

To Let

Xavier Rudd

The sun is peaking
The sun is peering across the bay
I am walking
Sucking stale air on this fine day
Lady squeaking
Lady she shuffles ten feet in front
Her pants are squeaking
Her pants are squeaking as she does
I'll sit him down
I'll sit him down

The sun is peaking
The sun is peering across the bay
I am walking
Sucking stale air on this fine day
I'll sit him down
I'll sit him down

Would you let me know
Would you let me go
Would you let me know
Would you let me go
Here don't fly away now
Would you let me know
Would you let me go
Would you let me know
Would you let me go
Here don't fly away now