

# Graveyard Sun

Green Lung

And as the summer dies the shadows start to move  
See them dancing strange among the ivied tombs  
And now the boughs turn verdant green to gold  
Wildflowers fade, this year is growing old

Do you recall that cold October day?  
When you first walked toward my open grave?

Autumn girl, lay down beneath the trees  
Auburn hair, the colour of the leaves  
A little death never hurt anyone  
So won't you come out of the graveyard sun?

It was the hour of dusk, in the season of mists  
On your pale neck, your fate sealed with a kiss  
Kohl rims round your eyes like cinerary ash  
In my cold embrace you fell into a trance

I led you through Egyptian Avenue  
Through iron gates, into the catacombs

Autumn girl, lay down beneath the trees  
Auburn hair, the colour of the leaves  
A little death never hurt anyone  
So won't you come out of the graveyard sun?

Out of the graveyard sun  
Out of the graveyard sun  
Out of the graveyard sun  
Out of the graveyard

Remember Hallow's Eve, 1968  
All those years have passed, the colours never fade  
And so we're lost in time, our dawn will never come  
We'll live forever young, out of the graveyard sun

Out of the graveyard sun  
Out of the graveyard sun  
Out of the graveyard sun  
Out of the graveyard