

Western Skies

Blue Rodeo

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 T-T-C

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