

## Sun Goes Down

Marit Bergman

Pushing our way through all the young smokers  
We'll open the window for air  
Feeling the time as I read between lines  
Follow them all back to here  
And the tale's getting taller as I'm listening  
And it grows over your head now I can't see a thing

Yesterdays voices are now getting louder  
They only crowd up my head  
Speaking so quickly with too many questions  
I try not to listen  
Hiding on rooftops from the mess that's downstairs  
And we're stumbling from corners, trying hard to fall again

When the sun goes down I am with you  
When the sun comes up I am there

When the sun goes down I am with you  
All of this seems too late  
All of this seems too late

And the tale's getting taller as I'm listening  
And it grows over your head now I can't see a thing

When the sun goes down I am with you  
When the sun comes up I am there  
When the sun goes down I am with you  
All of this seems too late  
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When the sun goes down I am with you  
When the sun comes up I am there  
When the sun goes down I am with you  
All of this seems too late  
All of this seems too late