

October Sky

Edenbridge

Through this old skylight our eyes are open wide
the sky bespangled in the rain
and we feel called upon but interests collide
not much to lose, a lot to gain

Don't lose your line of sight now
and raise the barricades somehow
it's time to leave the lores so blow them skyhigh
in sound and fury they will fly

We're sparing no pain, we're launching a dream
it's blazing a trail when the rockets will gleam
we harness the air cause we let them fly
the town had turned out under this october sky

"There's nothing to it" and "stick to your last"
shorn of all romance their life spans
the charm of novelty or adoring the past
no more among the also rans

It spread like wildfire in a day
"and there'll be crash-land" so they say
well-proven patterns so it must be vertigo
but we will give them quite a show

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