

# Barclay James Harvest, Moonwater

The moon is making patterns on the water  
Why it is I just can't say  
I'm not old enough or wise enough to wonder  
I don't think about the magic that I'm under  
Oh moonwater, running out like silver from my eyes  
Oh moonwater, running out like silver from my eyes  
You'll find me in the twilight on the mountain  
When the sun shines on the lake  
I'm a child of darkness lost among the thunder  
Where the shafts of moonlight break the sky asunder  
Oh moonwater, running out like silver from my eyes  
Oh moonwater, running out like silver from my eyes