

Cicadas and Gulls

Feist

Cicadas and gulls
They scrape on the hull
The land and the sea
They're distant from me I'm in the sky, sky, sky
I'm in the sky Thoughts are like pearls
And flags are unfurled
When we're in the dark
I'll ride you back the ark
Because you might, might, might
Because you might Maps can be posed
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
As high as a stage
As full as a room
When we're in the spoon

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