

Richard John Thompson, Seattle Sky

Pier 59

I'm taking my time
To the waves on the middle-west side
Broad Street impress
With the needle we're blessed
No war could ever dent my pride

Middle of the day
I'm walking my way
And the sky doesn't seem so clear
Top of the world
Where my feelings are heard
And the crowd don't seem so near

Well I know the Seattle Sky, it don't lie
Well I know the Seattle Sky
And I wish that you could know me that well

Back down to earth
With coffee on my shirt
And a frown from ear to ear
Call me a cheat
But one day you'll see
There really ain't nothing to fear

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Well I know the Seattle sky
And I wish that you could know me that well

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