Western Skies

Blue Rodeo

And 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 TTCI'd like to see the sun set behind Saddle Mountain
And listen to the wind whisper my name
Yeah this world and me don't fit
One of us is going to have to quit
Oh how I miss those western skiesAnd 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 TVSo 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 skiesOh to see the sunset in her eyes
Oh to see the sunshine in her eyesAnd I'd rather be lying by the bow river
Watching the clouds go by
Yea I'd rather be anywhere else than here tonight
Stuck in the cityBut 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 skiesOh how I miss, oh how I miss
Oh how I miss those western skies
Oh how I miss, oh how I miss
Oh how I miss those western skies

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