

## The Sun

## The Naked and Famous

Here it comes  
The unavoidable sun weighs my head,  
And what the hell have I done,  
And you know,  
I don't remember a thing  
I don't remember  
A thing

So I'm done,  
Am I placating the notes?  
Should I fault  
Cut off my tongue  
So you say  
Apparently I'm digging it in  
I can't feel  
A thing

(A thing, a thing, a thing, a thing)

And you've won  
So I go bury my head  
In the ground  
Yet I won't lose what I said  
In the sound of the words and the note that it brings  
No I can't feel  
A thing

Here it comes  
The unavoidable sun  
Of what's just happened  
And what's been done  
And you know  
I don't remember a thing  
I don't remember  
A thing

But it keeps on coming and I stop  
But it keeps on coming and I just stand still  
But it keeps on coming and I stop moving  
(But it keeps coming, it keeps coming, it keeps coming)

But it keeps on coming and I stop  
And it keeps on coming and I just stand still  
(But it keeps coming, it keeps coming, it keeps coming)

But it keeps on coming and I stop  
And it keeps on coming and I just stand still  
But it keeps coming and I just stop  
So I stop running and I just stop  
But it keeps on coming and I just stop moving  
But it keeps on coming and it keeps on coming so I just stand still  
But it keeps on coming and I just stand still

And I run, and I run, and I run, and I run.