

Where The Sun Had Been

Mason Jennings

I was travelin' in a caravan
Out across the desert sand
Fourth battalion of the infantry
Headin' in towards the enemy
Or at least that's what they're tellin' me

Wind blowin' across a cross-eyed sun
Shapes movin' on the hills
I picture you by a swimmin' pool
Tell me baby, am I still your man
Fightin' here in this foreign land?
Foreign land

I heard nothin' but the sound of death
I was pushed through the ground
I woke up on a forest floor
Lookin' up through a group of men
Lookin' up at where the sun had been
Sun had been

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Lookin' up at where the sun had been
Lookin' up at where the sun had been