

Guillemots

"Throw Me a Sun"

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Arguments start in a second
Wings fall off the doves
Good heart lands in a puddle
Is this a punchline or is this love?

Oh, come on
Come on, someone
Throw me a sun

My hands feel like an old man's
Beating down in the sand
Me, red wine every evening
Just to keep my head from my hands

Oh, come on
Come on, someone
Throw me a sun

It's starting
It's starting
In my heart I knew I killed it with a sword

And my heart won't let me go
Chasing rainbows in the snow

Oh, I can't go on
No, I won't go on
But it all goes on
And I do go on

Come on
Come on, someone
Throw me a sun

Oh, come on
Come on, someone
Throw me a sun
Throw me a sun

