

THE MOON MADE ME THINK

the moon made me think i'd seen you walking down behind our favorite tree.
Working, watching, waiting. though waiting mostly for me.
and if i've never told you this, well then i hope that you agree:
i'm certain i was made for you as much as you were made for me.
just as much as you were made for me.

the moon made me think i'd heard your laughter echoing around the branches of our tree.
from leaf to leaf they'd play with your laughter not caring that they were confusing me.
and if i've never told you this, well then i hope and i pray indeed:
that if granted one last wish, you too would wish for me.
you too would wish for me.

so i'll hold your hand tightly as though any moment i could fall.
fall apart or away from all these moments that without them i'd be nothing at all.
so i hold on tightly to these nights, that can only fade when daylight brings
reasons that we can't be together, but still the birds continue to sing.

and if i've never told you this, well then i hope that you agree:
i'm certain i was made for you as much as you were made for me.
and if i've never told you this, well then i hope and i pray indeed,
that if granted one last wish, you too would wish for me.

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