

## Sun Hands

Local Natives

I climbed to the top of a hill  
But I had just missed the sun  
And although the descending arc was gone  
Left behind were the traces that always follow along

The most beautiful colors chase the sun  
They wrap her trail in a taunting gesture  
That seems to sing out loud  
This is what you're missing

I'll endure the night  
For the promise of light  
I'll endure the night  
For the promise of light

I want to lift my hands towards the sun  
Show me warmth  
Baby, won't you show me warmth again?  
And when I can feel with my sun hands

I'll promise not to lose her again  
And even if the morning never comes  
My hands are blessed  
Who'll touched the sun, the sun

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For the promise of light  
I'll endure the night  
For the promise of

And when I can feel with my sun hands  
I promise not to lose her again  
And when I can feel with my sun hands  
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I promise not to lose her again  
And when I can feel with my sun hands  
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For the promise of