

Chris Robinson

"Better Than The Sun"

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Bells on a jawbone
Nails in the sand
Salt on the table
And draught on the land
Fog on the freeway
Better slow down
There's rats in the cupboard
They are crying downtown

And you walk in silken slippers
Looking for a place to call your own
You came like thunder
Stayed like Christmas
And you feel better than the sun

Flies in the water
At the edge of sunrise
A mouthful of greedy
As an angry disguise

But you walk in silken slippers
Looking for a place to call your own
You came like thunder
Stayed like Christmas
And you feel better than the sun

Sun
Sun
Warm us in your glow
Show us all you know

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