

# I Miss My Sky (Amelia Earhart's Last Days)

Heather Nova

I bury myself in the leaves to sleep  
The sun so strong and rage so deep  
I keep waking to find I've been dreaming again  
And the sound of the ocean is not a plane  
And far away they talk about me  
In newspaper columns they write about me  
round dinner tables and cocktail parties  
I'm a heroine and a tragic figure  
I'm a heroine as I'm lying here  
Beneath my sky

And sometimes  
Sometimes I cry  
Sometimes  
Sometimes I wonder  
Why we're always coming down  
And why we need to touch the ground  
And why I didn't keep on heading  
right on up to heaven  
I miss my sky

Here from below the clouds are shadows  
Not the golden mountains I used to fly through  
Here from below the sky's a painting  
In a child's room with the future waiting  
But not for me

I look up at the birds flying overhead  
My sentinel's true but the signals dead  
It's been 500 days of hope and sorrow  
500 nights with no tomorrow  
And the poetry and the best of me  
And the heart and the spirit and the sex of me  
All fell into the azure sea  
In the tailspin with the last of me  
And my wings, and my song, all that I knew is dead and gone  
I'm weak and tired but my will is strong  
And my hope lives on, my hope lives on

But sometimes  
Sometimes I cry  
Sometimes  
Sometimes I wonder  
Why we're always coming down  
Why we need to touch the ground  
Why I didn't keep on heading  
Right on up to heaven  
I miss my sky  
I miss my sky