

# Joe Cocker, The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress

See her as she flies  
Golden sails across the skies  
Close enough to touch  
But careful if you try  
Though she looks as warm as gold  
The moon's a harsh mistress  
The moon can be so cold

Once the sun did shine  
And Lord it felt so fine  
The moon a phantom rose  
Through the mountains and the pine  
And then the darkness fell  
The moon's a harsh mistress  
It's hard to love her well

I fell out of her eyes  
I fell out of her heart  
I fell down on my face, yes I did  
And I tripped and I missed my star  
And I fell and fell alone  
The moon's a harsh mistress  
The sky is made of stone

The moon's a harsh mistress  
She's hard to call your own