

Belly, Low Red Moon

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 shining night
With shining 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"