Lasso the Moon

She carries the water from the well in the morning While the sand burns her feet the sun only stares And the loneliness lingers with slow grasping fingers As the afternoon withers the flowers in her hair

Then night fills the sky as she sits on the hillside And memories drift by like clouds past the stars Recalling romances and all the bright chances But none of them lasted. they passed through her heart

And she says -Where is a man who can build a good fire With a passion as wide as the sky at high noon A man whose hand is strong as his longing Where is the man who can lasso the moon

She falls asleep and her dreams are her blanket And she shares with the moon the secret she knows As the dawn leaves it's tears to wash the dry valley The tears of a woman can wash a man's soul

And she says -Where is a man who can build a good fire With a passion as wide as the sky at high noon A man whose hand is strong as his longing Where is the man who can lasso the moon

And she says -Where is a man who can build a good fire With a passion as wide as the sky at high noon A man whose hand is strong as his longing Where is the man who can lasso the moon

And I say -I am a man who can build a good fire And my passion's as wide as the sky at high noon Come take my hand, it's as strong as your longing Just say the word and I'll lasso the moon

Level 42