

You Are My Sun

Sun Kil Moon

You are my light
Dark cities, you fill the loss
Of the day
You are my love
Radiant and pretty, over seas
You find ways of bringing hope
The lonely hours, gloom of night
Empty mornings
You are a stem, of wild flowers
Rollin' hills, 'round the bay
You are a gap
In the meadow, soaring low (so it goes?)
In this way, you are my friend
In the shadows, there to bring
When I need
You are the suites
Of the cellos
There to mend, if I bleed
You are a swing
Sleepy porches, the warm light
On my face
You are a charge, of wild horses
You are the sun
You are my sun
Seeping over, spilling out
Over the mountains
You are my sun

Leona, Leona, Leona
Leona, Leona, Leona
Your fingers
?...sounding
A gentle wave
Of guitars playing

Leona, Leona, Leona
Leona, Leona, Leona
Does sense of, (stares?)
Light as air
Verses sound, everywhere

Leona, Leona, Leona