

Cross Against The Moon

Mindy McCready

Moonlight streaks across a picture of a Marilyn Monroe
While the corn stocks rattle outside her bedroom window
A strong Nebraska wind laying those prairie fields flat
She reads those Bible stories to her calico cat

She stares into the mirror at the cross around her neck
And hears her daddy's sermons echo through her head
Then she closes her eyes and drifts into a dream
Sees her name on a marquis sign beside James Dean

It's the cross against the moon
A restless girl in a pink bedroom
Sweet seventeen and the silver screen
Yellow brick road and technicolor dreams
Nothings black and white
Nothings wrong or right
Just questions that she hopes to answer soon
It's the cross against the moon
Woo-oh, cross against the moon
Oh, yeah

Her daddy said Sundays spent in Gospel tents
Would keep the stars from stealing her innocence
She wants to live her life without these doubts and fears
But the sound of brimstone burning whispers in her ears

So she fights the battle of what she wants to be
Trying hard to find the courage to chase her dreams
She looks up to Marilyn says your looking good
She puts her Bible in her suitcase, pens off to Hollywood

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Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh