

# Laura Veirs, The Cloud Roam

Music in the air  
Plucked from the centuries  
Presented in the form  
Of a song by you to me  
Seagull in the air  
Floating on the updraft  
See me on the ground  
Think I just heard her laugh  
Up in the air  
Up there, up there, in the air  
Twelve floors up  
In the camlin hotel  
Man at the piano  
Plays songs for the clientele  
Notes mingle out from his mouth  
With the alcohol  
Floating up to the stars  
And circling through them all  
Up in the air  
Topographic lines  
Come close together  
Imagine the peaks  
And the stormy weather  
Trees fade to white  
And boulders just might  
Make an appearance  
If the sun shines just right  
Up in the air