

Same Sun

Real Estate

Tried to pass myself
My accent won't help
I can't fool no one
I'm not native son
Just on holiday, anyway
There will always be a trace of this place in me

When does one thing ever end and the next begin?
Every day back then felt like a hyphen

I cannot recall where I was at all
But I know what I heard when I wrote those words
Green River still runs under that same sun
I never saw the source but I know the chorus

When does one thing ever end and the next begin?
Every day back then felt like a hyphen

I do not wish to retrace the steps I've taken
All that madness now is where I'm going

There will always be a trace of this place in me
Green River still runs under that same sun