

Pale Moonlight

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How does the river bend
So wide and strong?
How does the starlight fall
So far, so long?
What makes the sun come down,
What makes it stop on the ground?
What makes the seasons change,
Who brings shadows, what makes it rain?

I don't know ... I just don't know.

In the pale moonlight
Dim shadows moving are the heralds of the night.
In the pale, pale moonlight
All the crazy sounds are lying just out of sight
Dim shadows moving are the heralds of the night.

Gypsy man sell me time's fine sand
Hey palm lady, read me my hand
I glance at the past, an old photograph
I see a smile that once was a laugh
The river winds, the river flows
Feeding all the life as it goes
The river turns, the river bends
How's it know to go to the sea where it ends?

I don't know ... I just don't know.

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