

Feist, Cicadas And Gulls

Cicadas and gulls
They scrape on the hull
The land and the sea
They're distant from me

I'm in the sky, sky, sky
I'm in the sky

Thoughts are like pearls
And flags are unfurled
When we're in the dark
I'll ride you like the ark

Because you're mine, mine, mine
Because you're mine

Maps can be poems
When you're on your own
And distance is braille
And all that entails

I'm in the sky, sky, sky
I'm in the sky
I'm in the sky

Empty as a page
As high as a stage
As full as a room
When we're in the spoon