

America, Saturday Sky

Dusk comes quick in this mountain town
Tempers rise as the lights go down
Come the morning all the plans we made
Stars fade, stars fade

Purple moon has long since died
It finally slept after they cried
Long days confusion turns into night
Hope that tomorrow will make it right

I will rise to the Saturday sky
In a flat fresh blue and it's hanging high
The faded night did slowly die
And I face this Saturday sky

The busted ribs of a broken ship
Are still ashore but it lost its grip
Across big oceans it once did sail
All hail, all hail

As we rise to the Saturday sky
Where a dream comes true
In the blink of an eye
The faded night did slowly die
And I face this Saturday sky

The only way to get there
Is to get somewhere that's somewhere
Just think of where you wanna be

We all rise, we all rise
We all rise, we all rise

I will rise to the Saturday sky
In a flat fresh blue and it's hanging high
The faded night did slowly die

(Di Farrelly) Well, yes . . .