

# Waiting for a Blue Sky

Chris Rea

He sits upon the empty sand  
And gazes up to the endless grey  
The weathered face  
And battered hands  
Protest the soul  
That carried them so far this way

The beaten skin  
Is turning to a wrinkled smile  
And his eyes light up  
And give his soul away

He said, I'm waiting for a blue sky  
I am waiting for a bright day  
I'll be there through the wind and rain  
Don't care what anybody says

I'm waiting for a morning bright  
That fills the day with all its clean bright light  
I'm waiting for a blue sky

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I'm waiting for a bright day  
I'll be there through the wind and rain  
Don't care what anyone else says

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That fills the day with all its clean bright light  
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