## **Crescent Moon**

## **Cowboy Junkies**

Reach a hand to the crescent moon Grab hold of the hollow If she sits in the palm of the left That moon will be fuller tomorrow If she sits in the palm of the right That moon is on the wane And the love of the one who shares your bed Will be doing just the same

?Won't you come with me??, she said ?There's plenty of room in my iron bed You're looking cold and tired and more than a little human I know I'm not part of the life you had planned But I think once your body feels my hand Your mind will change and your heart will lose it's pain?

Out among the fields gently hipped beneath the corn Assiniboine bones beneath the highway He stood there and he thought of home A finger traces the path of a satellite You're drawn to a distant copse of trees A voice as sweet as Mare's tail clings to the prairie breeze

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Do I reach for you when I know you're on the wane? Do I sense you when I know you're not around? Do I search for you when I know you can't be found? Do I dare to speak your name?

Raise your eyes to a moonless sky And try to wish upon a rising star Search all you want for her blessing But you won't find her sparkling there Now cast your eyes to a part of the sky Where nothing but darkness unfolds And watch as all around you She reveals the brilliance of secrets untold

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