

Mike Scott, The Whole Of The Moon

I pictured a rainbow
you held it in your hands
I had flashes
but you saw then plan
I wandered out in the world for years
while you just stayed in your room
I saw the crescent
you saw the whole of the moon!
The whole of the moon!

You were there at the turnstiles
with the wind at your heels
You stretched for the stars
and you know how it feels
To reach too high
too far
Too soon
you saw the whole of the moon!

I was grounded
while you filled the skies
I was dumbfounded by truths
you cut through lies
I saw the rain-dirty valley
you saw Brigadoon
I saw the crescent
you saw the whole of the moon!

I spoke about wings
you just flew
I wondered, I guessed, and I tried
you just knew
I sighed
but you swooned
I saw the crescent
you saw the whole of the moon!
The whole of the moon!

With a torch in your pocket
and the wind at your heels
You climbed on the ladder
and you know how it feels
To GET too high
too far
Too soon
you saw the whole of the moon!
The whole of the moon!

Unicorns and cannonballs,
palaces and piers,
Trumpets, towers, and tenements,
wide oceans full of tears,
Flag, rags, ferry boats,
scimitars and scarves,
Every precious dream and vision
underneath the stars

Yes, You climbed on the ladder
with the wind in your sails
You came like a comet
blazing your trail
Too high
too far
Too soon

you saw the whole of the moon!