

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