

# 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