

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