

Peter Murphy, Face The Moon

I looked at all the women
Checking out their features
One walked a fine line
While the others drew it
One's lips came close
One finger tripped it
One glistened in the Sun
But none were coming from it

I threw a look
I faced the Moon
Asked the maker
"Where were you?"
I threw a look
Faced the Moon
"Where were you?"

As rivers run
And moonlight shines
I'll catch her in the mirror
And in a our land that time forgot
We will catch them close
One finger tripped it
One glistening the Sun
Then you were coming from it

You threw the look
I faced the Moon
Asked the maker
"Where were you?"
We threw the look
Faced the Moon
Then there was you

As rivers run (as rivers run)
And moonlight shines (I'll catch her in the mirror)
I'll catch her in the mirror (and in a our land that time forgot)
And in a our land that time forgot (we will catch them close)
We will catch them close
And glisten (with it) with it

I threw the look
We faced the Moon
Asked the maker
"Where were you?"
We threw the look
I faced the Moon
Where were you?
We threw the look
We faced the Moon

We threw the look
Faced the Moon
"Where were you?"

As rivers run
And moonlight shines
I faced the Moon