

Under My Breath

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If you could choose your surname by the colour of the sky
wrap yourself in clothes there's a hundred years
and they're running out your eyes
and turning into rain, into words, into phrases
the sentences that become an excuse
so we can wake up where we choose

I'm dreaming a dream like I am innocent
I dream like I am innocent
I dream like I am innocent to dream

and possibly the biggest problem
we have here on the earth is that every night
when the sun goes down and stars come out
and it's the endless possibility of a dark sky
and its questions that make us realise
what we could never be or what always could be

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