

Stephen Covell "Cruz"

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In the amber glow of a city street light,
She dances like she's on stage, it's so strange
She doesn't't't't't't seem to care,
That no ones there, to see.

When we finally find some music that I can hear too,
She spins off to the dance floor, she's not wearing no shoes,
She's always tuggin on my sleeve, asking me to stay,
When I want to leave.

Eyes closed oh she is in motion,
And I get the feeling that it's my place to watch,
Her feet glide in the early morning, and with out the light she shines,
I'd be so lost.

When she finally decides she's had her fun,
I look up to the clock, it's a quarter past one,
And we walk how together as she throws tiny white flowers into the air,

She goes skipping on ahead,
My little child in the clouds,
And I wonder how nice it is to not be stuck to this ground,
But that is where I stand, just in case you might land.

Should I ask her to come down,
doesn't't't't't't seem like I'd be doing her any favors,
Bit by bit she's built her kingdom up there,
Why would I ask her to lose all that flavor.

Now there's fog on my window,
Sheets at war with my bed,
Images from last night, they swirl around in my head,
I'm so glad she doesn't't't't't't need me,
And with that thought I finally rest.

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