

Black The Sun

Alex Lloyd

Black the sun
Oh no, look at what we done
Go away, oh no, won't you please stay?

And dream of me, I wish you
Would dream of me
And dream of me, I hope you
Will dream of me

Words we speak, pictures are the
Only things I keep. Rinse my mind
I'm sure it will join me in time

And dream of me, I wish you
Would dream of me
And dream of me, I hope you
Will dream of me

Up on your feet, around the bend
Searching, I hope it never ends.
Walking your lonely street again,
Where tide meets the shore.
whoa whoa

On a silent road

And dream of me, I wish you would
Black the sun
And dream of me, I wish you would
Black the sun
And dream of me, I wish you would
Black the sun,
And dream of me, I wish you would
Black the sun
The sun