

# Bruise On The Sky

Nellie McKay

The New York Times invents the news  
I did not see where they were going  
Behind the dying afternoon  
I follow, restlessly devoted

Tell me your mind  
Tell me you'll always follow  
Send me a sign  
Send me a smile like Charo  
I need your lovin' eyes  
At least your cyanide

I had a dream I saw a rainbow  
I could have sworn I saw the sun pass by  
I had a dream I saw the pain go  
But what I hoped would be my rainbow  
Was just a bruise on the sky

Hide in my closet, feeling trapped  
This used to be a prime location  
The heavens clap and then collapse  
A melancholy invocation

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I used to think about it  
When I say 'think', I mean 'satirize'  
I was extreme about it  
My dreams would bleed on the sun street cries  
As if my whole darn soul  
Was gripped in atomic eyes

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