

## The Colour Of The Sky

Pale Saints

It was always you  
I can't recall the colour of the sky  
But that's not important  
We were walking down the hill  
When I noticed that you were limping  
So I bent down to examine your paw  
I can see something  
A speck of white in your pad  
I've got it in between my fingernails  
It's growing  
I'm pulling it  
It's growing  
Why doesn't it hurt?  
Why doesn't it hurt?  
Hurt?  
It came out cleanly  
There was no mess  
A gigantic anchor made out of bone  
We left it at the side of the pavement and walked on  
  
I could hear you laughing