

Up On The Sun

Meat Puppets

A long time ago
I turned to myself
And said "You are my daughter"
I saw that the image I saw there was well
"So you are my daughter"
Well then maybe we've got something to talk about

Who told you so?
That gold burns slow
Like coal camper's candles all lost in the snow

Lay down, you're on
The warmth that I'm weaving is for you alone

Up on the sun
Where it never rains or snows
There's an ocean
With a wind that never blows
And if you see it closer
Then the finer points will show
Not too much more
Too much more

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