

# 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?