

# **I See the Moon**

by Sally Rogers ©1989

I see the moon, up over my head  
It's full, and it's round, and it shines on my bed  
And I wonder someday, will I live there instead?  
On the cheek of my friend, the moon.

I see the sun when night turns to day  
It shines on my work and it shines on my play  
When it sets, then I know, It's the end of the day  
And I might see my friend, the moon!

I see the stars when daylight is done  
They sparkle like diamonds, or bits of the sun  
And they're brightest and best  
When the moon takes a rest  
When he's sleeping, my friend, The Moon.