

Val Davis, Texas Sky

I've been sitting like an Island
Comfortably curled up inside
I've been looking but not finding things
That will make me satisfied
I'm a master of my own mind games
What I don't like I push aside
I've complete control over my domain
I create these special lies

If you're looking to find me
Well I fear it's much too late
For I'm lost here in these woods my dear
And they've closed and locked the gate
And sometimes for a moment
I think I can see the sky
In the sky's my freedom
For it's there that I can fly

In the Texas Sky

So if you find you're sitting
On an island of your own
You're sitting back just watching
As the clouds gently roam
And if by chance you recognize
Some special cloud you see
Don't fantasize just realize
That friendly cloud is me

In the Texas Sky