

Blue Moon Rose

Everything But the Girl

I have a friend and she comes from the high plains
Wise as the hills and fresh as the rains
I have a friend and she taught me daring
Threw back the windows and let the air in

For all she knows
Bless my blue moon rose

I have a friend and we talk about books
She comes around and she drinks while I cook
Took me an atlas to find her town
And to realise that the world was round

For all she knows
Bless my blue moon rose