

Bob Dylan, The Night We Called It A Day

here was a moon out in space
But a cloud drifted over its face
You kissed me and went on your way
The night we called it a day
I heard the song of the spheres
Like a minor lament in my ears
I hadn't the heart left to pray
The night we called it a day
Soft through the dark
The hoot of an owl in the sky
Sad though his song
No bluer was he than I
The moon went down stars were gone
But the sun didn't rise with the dawn
There wasn't a thing left to say
The night we called it a day
There wasn't a thing left to say
The night we called it a day