

Kelly Jones, Summer

Gliding birds wings
Watch them fly
Diving down and
Climbing high
Shooting stars fly
Through my sky
Ripe black cherries
Taste like wine

Then I feel like lying down so still
Making shapes from clouds in the sky with you

Water drops from hoeny dew
Decreasing circles
From stones I threw
Greasy skin shines in the sun
Today's the day
And you're the one

And when the sun has gone away
And I feel I wanna stay
I taste a raindrop in my mouth
I pick you up and the sky comes down

Then I feel like lying down so still
Making shapes from clouds in the sky with you