

## HIGH CLOUDS AND LOW CEILINGS

It starts with the candy in a locked display. We see what's out of reach.  
My eyes and my hands, they argue no end.  
I saw I'd never win the hundred yard dash.  
I'd never play second base.  
I had a good head for things mathematical.  
But otherwise I'd run my race.

*Chorus:* In Africa they teach you how to fly in your dreams.  
The view from the mountain will taunt you.  
But this side of sleep you've got your back to the mire.  
High clouds and low ceilings will haunt you.

Albert muses. Faster than light loses.  
Climb inside the sun for a journey of frustration.  
There's no getting around that limiting sound.  
All that interstellar stuff's just so much science fiction.  
We ain't going nowhere.  
We can stare our heart's desire in any direction and that's all.  
That's all.

The ante is high and there's so much to cry.  
Never seen a marriage that fit the fairy tale.  
Some hate their jobs like the plague.  
Disappointing children makes the cycle complete  
With that done, welcome, old age.

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