

# Flowers of the Field

## Sky Sailing

The darkness, the coal mines knew it best  
When the daylight headed west and disappeared  
Progression, on the morning goes  
But regardless no one knows the day has cleared  
Oh we are blind I'll be the flowers of the field that slowly bloom  
While you are soundly sleeping on the ground  
And I'll be your escort in a sad waltz around the room  
I'll twirl you all around without a sound  
The snowfall, the great lakes know it best  
When the summers travel west and disappear  
Like dry ice, the snowcaps on the hills  
Melt like 50 dollar bills of our new year  
Oh we are cold I'll be the flowers of the field that slowly bloom  
While you are soundly sleeping on the ground  
And I'll be your escort in a sad waltz around the room  
I'll twirl you all around without a sound

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