

Sheltered Moon

Robin Trower

Before the rising of the sheltered moon,
Before the killing frost,
There be the heart that broke too soon,
The story almost lost.

How you're away, the song bird flew
Straight toward the sun
What she found there no one knew,
The songs that she had sung.

She drew a fox from the deepest well
Every shining word.
One by one, thought you'll feel despair
Under the pining spell of songs they have never heard.

From time to time, they call her name,
A sound so sweet and clear.
But only one recalls her face,
From she was here.

She drew a fox from the deepest well
Every shining word.
One by one, thought you'll feel despair
Under the pining spell of songs they have never heard.