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 . . .