

Under A Sky

Edie Carey

In the shady cool of our TV room
We watched the scary parts through our fingers
It was make believe, it made for the darkest dreams
When you're eight, they're the kind that linger
I ran outside for some comfort
The sun, it was blinding

Nothing bad could ever happen under a sky this blue
Nothing bad could ever happen under a sky this blue

It was my senior spring, he was my mother's offering
A man might make things better
We could predict his mood by what the clouds would do
We befriended the weather
I found my mother on the road
Her hands were shaking

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The view from my bed was gold and red
Full of fall in New York City
Facing south
We watched the clouds turn black,
The clouds turn black,
The clock turn back

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