

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