

The Sun by Beulah

"Burned By The Sun"

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High above the bordertown
I can see the golden ground
If I wasn't looking down
I might have lost you in the miles

Ocean blue and foaming white
surround the body of my flight
as I flew out of sight
You were turning in the stiles

and I know what it means to you
and I know what it means to me
and I know how it feels to be
burned by the sun, the sun
I love the sun

Now I'm sleeping on the sand
of an unfamiliar land
And I'm dreaming up a plan
to get you on the breeze

And I'm staring at the speck
Of the map laid on the deck
It's time to make a trek
On forgiving seas

and I know what it means to you
and I know what it means to me
and I know how it feels to be
burned by the sun, the sun
I love the sun

and I know what it means to you
and I know what it means to me
and I know we all want to be
Burned by the sun

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