touch  
But careful if you try  
Though she looks as warm as gold  
The moon's a harsh mistress  
The moon can be so cold

Once the sun did shine  
Lord, it felt so fine  
The moon a phantom rose  
Through the mountains and the pines  
And then the darkness fell  
And the moon's a harsh mistress  
It's so hard to love her well

I fell out of her eyes  
I fell out of her heart  
I fell down on my face  
Yes, I did, and I - I tripped and I missed my star  
God, I fell and I fell alone, I fell alone  
And the moon's a harsh mistress  
And the sky is made of stone

The moon's a harsh mistress  
She's hard to call your own.