

Eames Era, The "Listen For The Sun"

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Tell me what you mean, listen for the sun
I'll listen for the music, but it never comes
Tell me what you mean now tell me what you mean now
Tell me what you mean now tell me what you mean now
I'm alone, and the curtain's drawn in my home
And when you talk like a fucker
It's not what you said, it's that you said it in a cynical
tone
So tell me what you mean now tell me what you mean
now
Tell me what you mean now tell me what you mean now
And I went down to the corner
And I went down honestly
And I ran so fast my legs caught fire before I reached
the sea
So tell me what you mean, and listen for the sun
And listen for the music, but it never comes
Tell me what you mean now tell me what you mean now
Tell me what you mean now tell me what you mean now
And I went down to the corner
And I went down honestly
And I ran so fast my legs caught fire before I reached
the sea
So tell me what you mean now tell me what you mean
now
Tell me what you mean now tell me what you mean now
And listen for the rain and when it never comes you say
You never wanted it anyway

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