

# White Sun

Dawn Golden

Running from the years as they pass us by  
Swimming in the lake in your mother's bathing suit oh god she n  
ever wonders why  
Well Mama's alright she's got a bottle of wine  
Sleeping on the floor why god where you used to hide

Won't let girls on the couch where your father died  
Laid his dead body in the morning for the kids to find  
While hot burning in the warm sun plow of mine, so  
Suddenly you watched bruised wrists and the kids to find

Why is it so hard?

Boarded up the windows and driving out the other way  
Locking up doors and praying god with the chance to say  
Keys on the table and the locks on the doors and now you only w  
ant a way  
A chance to say I hate you too I hate my heart

We buried birds in the wintertime I hope she never wanders by  
Snow covered and the angels fell while we all went on the other  
side  
We buried dad in the summer time  
We buried dad in the summer time