

## The Moon's a Harsh Mistress

Celtic Woman

See her as she flies  
Golden sails across the sky  
Close enough to touch  
But careful if you try  
Though she looks as warm as gold  
The moon's a harsh mistress  
The moon can be so cold

Once the sun did shine  
And lord it felt so fine  
The moon a phantom rose  
Through the mountains and the pine  
And then the darkness fell  
The moon's a harsh mistress  
It's hard to love her well

I fell out of her eyes  
I fell out of her heart  
I fell down on my face, yes I did  
And I tripped and I missed my star  
And I fell and fell alone  
The moon's a harsh mistress  
The sky is made of stone

The moon's a harsh mistress  
She's hard to call your own