PROMISES

Lyrics and Music © 1981 by Bill Roper

(Chorus)
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Dm6              Am7            Dm6          Am7
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Full moon shining cold and bright in the summer sky.
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Dm6              Am7            Dm6            Am7      Dm6
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Starlight beating down like rain makes me want to fly. To fly.

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Dm6              Am7            Dm6          Am7
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As a child, I watched the stars shining in the night --
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Em7/B    G                 Dm6              C
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Handful of diamond dust God scattered in his flight.
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Dm6            Am7              Dm6           Am7
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Glowing orb with pockmarked face that Daddy called the moon,
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Em7/B          G                  Dm6        C  Am7  Dm6
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Hanging there just out of reach, like a beautiful balloon. Balloon.

Daddy, please bring me the moon. Tie it to a string.
Give it to me for my toy and I'll do anything.
Daddy said the moon was just a far and distant land.
Someday, if I worked hard, then on the moon I'd stand. I'd stand.

(Chorus)

I watched the heroes go to space, borne up on tails of fire,
As they pushed the frontiers out, ever onward, ever higher.
Came the day when at long last, they landed on the moon.
I made a promise to myself that I would go there soon. Go soon.

I worked hard to learn the skills they'd need for Luna Base,
But now I'll be too old 'ere they fly back to that place.
And now I know I'll never have the chance to leave this Earth,
Trapped between two eras from the moment of my birth. My birth.

(Chorus)

I took my child to watch the stars shining in the night --
Handful of diamond dust God scattered in his flight.
Glowing orb with pockmarked face, I told him was the moon,
Hanging there just out of reach, like a beautiful balloon. Balloon.

(spoken) And he said,
Daddy, please bring me the moon. Tie it to a string.
Give it to me for my toy, and I'll do anything.
I told him that the moon was still a far and distant land.
Someday, if he worked hard, then on the moon he'd stand. He'd stand.

Full moon shining cold and bright in the summer sky.
Starlight beating down like rain makes me want to cry. To cry.

*This is the other song that ended up on **Liftoff to Landing** and not on **The Grim Roper**.*

You can pass your dreams along to your children, but sometimes it means you have to give them up yourself to do so.

I had writer's block for a year after I finished this song. I simply didn't know what I wanted to say next.