

The Sun Is Always Blinding Me

Darren Hayes

From the top of a church on a hill
To the tip of a dragonfly wing
From the shine off a hood of cab
To a shimmering diamond within on a ring
That was worn through two world wars

From a smile that soars though its old and worn
And two blue eyes forever seeming cold

R: The sun is always blinding me with her light
The day is always hiding behind the night
And one day everybody will be alright
Go on blinding me with her light

From the glare of a red traffic light
To the blur of a bicycle wheel
From the flare of a camera lens
To a fluorescent light that ignites and displays
Someone leaving a goodbye note
From a pen made of steel and reflection of hope
And to some words to stir an aching soul

R:

From a fire that burns in the darkest well
Of a cave so enslaved
I can hear her yell, I can tell
This bird just wants to be free
So set her free

And if this world should ever leave you cold

R: (2x)