

# Orange Sky

The Movement

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

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 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

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

Whoa  
You can't live life for the weekend  
Whoa  
Tiskáno z [pianicky-akordy.cz](http://pianicky-akordy.cz)  
You can't live life for the weekend