

I Remember

Coolio

I remember sky
It was blue as ink
Or at least I think
I remember sky I remember snow
Soft as feathers
Sharp as thumb tacks
Coming down like lint
And it made you squint
When the wind would blow And ice like vinyl on the streets
Cold as silver, white as sheets
Rain like strings
And changing things like leaves I remember leaves
Green as spearmint
Crisp as paper
I remember trees
Bare as coat racks
Spread like broken umbrellas And parks and bridges, ponds and zoos
Ruddy faces, muddy shoes
And light and noise
And bees and boys and days I remember days
Or at least I try
But as years go by
They're a sort of haze And the bluest ink
Isn't really sky
And at times I think
I would gladly die
For a day of sky

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