

# Feist, Cicadas And Gulls

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 like the ark

Because you're mine, mine, mine  
Because you're mine

Maps can be poems  
When you're 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

Empty as a page  
As high as a stage  
As full as a room  
When we're in the spoon