

# Jimmy Webb, The Moon's A Harsh Mistress

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  
Lord, it felt so fine  
The moon a phantom rose  
Through the mountains and the pines  
And then the darkness fell  
And the moon's a harsh mistress  
It's so hard to love her well  
I fell out of her eyes  
I fell out of her heart  
I fell down on my face  
Yes, I did, and I -- I tripped and I missed my star  
God, I fell and I fell alone, I fell alone  
And the moon's a harsh mistress  
And the sky is made of stone  
The moon's a harsh mistress  
She's hard to call your own.