

# Bob Dylan, Moonlight

Seasons they are turning and my sad heart is yearning  
I hear again the songbird weep below his tone  
Won't you meet me out in the moonlight alone

The dusky light the day is losing  
Orchards, poppies, black eyed Susan  
The earth and sky that melts with flesh and bone  
Won't you meet me out in the moonlight alone

The air is thick and heavy all along the levee  
Where the geese into the countryside have flown  
Won't you meet me out in the moonlight alone

Well, I'm preaching peace and harmony  
The blessings of tranquility  
Yet I know when the time is right to strike  
I take you 'cross the river, dear  
You no need to linger here  
I know the kinds of things you like

The clouds are turning crimson, the leaves fall from the limbs and  
The branches cast their shadows over stone  
Won't you meet me out in the moonlight alone

The boulevards of cypress trees, the masquerade of birds and bees  
The petals blinking white, the wind has blown  
Won't you meet me out in the moonlight alone

The trailing moss in mystico, the purple blossom soft as snow  
My tears keep flowing to the sea  
Doctor, lawyer, indian chief, it takes a thief to catch a thief  
For whom does the bell toll for, love?  
It tolls for you and me

Old pulses running through my palm, the sharp hills are rising from  
Yellow fields with twisted oaks that grow  
Won't you meet me out in the moonlight alone