

# Your Private Sky

## Minus the Bear

Laying in the long grass  
Beside your home  
Watch the day pass  
Your private sky  
A gull flies by  
And cuts up the air into pulses  
Synchronized heartbeat's gone  
I own the buried one  
Blades growing through my arteries  
Will you return and harvest me  
If you leave me on my own I'm done  
You came and laid down  
In a daydream  
You smelled like cedar and roses  
Skin cool to the touch  
Is this real life  
Not me making you up  
The sky is growing deeper blue  
A satellite cuts through the view  
I feel the touch of a ghost  
Laying in our short past  
When I lost you  
And we both drew  
Our last breath

Songwriters

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