

# The Carpenters, Crescent Noon

Green September  
Burned to October brown  
Bare November  
Led to December's frozen ground  
The seasons stumbled round  
Our drifting lives are bound  
To a falling crescent noon

Feather clouds cry  
A vale of tears to earth  
Morning breaks and  
No one sees the quiet mountain birth  
Dressed in a brand new day  
The sun is on its way  
To a falling crescent noon

Somewhere in  
A fairytale forest lies one  
Answer that is waiting to be heard

You and I were  
Born like the breaking day  
All our seasons  
All our green Septembers  
Burn away  
Slowly we'll fade into  
A sea of midnight blue  
And a falling crescent noon