

Blue Sky

Aranda

They pretend to know me
They pretend to understand
Every hot shot
Has a hand on the gun
When I'm standing
They see a half a man
They can steal my dollars
They can think they own my soul
Though the world doesn't live
By the golden rule
You know they never really have control

I'm too low, I'm too high
Extremes they get me by
But everyday I try
To see a blue sky
Head first into the rain
Storms running through my veins
But on the other side
I feel the blue sky, blue sky

Some would say its treasure
Some would throw it all away
But just like the blood underneath our skin
We got to know that we're one and the same

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(Oh yeah)

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Blue sky, blue sky