

Bruise On The Sky

Nellie McKay

The New York Times invents the news
I did not see where they were going
Behind the dying afternoon
I follow, restlessly devoted

Tell me your mind
Tell me you'll always follow
Send me a sign
Send me a smile like Charo
I need your lovin' eyes
At least your cyanide

I had a dream I saw a rainbow
I could have sworn I saw the sun pass by
I had a dream I saw the pain go
But what I hoped would be my rainbow
Was just a bruise on the sky

Hide in my closet, feeling trapped
This used to be a prime location
The heavens clap and then collapse
A melancholy invocation

Tell me your mind
Tell me you'll always follow
Send me a sign
Send me a smile like Charo
I need your lovin' eyes
At least your cyanide

I had a dream I saw a rainbow
I could have sworn I saw the sun pass by
I had a dream I saw the pain go
But what I hoped would be my rainbow
Was just a bruise on the sky

I used to think about it
When I say 'think', I mean 'satirize'
I was extreme about it
My dreams would bleed on the sun street cries
As if my whole darn soul
Was gripped in atomic eyes

I had a dream I saw a rainbow
I could have sworn I saw the sun pass by
I had a dream I saw the pain go
But what I hoped would be my rainbow
Was just a bruise on the sky