

# Little River Band, Who Made The Moon

Her little eyes looked up to the evening sky  
As twilight spread across her sweet face she wondered why  
She turned to me to ask who made it so  
So sure that I would know  
Who made the moon, who paints the sky  
Who hangs the stars and turns them on each night  
Who tells the rose it's time to bloom  
How do Junebugs know it's June  
Dad, who made the moon  
As that little girl grew up to discover life  
She found that people's words could cut deeper than a knife  
But somehow hers were always used for good  
I guess she understood  
Who made the moon, who paints the sky  
Who hangs the stars and turns them on each night  
Who fills the hearts, that have no room  
With shooting stars and toy balloons  
Dad, who made the moon  
And who decides who gets to live  
And who decides its time to die  
And who decides the ones you love  
Don't get to say goodbye  
Now I sit alone and search the evening sky  
I'd give everything I'll ever own for just one more night  
To hold her close and share the mystery  
And hear her asking me  
Who made the moon, who paints the sky  
Who hangs the stars and turns them on each night  
Who shows the world how to play in tune  
She got her answers way too soon  
She knows who made the moon  
Who made the moon, who paints the sky  
Who hangs the stars and turns them on each night  
How can I fill this empty room  
Why'd she have to leave so soon  
God, who made the moon