

Silje Nergaard, Once I Held A Moon

Once I held a moon, a lover's gift
If memory serves me right
Once I owned a sky where moons could drift
And bathe my world in light
I held onto to that moon as long as he was there
Just holding me
But it means nothing to moons you see

Once I held a moon, a lover's [?]
was not his to give
This is life he said, enjoy
But it wasn't mine to live
I let the moon slips through my finger
And my love let go of me
But it means nothing to moons you see

They sail through the night and you follow
You hitch up your heart
To that moon like a cart
It's all [?] you know how
You're faced with your pride but can't swallow
You lift up your spoon
And you howl at the moon that it shouldn't have shone
and that you are not [?] as gone

Once I held a moon
And by its light I loved
And he loved me
But it means nothing to moons you see

Once I held a moon
Once I held a moon