



L A K E R M U S I C

Blue Skies

And they come from the cities
And they come from the towns
They come from the countryside
Come from miles around
And the warm wind rising
Makes the banners fly
On the fields of summer
Under bright blue skies

And I heard the rattles
And I heard the drums
And they're raising a racket
Up to kingdom come
And my boy walking
With his head held high
In the children's parade
Under bright blue skies

And the love that I feel inside
today
Will never fade away

That Sunday morning
Means the world to me
'Cause it's painting a picture
Of what the world could be
It's the golden ring
The eternal prize
And the sound of singing
Under bright blue skies

And the love that I feel inside
today
Will never fade away

And the darkness gathers
And the nighttime falls
And a new moon rising
To the drummers' call
And the stage lights shining
And the mist on the rise
And a sea of dancers
Under night blue skies

And the love that I feel inside
today
Will never fade away