

# Where The Sun Had Been

Mason Jennings

I was travelin' in a caravan  
Out across the desert sand  
Fourth battalion of the infantry  
Headin' in towards the enemy  
Or at least that's what they're tellin' me

Wind blowin' across a cross-eyed sun  
Shapes movin' on the hills  
I picture you by a swimmin' pool  
Tell me baby, am I still your man  
Fightin' here in this foreign land?  
Foreign land

I heard nothin' but the sound of death  
I was pushed through the ground  
I woke up on a forest floor  
Lookin' up through a group of men  
Lookin' up at where the sun had been  
Sun had been

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Lookin' up at where the sun had been  
Lookin' up at where the sun had been  
Lookin' up at where the sun had been