

Fat Old Sun

RPWL

When that fat old sun in the sky is falling
Summer evening birds are calling
Summer Sunday and a year
The sound of music in my ears

Distant bells, new mown grass smells so sweet
By the river holding hands
Roll me up and lay me down

And if you see, don't make a sound
Pick your feet up off the ground
And if you hear as the warm night falls
The silver sound from a time so strange
Sing to me, sing to me

When that fat old sun in the sky is falling
Summer evening birds are calling
Children's laughter in my ears
The last sunlight disappears

And if you see, don't make a sound

Pick your feet up off the ground
And if you hear as the warm night falls
The silver sound from a time so strange
Sing to me, sing to me

[Instrumental]

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Summer evening birds are calling
Children's laughter in my ears
The sound of music disappears

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The silver sound from a time so strange
Sing to me, sing to me
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