

Standing on the Moon

Lera Lynn

I wanna miss you, lonely as the desert sand;
Sparkle like a star, stranger in a faraway land.
Pockets tie his hands up, feet stuck right where he stands,
Divide grows wide 'tween work and the wants of a man.

One hand holds the pulse, the other a steerin' wheel,
On one hand it is his curse, on the other it's what is real.

I shine bright like the wide, wide world
when you're standing on the moon, she could be just any girl.
Your hands are tied, but your heart is free.
If you learn to cut the rope, please make your way to me.

I wanna show you, lover take my hand.
You can find satisfaction being a one woman man.
I wanna love you. I don't know where I stand,
between your heart, the road, and all of the needs of a man.

One hand holds the pulse, the other a steerin' wheel,
On one hand it is his curse, on the other it's what is real.

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when you're standing on the moon, she could be just any girl.
Your hands are tied, but your heart is free.
If you learn to cut the rope, please make your way to me.

When you hang your hat on her,
will you hang your head in shame?
When you say that it's impossible,
you're just runnin' away
from the thing that kept you tied down,
the thing that keeps your feet on the ground.

I shine bright like the wide, wide world
when you're standing on the moon, she could be just any girl.
Your hands are tied, but your heart is free.
If you learn to cut the rope, please make your way to me.
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