Dancing on the Ceiling

John Cobb

The world is lyrical
Because a miracle
Has brought my lover to me
Though she's some other place, her face I see
At night I creep in bed
And never sleep in bed
But look above in the air
And to my greatest joy, my love is there
She dances overhead
On the ceiling near my bed
In my sight
All through the night
I try to hide in vain
Underneath my counterpane
But there's my love
Up there above
I whisper, "Go away, my lover
It's not fair"
But I'm so grateful to discover
That she's still there
I love my ceiling more
Since it is a dancing floor
Just for my love

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