

Stephen Covell, Cruz

In the amber glow of a city street light
She dances like she's on stage, it's so strange
She doesn't seem to care
That no ones there, to see

When we finally find some music that I can hear too
She spins off to the dance floor, she's not wearing no shoes
She's always tuggin' on my sleeve, asking me to stay
When I want to leave

Eyes closed oh she is in motion
And I get the feeling that it's my place to watch
Her feet glide in the early morning, and with out the light she shines
I'd be so lost

When she finally decides she's had her fun
I look up to the clock, it's a quarter past one
And we walk how together, as she throws tiny white flowers into the air

She goes skipping on ahead
My little child in the clouds
And I wonder how nice it is to not be stuck to this ground
But that is where I stand, just in case you might land

Should I ask her to come down
Doesn't seem like I'd be doing her any favors
Bit by bit she's built her kingdom up there
Why would I ask her to lose all that flavor

Now, there's fog on my window
Sheets at war with my bed
Images from last night, they roll around in my head
I'm so glad she doesn't need me
And with those thoughts I finally rest