

The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress

Josh Groban

See her as she flies
Golden sails across the skies
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
And Lord it felt so fine
The moon a phantom rose
Through the mountains and the pine
And then the darkness fell
And the moon's a harsh mistress
It's hard to love her well

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

The moon's a harsh mistress

She's hard to call your own