So what, you think this is usual Strange moon, strange land Strange man

Hold your hands tightly horses Hold them, hold them kindly Man

Low red moon
I'll paint you
Sleep like a baby
Sleep like a baby

And you shine so different on another You shine different on another

I look up and I see
The raising of an old hope
Brave and tattered

A shinning night With shinning eyes That shines around me brightly

So now I say, "This is beautiful" I think you are Strange

Low red moon
I'll paint you
Sleep like a baby
Sleep like a baby

And you shine so different on another You shine different on another Strange moon, strange land Strange

Moon you made me cry When I was young And I was young

Now I've got strong arms
Strong arms from the spinning God
And I say, "He belongs to me
He belongs to me
He's a human bed of roses"