

Billie Holiday, IT'S LIKE REACHING FOR THE MOON

Its like reaching for the moon
Its like reaching for the sun
Its like reaching for the stars
Reaching for you
Youre so far above me
How can I expect an angel to love me
Who is so divine as you are?
Its like flying without wings
Playing fiddle without strings
And a million other things
No one can do
Though, my hopes are slender
In my secret heart I pray youll surrender soon
Though, its like reaching for the moon