

Naked And Famous, The "The Sun"

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Here it comes
The unavoidable sun weighs my head
And what the hell have I done?
And you know
I don't remember a thing
I don't remember
A thing
So I'm done
Am I placating the notes?
Should I fault
Cut off my tongue
So you say
Apparently I'm digging it in
I can't feel
A thing
And you've won
So I go bury my head
In the ground
Yet I won't lose what I said
In the sound of the words
And the note that it brings
No, I can't feel
A thing
Here it comes
The unavoidable sun

Of what's just happened
And what's been done
And you know
I don't remember a thing
I don't remember
A thing
But it keeps on coming and I stop
But it keeps on coming and I stop
But it keeps on coming and I stop
But it keeps on coming and I stop
But it keeps on coming and I just stand still
But it keeps on coming and I just stop moving
(But it keeps coming, it keeps coming, it keeps coming)
But it keeps on coming and I stop
But it keeps on coming and I just stand still

(But it keeps coming, it keeps coming, it keeps coming)
But it keeps on coming and I stop
And it keeps on coming and I just stand still
But it keeps on coming and I just stop
So I stop running and I just stop
But it keeps on coming and I just stop moving
But it keeps on coming and it keeps on coming
So I just stand still
But it keeps on coming and I just stand still
And I run, and I run, and I run, and I run

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