Bed

Sheila Nicholls

midnight air tumbles ocean thro my window
and from my bed im searching the stars,
quite aware through my stare I asked you in though
under sheets, slide your voice your guitars.here I am, lying in bed with him but im thinking of you ,
here I am lying in bed lying to myself, im thinking of youthe planets are baring the secrets of us,
in each of my memories resides one more layer of dust
cos when I still choose to feel you my eyes cannot breathe
so few knew this freedom that in you and in me I receivehere I am...so what did you say to yourself when you finally went home?
did you just walk through the door
and ask will you love me again?
love me again, love me again.here I am

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