

## **Blue Rodeo "Western Skies"**

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Well 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 TTC  
I'd like to see

The sun set behind Saddle Mountain  
And listen to the wind whisper my name

Yea this world and me don't fit

One of us is going to have to quit  
Oh how I miss those western skies

And 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 TV

So 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 skies

Oh to see the sunset in her eyes  
Oh to see the sunshine in her eyes  
And I'd rather be

Lying by the Bow River

Just watching the clouds go by

Yea I'd rather be

Anywhere else than here tonight  
Than stuck in the city

But 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 skies

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