

Heather Nova, I Miss My Sky (Amelia Earhart's Last Days)

I bury myself in the leaves to sleep
The sun so strong and rage so deep
I keep waking to find I've been dreaming again
And the sound of the ocean is not a plane
And far away they talk about me
In newspaper columns they write about me
round dinner tables and cocktail parties
I'm a heroine and a tragic figure
I'm a heroine as I'm lying here
Beneath my sky

And sometimes
Sometimes I cry
Sometimes
Sometimes I wonder
Why we're always coming down
And why we need to touch the ground
And why I didn't keep on heading
right on up to heaven
I miss my sky

Here from below the clouds are shadows
Not the golden mountains I used to fly through
Here from below the sky's a painting
In a child's room with the future waiting
But not for me

I look up at the birds flying overhead
My sentinel's true but the signals dead
It's been 500 days of hope and sorrow
500 nights with no tomorrow
And the poetry and the best of me
And the heart and the spirit and the sex of me
All fell into the azure sea
In the tailspin with the last of me
And my wings, and my song, all that I knew is dead and gone
I'm weak and tired but my will is strong
And my hope lives on, my hope lives on

But sometimes,
Sometimes I cry
Sometimes
Sometimes I wonder
Why we're always coming down
Why we need to touch the ground
Why I didn't keep on heading
Right on up to heaven
I miss my sky