

## **The Sundays** **"Folk Song"**

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Summer sky and a throat bone dry  
And the fields are all gold  
Dusty lane with a song in my brain  
And it stoned me to my soul

I climb higher move towards  
The fire, blaze sun

Silver trees and a whispering breeze  
Are my sight and my sound  
And the thought of heaven  
Couldn't drag me from the path  
When I'm wandering here alone

I climb higher move towards  
The fire, so blaze sun

Watch until it dies  
Slow falling from the sky  
Pale fading sun

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