

# Paddy Casey, Sweet Suburban Sky

Sweet suburban sky, gonna miss you if you burn  
Curse you, when it's our turn, so come now wash your face  
In water's full of grace, 'cause only time will tell,  
When you'll be willing to sell, your body for one precious taste, then all is left to waste

Sweet suburban sky.....

Doctor feels the pain, that caused the sickening rain,  
But you continue to compromise, there won't be no alibis,  
When there's no water to wash the burning sun from your eyes,  
Sweet suburban sky.....

So when you finally taste, all of the waste,  
Sign of the time, you won't even call it a crime  
The water's coming round again, maybe you'll be gone by then  
But they won't thank our generation  
For the ignorant inclination, cause when there's nowhere  
left to hide, maybe then they'll call it genocide..