

Anything Changes

The Cowsills

Poor old moon lost its lease
Now it's just another piece of real estate
Plane jumpers claimed their stake

No longer history
End of a mystery
It's made of rock
And dust like you and me

Landed in peace
For mankind, ease your mind
Sorry indeed
So roll the tides, keep your pride
Shine on me

Man in the moon resigned
Packed and left to work full time
As Jupiter's lunar caretaker

Leading a pleasant life
Twelve moons and no moonlight from Jupiter

Landed in peace
For mankind, ease your mind
Sorry indeed
So roll the tides, keep your pride
Shine on me

End of a fantasy
Lover's lie helplessly hoping for
Another moonlit shore

Moon walker, what's your game?
Ride the heaven print your name on every star
Don't go too far
For you may find
A hostile outer space
If you try to spread the human race