

Level 42, Lasso The Moon

She carries the water from the well in the morning
while the sand burns her feet the sun only stares
and the loneliness lingers with slow grasping fingers
as the afternoon withers the flowers in her hair
Then night fills the sky as she sits on the hillside
and memories drift by like clouds past the stars
recalling romances and all the bright chances
but none of them lasted. they passed through her heart
And she says -

where is a man who can build a good fire
with a passion as wide as the sky at high noon
a man whose hand is strong as his longing
where is the man who can lasso the moon
She falls asleep and her dreams are her blanket
and she shares with the moon the secret she knows
as the dawn leaves its tears to wash the dry valley
the tears of a woman can wash a man's soul

And she says -

where is a man who can build a good fire
with a passion as wide as the sky at high noon
a man whose hand is strong as his longing
where is the man who can lasso the moon

And she says -

where is a man who can build a good fire
with a passion as wide as the sky at high noon
a man whose hand is strong as his longing
where is the man who can lasso the moon

and I say -

I am a man who can build a good fire
and my passion's as wide as the sky at high noon
come take my hand, it's as strong as your longing
just say the word and I'll lasso the moon