

## Low Red Moon

Corinne Bailey Rae

So what, you think this is usual?  
Strange moon, strange land, strange man.  
Hold the hands of tiny horses,  
Hold them, hold them kindly, man.  
Low Red Moon,  
How can you sleep like a baby,  
Sleep like baby?  
But 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 shining knight with shining eyes,  
He shines around me brightly.  
So now, I say this is beautiful.  
I think you are strange.  
Low red moon, how can you sleep like a baby,  
Sleep like a baby?  
But you shine so different on another.  
You shine different on another.  
Strange moon, strange land, strange...  
You made me cry when I was young,  
And I was young.  
Now I got strong arms,  
Strong arms for a girl,  
And I say,  
He belongs to me.  
He belongs to me.  
He's a human bed of roses.