

Chris Whitley, Clear Blue Sky

I look out your bedroom window
Clear blue sky
I look out your bedroom window
Clear blue sky
Jet planes go smokin'
Jet planes go smokin'
Jet planes, they go flyin' by
Wanna tell her sometime
Give her something that she don't know
Wanna tell you sometime
My son, that you don't know
Before I leave here
Before I leave here
'Fore I leave you here below
Jet planes leave a trail of smoke, yes
They will not let love be
Jet planes, they leave a trail of smoke, yes
They will not let love be
Child, don't look for
Sister, don't look for
Mama, do not look for me
In a clear blue sky
You know, I must be homeward bound
In a clear blue sky
I must be homeward bound
But I don't know where
Said, I don't know where
I don't know if I touch down
Oh, God