

## Bed

Sheila Nicholls

midnight air tumbles ocean thro my window  
and from my bed im searching the stars,  
quite aware through my stare I asked you in though  
under sheets, slide your voice your guitars.

here I am, lying in bed with him but im thinking of you ,  
here I am lying in bed lying to myself, im thinking of  
you

the planets are baring the secrets of us,  
in each of my memories resides one more layer of dust  
cos when I still choose to feel you my eyes cannot  
breathe  
so few knew this freedom that in you and in me I receive

here I am...

so what did you say to yourself when you finally went  
home?

did you just walk through the door  
and ask will you love me again?  
love me again, love me again.

here I am