

## Anna Sun

Joey Graceffa

Screen falling off the door; door hanging off the hinges  
My feet are still sore; my back is on the fringes  
We tore up the walls; we slept on couches  
We lifted this house, we lifted this house

Fire-crackers in the east; my car parked south  
Your hands on my cheeks; your shoulder in my mouth  
I was up against the wall on the west mezzanine  
We rattle this town, we rattle this scene

Oh, Anna Sun!  
Oh, Anna Sun!

What do you know? This house is falling apart  
What can I say? This house is falling apart  
We got no money, but we got heart  
We're gonna rattle this ghost town

This house is falling apart!

Screen falling off the door; door hanging off the hinges  
My feet are still sore; my back is on the fringes  
We were up against the wall on the west mezzanine  
We rattle this town, we rattle this scene

Oh, Anna Sun!  
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What do you know? This house is falling apart  
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This house is falling apart! [2x]

Live my life without  
Station wagon rides  
Fumbling around the back  
Not one seatbelt on  
Wait for summertime  
Coming up for air  
Now it's all a wash  
Now it's all a wash

Live my life without  
Coming up for air  
Now it's all a wash  
I want everyone  
Racing down the hill  
I am faster than you  
Wait for summertime  
Wait for summertime

Oh, Anna Sun!  
Oh, Anna Sun! Sun!

What do you know? This house is falling apart

What can I say? This house is falling apart  
We got no money, but we got heart  
We're gonna rattle this ghost town

This house is falling apart [3x]  
We're gonna rattle this ghost town  
This house is falling apart [2x]