

# Mobile Chateau

**Matt Costa**

Far away is the moon  
Shining down in her room  
Found you tripping on the stars  
Making mobile out of parts  
That you found lying on the ground  
Hark the birds are singing we've been lost and found

Far away is the sun  
Winter you will come  
With your lily white hands  
Making crafts out of plants  
Found you weeping in the snow  
Hark the bells are ringing, I won't let you go

And with the trees we will sway  
The sky in geese, we ought to stay this way  
Found you weeping in the snow  
Bells are ringing, I won't let you go