

Celine Dion, Skies Of L.A.

It's so sad what we have become
Beautiful days we seem to leave so undone
And I don't know where we will go from here
All I know is that I can't see
See the sun through the sky from here
Oh, everyone has a finger
But they can't point me to the light
It can't be that hard to find
After all it's so bright
I don't know if tomorrow has a day
I don't know if the rains will shine my way
All I know is that I'm standing in a place where
My future is like the skies of L.A.
Skies of L.A.
Skies of L.A.

I don't know if my body can take much more pain
We're in the land of the richest riches
But my mind seems so broke
Everyone has a finger
But they can't point me to the light
It shouldn't be that hard to find
After all we're so bright
I see so many visions
But everyone seems out of sight
This total neglect of the light
Skies of L.A.
My future is like
The skies of L.A.