

The stars are burning  
And the moon is shining bright,  
The world is turning underneath  
This canopy of night...  
Somewhere tomorrow warms the distance  
With the light of dawn  
You yawn, my love  
Your eyes are growing tired  
The dawn must come although we will deny it  
I'd like to hold you here  
Beneath these clouds of darkest blue  
It could be a million years  
Before the day comes creepin through,  
But in the meantime  
Let the moonshine shine  
I'm fine my love, but tell me  
How are you...?  
You know that in the end it all comes true...  
Heavenly homes are hard to find,  
Heavenly thoughts in heavenly minds  
Are not the world's design