

Low Red Moon

Belly

So what, you think this is usual
Strange moon, strange land
Strange man Hold your hands tightly horses
Hold them, hold them kindly
Man Low red moon
I'll paint you
Sleep like a baby
Sleep like a baby And you shine so different on another
You shine different on another I look up and I see
The raising of an old hope
Brave and tattered
A shinning night
With shinning eyes
That shines around me brightly So now I say, "This is beautiful"
I think you are
Strange Low red moon
I'll paint you
Sleep like a baby
Sleep like a baby And you shine so different on another
You shine different on another
Strange moon, strange land
Strange Moon you made me cry
When I was young
And I was young
Now I've got strong arms
Strong arms from the spinning God
And I say, "He belongs to me
He belongs to me
He's a human bed of roses"

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