

The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress

Judy Collins

See her how she flies
Golden sails across the sky
Close enough to touch
But careful if you try
Though she looks as warm as gold

The moon's a harsh mistress
The moon can be so cold

Once the sun did shine
Good lord, it felt so fine
The moon a phantom rose
Though with the mountains and the pine
Then the darkness fell

The moon's a harsh mistress
It's hard to love her well

I fell out of her eyes
Fell out of her heart
Fell down on my face
I tripped and missed my star
Fell and fell alone

The moon's a harsh mistress
The sky is made of stone
The moon's a harsh mistress
She's hard to call your own