

Waitin' on the Sky

Steve Earle

I grew up in a military town
Waitin' on the sky to fall
Everybody I knew hangin' around wonderin'
What they'd do when the Draft Board called
Lookin' back it musta been a miracle
How I ever grew up at all
To sing about livin' in a military town
Waitin' on the sky to fall
Waitin' on the sky to fall, boys
Waitin' on the sky to fall
Chicken Little wasn't makin' nothin' but noise
Waitin' on the sky to fall

Spent a lonely lifetime rollin' down the line
Searchin' for the Holy Grail
Never once crossed my solitary mind
That any such consecrated quest'd fail
Came upon an ocean and much to my chagrin
They told me that ship had sailed
Walkin' on the water cause I never learned
To swim searchin' for the Holy Grail
Searchin' for the Holy Grail, friends
Searchin' for the Holy Grail
Been across the oceans and now I'm back again
Searchin' for the Holy Grail

Been around enough to know a little bit now
And I'm sitting on tip of the world
Wangin' on a guitar while the sun goes down
And singin a song about a redheaded girl
Was a time I would have said those days were gone
But I'm givin' it another whirl
Didn't know that I was gonna live this long
Now I'm sitting' on top of the world
Sittin' on top of the world, y'all
Sittin' on top of the world
Eyes wide open until the Messenger calls
Sittin' on top of the world