

Western Skies
Blue Rodeo

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#
#This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the #
#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #
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From jeffwilson@e-ink.com Fri May 16 08:07:19 1997
Date: Mon, 12 May 1997 17:30:15 -0400
From: Jeff Wilson
To: guitar@olga.net
Subject: Blue Rodeo: Western Skies

Here s my first entry to Olga. I have alot more Blue Rodeo songs I can put
on here - even some rare ones. Must view in a monospace font for proper looks.

Title: Western Skies
Artist: Blue Rodeo
Album: Lost Together

Words and Music by: Greg Keelor and Jim Cuddy
Interpretation by: Jeff Wilson (jeffwilson@e-ink.com)
Homepage: <http://www.geocities.com/CapeCanaveral/7722/>

Chords:

C#	G#	Fm	G#/F#	Cm	F#
+--+--+--+	+--+--+--+	+--+--+--+	+--+--+--+	+--+--+--+	
+--+--+--+					
1					
1 1					
2	1		1	1 1 1 1 1	
2					
3 4	2 3 4	2 3	3 4	2	3 4
				3 4	

(Entire song is played folk style)

Intro: C# Eb G#-C#-G#

G#-C#-G# G# C#

Well I d rather be walking through the tall pine trees high up above Lake Louise

G#

C#

G#-C#-G#

And I d rather be chasing after shooting stars than waiting for this dumb
503 TTC

C#

Eb

G#-C#-G#

I d like to see the sun set behind Saddle Mountain

C#

Eb

G#-C#-G#

And listen to the wind whisper my name

C#

Eb

Yeah this world and me don t fit

G#

G#/F#

Fm

One of us is going to have to quit

C#

Eb

G#-C#-G#

Oh how I miss those western skies

And I d rahter be back in the Rocky Mountains than sitting in some bar on
Queen Street

And I d rather be back in the high meadows than watching the latest war on my TV

So please don t you stand in my way

I just got to get out of this place

If I waste another day I m sure

The sun will forget my name

Oh how I miss those western skies

F#

C#

G#-C#-G#

Oh to see the sunset in her eyes

F#

C#

Eb

Oh to see the sunshine in her eyes

And I d rather be lying by the bow river watching the clouds go by

Yea I d rather be anywhere else than here tonight stuck in the city

But through the pain good things will come

After the rain the sun

But that don t mean much to me

Stuck in the city

Oh how I miss those western skies

C#

Eb

Cm

Fm

Oh how I miss, Oh how I miss

C#

Eb

C#

G#

Oh how I miss those western skies

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