

# Blue Rodeo, Western Skies

Well I'd rather be  
walking through the tall pine trees  
high  
up above Lake Louise  
And I'd rather be  
chasing after shooting stars  
than waiting for this dumb 503 TTC  
I'd like to see  
the sun set behind Saddle Mountain  
and listen to the wind whisper my name  
yea this world and me don't fit  
one of us is going to have to quit  
oh how I miss those western skies  
And I'd rather be  
back in the Rocky Mountains  
than sitting in some bar on Queen Street  
And I'd rather be  
walking through the high meadow  
than watching the latest war on my TV  
So please don't you stand in my way  
I just got to get out of this place  
if I waste another day  
I'm sure the sun will forget my name  
Oh how I miss those western skies  
oh to see the sunset in her eyes  
oh to see the sunshine in her eyes  
And I'd rather be  
lying by the Bow River  
just watching the clouds go by  
Yea I'd rather be  
anywhere else than here tonight  
than stuck in the city  
but through the pain  
good things will come  
after the rain the sun  
but that don't mean much to me  
stuck in the city  
oh how I miss those western skies