

## Under A Sky

Edie Carey

In the shady cool of our TV room  
We watched the scary parts through our fingers  
It was make believe, it made for the darkest dreams  
When you're eight, they're the kind that linger  
I ran outside for some comfort  
The sun, it was blinding

Nothing bad could ever happen under a sky this blue  
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It was my senior spring, he was my mother's offering  
A man might make things better  
We could predict his mood by what the clouds would do  
We befriended the weather  
I found my mother on the road  
Her hands were shaking

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The view from my bed was gold and red  
Full of fall in New York City  
Facing south  
We watched the clouds turn black,  
The clouds turn black,  
The clock turn back

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