

## **The Phoenix Foundation "Bleaching Sun"**

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Well I'm waking up  
To your crazy shit  
And I'm leaving now  
Yes I'm a jumping ship  
Because your heart is cold  
Like a box of beer  
And I just can cope  
With you my dear

Under the bleaching sun  
(Under the bleaching sun)  
Out on the washing line  
(Out on the washing line)  
I'm hanging from my thumbs  
(We're hanging from our thumbs)  
Until we get us dry  
And I'm a cooking up  
(Yeah I'm a cooking up)  
A little kooky scheme  
(Cook cook)  
Oh to clean their minds, precious minds  
The sweetest minds you've ever seen

And now you're feeding on  
All the simple young  
And your bloody tongue  
It doesn't turn me on  
A sacrificial lamb  
Is in your arms  
And I see your face  
And it's wicked charms  
And the way you work the room  
Until everybody here starts bleeding from the eyes

Under the bleaching sun  
(Under the bleaching sun)  
Out on the washing line  
(Out on the washing line)  
I'm hanging from my thumbs  
(We're hanging from our thumbs)  
Until we get us dry  
And I'm a cooking up

(Yeah I'm a cooking up)  
A little kooky scheme  
(Cook cook)  
To clean their minds  
And break your spine  
Apart in my hands

And this could be all  
That you ever know  
Until you let it go  
Your mind is gone  
It's heading for the bleaching sun  
And I'll never know  
Oh and I don't mind at all  
'Cause I've seen it all fall before  
As you head into the bleaching sun

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