

How I Learned to Love the Sun

Duke Special

Pulled my hat down low , hid a dagger in my cloak
Took a shovel and a gun , and a length of rope
By the monster moon, I wouldn't walk the night, with a hollow heart
To scandalise and twist the knife

I turn, turn from the sun
Oh the feeling , oh the feeling
I turn, turn from the sun
Oh the feeling , oh the feeling

I read the books they wrote, of my wanton deeds
But I'll block the page with ink and change my history
To my leper soul
Might crack the door and dare to step outside again

I turn, toward the sun
Oh the feeling , oh the feeling
I turn , turn to the sun
Oh the feeling , oh the feeling

It took me 40 years
To bear the gaze
Of that old looking glass
And not flinch when I saw my face

Now my greatest fear , to be exposed
Has become the thing, I find I need the most

I learned to love the sun
Oh the feeling, oh the feeling
So I learned to love the sun
Oh the feeling , oh the feeling