

Way Of The Sun

Flatfoot 56

I'm a pilgrim on this onward story, passing by the slow
And stale.

Walking past the crowded masses with eyes so cold and
Pale.

I will go the way very few have gone before me. Past
The day, I want so much more.

Some spend their time calling out what others have
Said.

The day will rise and fall again, or so I have read.
I will do, not weep, past all this false critique.
My joy is my strength, I'll ask for nothing more.
I'll do, not weep, past all this false critique.
The stonewall faces, I'll be kicking down their door.

I will go the way of the sun. And I will go the way of
The sun.

So, my love, come and take my hand walking down this
Road.

I believe in a foreign land better than we know.

Where we stand secure knowing pain is not our story.
We'll walk through rain, through the shadow of death.
Pressing on through times full of violent
Thunderstorming.
No pulling punches through all of this mess.

I will go the way of the sun. And I will go the way of
The sun.

And I will go the way of the sun. And I will go the way
Of the sun.

Common...

I will go the way of the sun. And I will go the way of
The sun.

And I will go the way of the sun. And I will go the way
Of the sun.

Come, my son, carry my advice from all that I've been
Through.

You'll never get nowhere in life if you can't follow
Through.