

Cicadas and Gulls

Feist

Cicadas and gulls
A scrape on the hull
The land and the sea
Are distant from me I'm in the sky, sky, sky
I'm in the sky Thoughts are like pearls
When flags are unfurled
When we're in the dark
I'll ride you like the ark Because you mine, mine, mine
Because you mine Maps can be poems
With you on your own
And distance is Braille
And all that entails I'm in the sky, sky, sky
I'm in the sky
I'm in the sky As deep as a page
And high as a stage
As full as a room
When we're in the spoon

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