

Your Private Sky

Minus the Bear

Laying in the long grass
beside your home
watch the day pass
Your private sky
a gull flies by
and cuts up the air into pulses Synchronized heartbeat's gone
I own the buried one
Blades growing through my arteries
will you return and harvest me?
If you leave me on my own I'm done You came and laid down
in a daydream
you smelled like cedar and roses
Skin cool to the touch
Is this real life
not me making you up The sky is growing deeper blue
a satellite cuts through the view
I feel the touch of a ghost
Laying in our short past
when I lost you
and we both drew
our last breath

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