

Orange sky over desert and the land so dry
The dirt thirsts for a teardrop
It's like the heavens abandoned the sands of time
The Gods fled for the treetops
Long ago in its stead was a forest of green
Beyond all imagination
And then an ocean so blue, so deep it would seem
To swallow all of creation

And if I had the power to rewind these years
And travel back through the ages
I'd watch the story unfold through a river of tears
As I longed to rewrite these pages

You
Whoa when are you gonna wake up
You can't live life for the weekend
Whoa
You can't live life for the weekend
Whoa when are you gonna wake up
You can't live life for the weekend
Whoa
You can't live life for the weekend

Orange sky and the temperature at 113
Them go hide from their lifeline
I know the tectonic plates shift under me
But they won't split apart in my lifetime
Sacred are the bones of the primitive man
Only had the great spirit to lean on
Palms pressed together as they sit in the sand
Praying for eons and eons

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And travel back through the ages
I'd watch the story unfold through a river of tears
As I longed to rewrite these pages

You get out of bed and wonder how much money can you rake up
Then I'm afraid you're still sleeping
Whoa when are you gonna wake up
You can't live life for the weekend

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