

Scent of the Moon

Well would you believe it?
Did it take you by surprise?
Oh boy
Just when it seemed that
You don't get what you've dreamed of

Could you conceive it?
Like one of Tinseltown's great lies
The joy
That came out of nowhere
That flared out from the cold air
In a meteor's trace
That sparked and glittered on your face

On this night, this wonderful night
We must remember the sounds, the
smells and the sights
The scent of the moon, the galaxy's din
The shape of the starlight
We have to take it all in because

This... this is
This is our time
This is our time

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