

Yellowed By The Sun

The Low Anthem

The color of your bones it was yellowed by the sun
Ain't no reason why the drummer keeps on drumming on his
drum
On his drum, we are only for awhile

And the truth is like an onion you can skin it layer by layer
When you come upon the center you might find there's
nothing there
And we are only for awhile

The sun is like the truth it'll burn the mortal man
If he tries to look upon it if he tries to understand
He might learn that we are only for awhile

Even my guitar listen while she gently weeps
Now I will not play forever so why would I play for keeps
Don't play for keeps we are only for awhile