

## In The Skies

Peter Green

Oh, there's a way to keep the dark from the light  
And there's a way to take the cold out of the night  
And when I see it's glow  
The sun and moon are shadowed  
By the everlasting day

When I reach up my hand  
To the loving son of man  
The bread of life will keep my soul alive

There's a place where rivers flow in the street  
Where fruit and healing leaves are seen on a tree  
Where emerald walls shine clear  
And golden streets run far and near  
Behind the gates where his angels names appear

When I reach up my hand  
To the loving son of man  
The bread of life will keep my soul alive

And he will wipe away the tears from our eyes  
As we watch this old world fade when it dies  
And a new one shall come  
And it will be heaven  
And it's waiting for us there in the skies

In the skies  
In the skies  
In the skies  
In the skies