

Francesco Renga

"Crooked Little Sun"

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You belong in a house,
That was built to be burned.
If heaven isn't tied to the Earth,
We can just feed your remains to the birds.

I wanna visit a castle in your head,
Built over thousands of years.
I wanna sit in my throne where I know I belong,
And I'll drown my deciples in tears.

I've never been so scared,
Of what I was becoming.
I took a chance I made my way home.

And I'll be happy here is all she wrote.
Hold your head high,
You can make do with your eyes.
I won't be told,
I won't keep my conscience clean.
Hold your head high.
What kind of waste is shadows in her eye? (?)

Swing your words around the fence,
Follow me into the den,
Where lions will bite off your hands.

Sally and me were set on two chance,
Moving our lies all over our land that we shared.
It all came at a price,
It's sinful, it twisted our minds.

And I took a chance,
I made my way back.

And I'll be happy here is all she wrote.
Hold your head high,
You can make do with your eyes.
I won't be told,
I won't keep my conscience clean.
Hold your head high.
What kind of waste is shadows in her eye?

Hear me, hold me, always,
And I will have the room to be free.
Hold me, hold me, always.
And I will have the room to be free.

And I'll be happy here is all she wrote.
Hold your head high,
You can make do with your eyes.
I won't be told,
I won't keep my conscience clean.
Hold your head high.
What kind of waste is shadows in her eye?

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