Kelly Jones, Summer

Gliding birds wings Watch them fly Diving down and Climbing high Shooting stars fly Through my sky Ripe black cherries Taste like wine

Then I feel like lying down so still Making shapes from clouds in the sky with you

Water drops from hoeny dew Decreasing circles From stones I threw Greasy skin shines in the sun Today's the day And you're the one

And when the sun has gone away
And I feel I wanna stay
I taste a raindrop in my mouth
I pick you up and the sky comes down

Then I feel like lying down so still Making shapes from clouds in the sky with you