

# Cellophane Sun

Adam Pascal

You spend your days and nights alone, well I know, it's alright  
You find it hard to take control of your own pointed life  
So get between, get behind, take your time, I don't mind  
Take my hand and hide your eyes

Morning is a dream, a break in the night  
Life is but a scene, a moment in time  
The serpent all the while is lying in waiting  
And a cellophane sun hangs low in the sky

Underneath and overload, I know your heart is breaking  
When the day is done your head still spins, Well,  
I'll be there for the taking  
So get between, get behind, take your time  
I'll blow your mind  
Take my hand, I'll hide my eyes