

Underneath The Sky

[Anthony Middleton](#)

Underneath the sky of red
Theres a story-teller sleeping alone
He has no face and he has no name
And his where abouts is sort of unknownAll he needs is his life in a suitcase
It belongs to a friend of a friend
And as we drink to ourselves well amuse ourselves
Underneath the sky, underneath the sky again
Underneath the sky againSo wish me away to an unknown place
And Im living in a land with no name
Ill be making a start with a brand new harp
Stop me making sense once againAll we need is our lives in a suitcase
They belong to a friend of a friend
And as we drink to ourselves well amuse ourselves
Underneath the sky, underneath the sky again
Underneath the sky againAll we need is our lives in a suitcase
They belong to a friend of a friend
And as we drink to ourselves well amuse ourselves
Underneath the sky, underneath the sky again
Underneath the sky againUnderneath the sky again
Underneath the sky again
Underneath the sky again
Again, again
Underneath the sky again

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