

Sometimes Just the Sky

Mary Chapin Carpenter

Noises in my head
And endless should-haves rain
On me like a storm
Like a hurricane
Losses piled up like wood
Stacked stories high
Feels like I've been framed
I have no alibi Used to be that all I needed
Was what I didn't possess
Yearning makes you who you
End up as, more or less
Whatever choice I made
That worked out
Was just a lucky guess
Just a lucky guess
Adventures half-discarded
Half held onto now
dancing on the ledge
To the edge somehow I can still pick out the faces
Though I forget the names
And places that I've gone
But the urge remains
To throw caution to the wind
Or is it to the stars?
To hold out my open hands
Despite my empty arms
To wear my heart down on my sleeve
Just like a battle scar
These are battle scars
There's comfort in a late night
Kitchen's radio
And in a letter sent
Lists of what you know
When you don't know anything
You make another one
It's good to write it down
Starting with the sun And sometimes church bells
Trees and seasons
Marking times gone by

Sometimes starlings swell
Some tidal moons
And filled up eyes
Sometimes everything at once
But sometimes just the sky
Sometimes just the sky

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