

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.