

Crescent Noon

Carpenters

Green September
Burned to October brown
Bare November
Led to December's frozen ground
The seasons stumbled round
Our drifting lives are bound
To a falling crescent noon

Feather clouds cry
A vale of tears to earth
Morning breaks and
No one sees the quiet mountain birth
Dressed in a brand new day
The sun is on its way
To a falling crescent noon

Somewhere in
A fairytale forest lies one
Answer that is waiting to be heard

You and I were
Born like the breaking day
All our seasons
All our green Septembers
Burn away
Slowly we'll fade into
A sea of midnight blue
And a falling crescent noon