

## Delacroix

### "Got The Sun"

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Dreams come alas  
times that I get with her, they pass  
Magic lies like sunburst in night  
She's running through the apple ground

And so she sees me beating for salvation, wasted

I seek through the waters of my own  
I run through the meadows

So sister dream

We see cities go  
try all streetplans but nothing  
The grit makes her close eyes  
I put spirit in sweet apple pie

The streets that took me way out of town  
The scenes that set me free

I seek through the waters of my own  
I run through the meadows

And so she sees me beating for salvation, wasted

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