

Chasing The Sun

Alex Lloyd

On my hands, sitting on half a chance,
waiting for good things to come.
Passers by looking through broken glass,
waiting for good things to come.

And this cry goes out to everyone,
chasing the sun, chasing love.
And my heart goes out to everything,
coming undone, coming done.

Round and round, spinning through this old dance,
holding your heart with your thumb.
Straight to plan goes not so everything,
waiting for good things to come.

And this cry goes out to everyone,
chasing the sun, chasing love.
And my heart goes out to everything,
coming undone, coming done.

Oh, when will you see?
There's more to you,
there's more to me.
Oh, nobody knows how it will turn,
how it will turn,
how it will turn.

And this cry goes out to everyone,
chasing the sun, chasing love.
And my heart goes out to everything,
coming undone, coming done.