

Sons Of The Pioneers

"Blue Prairie"

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Blue prairie,
Blue are the skies.
Blue are the sighs,
Of a night wind, callin'.

Blue prairie,
Blue are the hills.
Blue are the trills,
Of a nightbird, callin'.

Chorus:
Every beatin' heart
Beats a rhythm that is blue.
And the moon has cast
A blue reflection on the moon.

So the wind while on it's way,
Seems to cry and sigh and say
Blue, ooh, ooh.

Blue prairie, blue echoes ring
Blue as I sing of a longing
Blue as you.

Chorus:
Every beatin' heart
Beats a rhythm that is blue
And the moon has cast
A blue reflection on the moon.

So the wind while on it's way,
Seems to cry and sigh and say
Blue, ooh, ooh.

Blue prairie, blue echoes ring
Blue as I sing of a longing
Blue as you...

