

My Home In The Sky

Greg Brown

Some say that heaven is beyond the blue,
But I've done some looking, and I don't think that's
true.

Lookin' up from the flatlands, birds and clouds
floating by,
I'd say that heaven is about a thousand feet high.
It's my

Home in the sky, my home in the sky,
The hawk makes the circles through which the swallows
fly.

When the world is too much down on my back I lie,
And look up with longin' at my home in the sky.

Well I don't need no angels with big shakin' wings,
Or halos or harps or none of those things.
I just want to do what the thunderheads do,
And see the sunset and the moonrise from a new point of
view.

And that's my

And sometimes I wanna leave the sad little details,
And put my crow's nest up and stretch out my sails.
But when my life is over and it's time to go,
I'd like to see how they're all doing below.
>From my