

# The Sky Is So Blue

Jane Siberry

We're going to the seashore  
Gonna burst upon the brine  
From a car that's full of babies  
And dogs and food and wine  
Sand in our suits and salt in our hair  
And everyone feeling so fine  
The sky is so blue  
You can see right through  
My heart is so big  
I can't get through the door  
That's what I'm here for  
We're going to the country  
And we're gonna plant some wheat  
We're gonna steal some cow corn  
And drive across the fields  
Dance around the scarecrows  
And do whatever we please  
We're going to the country  
In our little deux-chevaux  
We're gonna put the top down  
Crank the radio up full  
Honk at all the cars we meet  
And let them know we know  
The sky is so blue...  
We're going to the mountains  
If there's still a little snow  
Gonna do some spring-skiing  
Go as fast as we can go  
Give instructions from the chairlift  
And tell all those tourists to go for it  
See the shorts and t-shirts  
Go whizzing through the trees  
With their Hollywood sunglasses  
And the scratches on their knees  
Yodelling on the mountainside  
And cutting the air like chickadees  
The sky is so blue...  
We're going to the cliffs now  
To see if we can fly  
I think I could do better  
With your wing out of my eye  
You can see for miles up here  
Open heart in open sky  
The sky is so blue  
You can see right through  
Our hearts they are so big  
We can't get through the door  
That's what we're here for