

# 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