

George Strait, Blue Clear Sky

You swear you've had enough, you're ready to give up
On that little lie they call love, then out of the blue clear sky
Fallin' right into your hands, like rain on the desert sand
It's the last thing you had planned out of the blue clear sky.

[Chorus:]

Here she comes a walkin' talkin' true love
Sayin' I been lookin' for you love
Surprise your new love has arrived
Out of the blue clear sky.

Ain't love a funny thing, one day you're givin' up the dream
And the next you're pickin' out a ring out of the blue clear sky.

[Chorus]