## Stefan Andersson, Catch The Moon

Can you hear him whistling, a little tune it's about him trying to catch the moon, he's waiting for he's father, he'll be coming home soon he's waiting for his mother, this afternoon.

Can't hear what they say, don't know what they want so he runs away, 'cause he fears the gun he waited in wail, it was something they'd done he don't know what it is, but he knows he's alone

Some put their trust in the east, some put their trust in the west Some their trust in a bomb, some put their trust in there mum Some put their trust in to God, some put their money in a bank Some put their faith in the stars, some put their trust in their guitar

Killing has no reason killing, has no soul Killing has no rights killing, has no goal You might think it's easy, to cross into his mind But his life is real now, like the picture in his eyes

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