

Lowen and Navarro, Broken Moon

Oh broken moon, the spirits willing,
The flesh is weak, three simple words.
You can cry if you have to, cry yourself to sleep,
When it gets to deep, you can cry baby, you can cry.
Oohh... When the soul gets weary and the colours fade to blue,
And it strange somehow, you can see more clearly,
By the light of a broken moon, Oohh... the light of the broken moon.
Oh wicked dreams, Fear is winning,
And its hunting me, with three simple words.
But when the love is all you look for, and beauty all you see,
They can let you down, and make you cry babe, make you cry.
Oohh... When the soul gets weary and the colours fade to blue,
And it strange somehow, you can see more clearly,
By the light of a broken moon.
Oohh... When the soul gets weary and the colours fade to blue,
And it strange somehow, you can see more clearly,
By the light of a broken moon, Oohh... the light of the broken moon.
Oh perfect world, love will find me,
It will bring me, it will bring me... peace.
With three simple words...
Oohh... When the soul gets weary and the colours fade to blue,
And it strange somehow, you can see more clearly,
By the light of a broken moon.
Oohh... When the soul gets weary and the colours fade to blue,
And it strange somehow, you can see more clearly,
By the light of a broken moon, Oohh... the light of the broken moon.
Hhyymmm...
Hhyymmm...
Hhyymmm...