

Silje Nergaard, Borrowing Moons

Now that you have found her
Just put your arms around her
Talk then of love and that soon
You'll reach out and give her the moon

We move from cold to colder
So draw her near and hold her
Weave moonlight into her hair
Whisper you'll always be there

Stroke away her sadness
With a touch of moonlight madness
A moon can be borrowed at will
Yet come tomorrow it's still

(It's still) There on high, sailing by
You and I

Get wise and not just older
Draw her near and hold her