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Paddy Casey "Sweet Suburban Sky"

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Sweet suburban sky, gonna miss you if you burn Curse you, when it's our turn, so come now wash your face

In water's full of grace, 'cause only time will tell, When you'll be willing to sell, your body for one precious taste, then all is left to waste Sweet suburban sky.......

Doctor feels the pain, that caused the sickening rain, But you continue to compromise, there won't be no alibis.

When there's no water to wash the burning sun from your eyes,

Sweet suburban sky......

So when you finally taste, all of the waste, Sign of the time, you won't even call it a crime The water's coming round again, maybe you'll be gone by then

But they won't thank our generation For the ignorant inclination, cause when there's nowhere

Left to hide, maybe then they'll call it genocide..

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