

Kik Tracee, Big Western Sky

(Lyrics: Stephen Shareaux, Rob Grad

Music: Rob Grad, Stephen Shareaux)

Fortunate one with your new paisley vest

A different view

Always looking for some peace of mind

Who knows what you'll find

The funky little things get all blown up

I try to ease the pain

I can't remember my name

There's no one else to blame

But when I ask the sky's opinion

'Bout what he thinks is going on

Don't go astray, it's just another day

Big western sky, shooting stars at you

Big western sky, that's what gets me through

Big western sky gets me through

You know it gets me through babe

Gimme just a minute to catch my breath

Some go right, some get left behind

I'm gonna learn how to fly

I wanna live high above the clouds

Afraid to fall, afraid to touch the ground

It gets me too far down

Big western sky, shooting stars at you

Big western sky, that's what gets me through

Yeah when the funky little things get all blown up

I try to keep my head and chin lifted up to the sky

That's what gets me through

Big western sky, it gets me through

Come on, get me high

You should've seen the sky

It's gonna get you high

The big western sky, it's gonna do you right

Yeah the western sky, the big western sky

It's gonna get you high