

Chris Rea, Waiting For A Blue Sky

He sits upon the empty sand
and gazes up to the endless grey
The weathered face
and battered hands
Protest the soul
that carried them so far this way

The beaten skin
is turning to a wrinkled smile
And his eyes light up
and give his soul away

He said, I'm waiting for a blue sky
I am waiting for a bright day
I'll be there thru the wind and rain
Don't care what anybody says

I'm waiting for a morning bright
that fills the day with all its clean bright light
I'm waiting for a blue sky

I'm waiting for a blue sky
I'm waiting for a bright day
I'll be there thru the wind and rain
Don't care what anyone else says

I'm waiting for a morning bright
that fills the day with all its clean bright light
I'm waiting for a blue sky