

Blue Skies

Well a year has skipped me by,
My oh my it don't come too soon.
But those good times they all pass
Like spring water out of a glass.
Let me slip you a sip of some
To wet down what you've been doing.

I'll going to sing to the river, sing to the trees,
Sing to the Blue Skies up above me.
Sing you a song, if you want you can sing along,
And we'll all get strong once again.

Winter's always cold, you're equipment is mostly old,
It never does what it's told, just for spite.
You skin your knuckles, or a front fender buckles,
But a time like this is going to referee all those fights.

Chorus

Me I played my tunes in the hotels and saloons,
For the people who were paying for their puddles of pleasure to get
plastered.
And though I may begrudge some of their opinions and how they judge,
It's a night like this going to leapfrog those disasters.

Chorus

As a matter of course, I hear there's a source,
That refires the force that guides us.
So c'mon, plug in, we're going to get it happenin'.
And feed the fires inside of us.

Chorus

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