

Like Moon Behind A Cloud

Michael Franks

Lady, lovely as light, you lie beside me
While I dream, but at dawn you disappear
Who decides how much longing is the right amount?
So many times I nearly found you, I lost count
Each time I think I'm close enough to touch you
You hide from me seductively just like
The moon behind a cloud

In the voice of the rain I hear you call me
In the sky of your eyes I fly and fall
Who decides how much longing is the right amount?
So many times I nearly found you, I lost count
Each time I think I'm close enough to touch you
You hide from me seductively just like
The moon behind a cloud