

# Kevin Tellie, Night Sky

Many months feel like years  
Many days feel like the movies  
Not a word has been exchanged  
Just more dirt under my nail

And I haven't seen the night sky  
The steel glow in my eye  
Just a stained idea  
To early night skies

I didn't hold your hand till I die  
Your now dirt under my nail  
How the smoke reflects off your eyes  
The smoke stained them grey

And I haven't seen the night sky  
The steel glow in my eye  
Just a stained idea  
To early night skies

And I will always pack up and leave  
For there are too many frames in this room  
With your mind blocking your eyes  
There's no room to breath

And I haven't seen the night sky  
The steel glow in my eye  
Just a stained idea  
To early night skies

Not a word has been exchanged  
Simply dirt under my nail