

Dennis DeYoung, Desert Moon

"Is this the train to Desert Moon?" was all she said
But I knew I'd heard that stranger's voice before
I turned to look into her eyes, but she moved away
She was standing in the rain
Trying hard to speak my name
They say first love never runs dry

The waiter poured our memories into tiny cups
We stumbled over words we longed to hear
We talked about the dreams we'd lost, or given up
When a whistle cut the night
And shook silence from our lives
As the last train rolled towards the dune

Those summer nights when we were young
We bragged of things we'd never done
We were dreamers, only dreamers
And in our haste to grow too soon
We left our innocence on Desert Moon
We were dreamers, only dreamers
On Desert Moon, on Desert Moon
On Desert Moon, Desert Moon

I still can hear the whisper of the summer night
It echoes in the corners of my heart
The night we stood and waited for the desert train
All the words we meant to say
All the chances swept away
Still remain on the road to the dune

Those summer nights when we were young
We bragged of things we'd never done
We were dreamers, only dreamers
Moments pass, and time moves on
But dreams remain for just as long
As there's dreamers, all the dreamers
On Desert Moon, on Desert Moon
On Desert Moon, Desert Moon