

Midwest Skies and Sleepless Mondays

Augustana

I left you on the interstate.
I left you at a simple low-rate motel.
I want to go back there now.
Underneath, underneath this Midwest sky,
This Midwest sky...

So find your call,
Ooh woah yeah.
Is it fight or fall?
Ooh woah yeah.

(These old ashes,)
(And trenches are last year's bloom.)
All that's precious,
Comes down and crashes from the moon.
I am here now.
Won't you take me away?
Come and take me, underneath this Midwest sky,
This Midwest sky...

So find your call,
Ooh woah yeah.
Is it fight or fall?
Ooh woah yeah.
This is the last (ditch crawl.)
Ooh woah yeah.
Underneath, underneath this Midwest sky,
This Midwest sky.

Turn, turn it around.
Turn it around, now, around.
Turn it around, yeah.
I'll turn, turn it around.
I turn it around, now, around, yeah.
Yeah yeah yeah, yeah...

So find your call,
Ooh woah yeah.
Is it fight or fall?
Ooh woah yeah.
This is the last (ditch crawl.)
Ooh woah yeah.
Underneath, underneath this Midwest sky,
This Midwest sky.

This Midwest sky...