

Evening Sun

Jon Bryant

All the colors of the evening sun
On your sweet face
Take me home

Like the fullness of the midnight moon
Pure and simple
I love you

So few hold the hand of faithfulness
I can't let up
Mad for you

It is good to find a lover in this life
Take her to the waters and never ever leave her out to dry
But my father always sang this chord:
Set your eyes upon the Lord
Set your eyes upon the Lord

Oh the feeling when I kissed your mouth
Middle of night
Such relief

Ain't no currency to buy your heart
Pure as gold is
What reward

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