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 blindI'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 soundThe 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 coldI'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 soundWe're trying hard to alleviate this dizzy feeling
We're skipping meals because it feels that bad
If we survive we'll stay alive below the ceiling
Of new atmospheres and brighter years that we'll have

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