

## Sir Mix-A-Lot

### "Sundown"

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From a distance  
I can see you descend  
Like golden grains of sand  
A weeping sun is descending  
And the moon now ascending here  
In these cold winterlands

I've been strolling through the pouring rain  
In search of better days  
I've been strolling down the darkest of lanes  
Just to find it's all in vain

The sundown gives birth to another night  
As the moon comes crawling across the sky  
My soul feels cold and my heart is tired  
I'm burning inside, can't stop the flames, the fire

From a distance  
I can see you pretend  
That your life's on the mend  
A thousand riverines weeping  
And a silvermoon sweeping swift  
Across forsaken lands

I've been crawling on my knees and hands  
I've watched all suns descend  
I've been dreaming some day, I'll ascend  
Before the bitter end

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