

# Cowboy Junkies, Crescent Moon

Reach a hand to the crescent moon  
Grab hold of the hollow  
If she sits in the palm of the left  
That moon will be fuller tomorrow  
If she sits in the palm of the right  
That moon is on the wane  
And the love of the one who shares your bed  
Will be doing just the same

'Won't you come with me', she said,  
'there's plenty of room in my iron bed  
You're looking cold and tired  
And more than a little human  
I know I'm not part of the life you had planned,  
But I think once your body feels my hand  
Your mind will change  
And your heart will lose its pain'

Out among the fields gently hipped  
Beneath the corn,  
Assiniboine bones beneath the highway  
He stood there and he thought of home  
A finger traces the path of a satellite  
You're drawn to a distant copse of trees  
A voice as sweet as Mare's Tail  
Clings to the prairie breeze

'Won't you come with me', she said,  
'there's plenty of room in my iron bed  
You're looking cold and tired  
And more than a little human  
I know I'm not part of the life you had planned,  
But I think once your body feels my hand  
Your mind will change  
And your heart will lose its pain'

Do I reach for you  
When I know you're on the wane?  
Do I sense you when I know you're not around?  
Do I search for you  
When I know you can't be found?  
Do I dare to speak your name?

Raise your eyes to a moonless sky  
And try to wish upon a rising star  
Search all you want for her blessing  
But you won't find her sparkling there  
Now cast your eyes to a part of the sky  
Where nothing but darkness unfolds  
And watch as all around you  
She reveals the brilliance of secrets untold

Won't you come with me, she said,  
There's plenty of room in my iron bed  
You're looking cold and tired  
And more than a little human  
I know I'm not part of the life you had planned,  
But I think once your body feels my hand  
Your mind will change  
And your heart will lose its pain