

# 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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some put their trust in their mum  
Some put their trust in politicians,  
some put their trust in a bond  
Some put their guns to their heads,  
some put their trust in there dad  
Some put their trust in to God,  
some put their money in a bank  
Some put their faith in the stars,  
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