

# 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 . . .