

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.