

The Burning Sun

John Holt

Livin' in the city but the life ain't pretty and the burning sun,
the burning sun
Livin' in the city but the life ain't pretty and the burning sun,
the burning sun
When will I be released from this burden and this greed, woy

I know the good, I know the bad
I know the ugly cause in the city there is no pity

Mummy's a healer, daddy's a preacher in the burning sun, the burning sun
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When will I be released from this burden and this greed, woy

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Mummy's a healer, daddy's a preacher in the burning sun, the burning sun
Livin' in the city where the life ain't pretty and the burning sun,
the burning sun
Livin' in the city where the life ain't pretty and the burning sun,
the burning sun
Mummy's a trader, daddy's a preacher in the burning sun, in the
the burning sun
When will I be released from this burden and this greed, woy

I want to know right now, when will I be released
From all this burden and greed, oh, but I'm tryin and tryin'
Oh yeah, when will I be released, oh yeah