

Bottoms Up

Peter Green

Oh, there's a way to keep the dark from the light
And there's a way to take the cold out of the night
And when I see its glow
The sun and moon are shadowed
By the everlasting day

When I reach up my hand
To the loving son of man
The bread of life will keep my soul alive

There's a place where rivers flow in the street
Where fruit and healing leaves are seen on a tree
Where emerald walls shine clear
And golden streets run far and near
Behind the gates where his angels names appear

When I reach up my hand
To the loving son of man
The bread of life will keep my soul alive

And he will wipe away the tears from our eyes
As we watch this old world fade when it dies
And a new one shall come
And it will be heaven
And it's waiting for us there in the skies

In the skies
In the skies
In the skies
In the skies