

Face The Moon

Peter Murphy

I looked at all the women
Checking out their features
One walked a fine line
While the other's drew it
One's lips came close
One finger tripped it
One glistened in the sun
But none were coming from it

I threw a look
I faced the moon
Asked the maker
'Where were you'?
I threw a look
Faced the moon
Where were you?

As rivers run
And moonlight shines
I'll catch her in the mirror
And in a our land that time forgot
We'll catch them close
One finger to trip with
One glistening the sun
Then see you coming from it

You threw the look
I faced the moon
Asked the maker where were you
We threw the look
Faced the moon
Then there was you

As rivers run
And moonlight shines
I'll catch her in the mirror
And in our land that time forgot
One lip came close
One finger tripped it

I threw the look
We faced the moon
Asked the maker where were you
You threw the look
I faced the moon
Where were you?