

Interlude

The Magnetic Fields

The moon-blue rays of magical light
Festoon her face this beautiful night
The moon her only lover
But soon even that will be over

So they climb high
In the violet sky
And they dance

And he'll whisper
All his mysteries to her
As they dance

He will fall
In love,
Poor fellow
Just when all
Above
Turns yellow
And the dawn breaks his heart

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