

Reggae Moon

Medium Reggae

Fletcher Clark

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1. Full moon is ris - ing on an is - land shore. My love is
 2. Full moon is ris - ing in a Tex - as sky. My tears are
 3. Full moon is ris - ing as it all must be. Dark clouds are

stand - ing burn - ing, storm - ing, by the o - cean's roar. She feels the em - 'ry of the
 burn - ing, flow - ing from my eye. And e - ven though we're worlds a -
 storm - ing, rain - ing down on me. And still I'm left to won - der

sand. And then she takes her lo - ver's hand. I feel the rhy - thm of her heart.
 why, cursed by this love that just won't die.

Cal - ling me. Cal - ling me. Cal - ling me

There's no es - cap - ing from her smile. It haunts me from that dis - tant

isle. me.