

## Song by Cletus Kennelly

### Looking Up (Three Days in September)

I wake up, look up at the morning There's not a cloud in the sky Hey, look at this, I'm feeling bliss on a Monday morn I hear the leaves in the trees And all of the sounds of the day But then they're muted by commuter jet airliner planes

And they rumble and they roar with their cacophony They leave a bright white line across the sky Still, when they fly I can't help looking up

Tuesday, I look up at the morning There's not a plane in the sky Hey, look at this, I think I miss them flying by I hear the birds and the words And all of the sounds of the day But the skies are so very quiet and eerily still

'Cause when they fly my mind will drift to all the travelers I like to wonder where they're going and where they're from Now there's an empty sky But I can't quit looking up

Wednesday, I get up in the morning There's nothing good on TV 'Cause every station is playing the same bad movie It seems the jets have made a mess of Concrete, steel and flesh Now we're disjointed, with fingers pointed And beating our chests

And in my mind, I stumble blindly in the darkness I didn't know just what to feel or what to say Then I recall I saw a line upon a church sign Saying, "It'll be OK. Remember Sorrow keeps looking down Worry looks around But faith, faith keeps looking up" I can't quit looking up