

The Sky Is So Blue

Jane Siberry

We're going to the seashore
Gonna burst upon the brine
From a car that's full of babies
And dogs and food and wine
Sand in our suits and salt in our hair
And everyone feeling so fine
The sky is so blue
You can see right through
My heart is so big
I can't get through the door
That's what I'm here for
We're going to the country
And we're gonna plant some wheat
We're gonna steal some cow corn
And drive across the fields
Dance around the scarecrows
And do whatever we please
We're going to the country
In our little deux-chevaux
We're gonna put the top down
Crank the radio up full
Honk at all the cars we meet
And let them know we know
The sky is so blue...
We're going to the mountains
If there's still a little snow
Gonna do some spring-skiing
Go as fast as we can go
Give instructions from the chairlift
And tell all those tourists to go for it
See the shorts and t-shirts
Go whizzing through the trees
With their Hollywood sunglasses
And the scratches on their knees
Yodelling on the mountainside
And cutting the air like chickadees
The sky is so blue...
We're going to the cliffs now
To see if we can fly
I think I could do better
With your wing out of my eye
You can see for miles up here
Open heart in open sky
The sky is so blue
You can see right through
Our hearts they are so big
We can't get through the door
That's what we're here for