

Sun Eats Hours, The "Five a.m."

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That's what I want.
Gigs.
People.
Plain motels.
Strong experiences,
Uncomfortable beds.
True friends.
Us.
I feel it every time
At five a.m.

Rit.
It's hard to explain
The strength it gives us
Every day,
Something that seems always new.
I would not stop myself anymore.

It opened my eyes,
It let my soul
Come outside my time.
Speaking the language of freedom
The only one it knows
The same I speak every day.
Yeah!

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