

## 93 Million Miles From The Sun And Counting

Swervedriver

I was born on a close street down a hill  
The trees that line the street  
Could sense the winter change  
They felt the chill  
They ducked and dived  
And so we knew that they were alive  
Until the year the silver rain came down  
The trees turned mauve  
And so did my hands  
Oh, and the sound . . .  
There was no sound and I'm freezing in the sun  
Nobody cares to hide the dopeheads and the suicides  
'Cause everyone freezes in the sun

I kicked around with Harry  
Who lived near Salisbury Plain  
He worked on the cathedral there every now and again  
He worked with stone, carved with stone  
Odd jobs on the telephone  
One sunny day he was sent to the Houses of Parliament  
chipping' away at the gargoyles  
Under the blistering sun  
He carved out "Maggie Sucks" on the backs of every one  
And so in five-hundred years  
There's gonna be some history here  
After it all subsides in the sun

And it's fallin' away

Another year, another loon  
A new pied piper calls the tune  
So blow it up, watch it explode  
Noah's ark on overload  
Wrestle with the results and throw 'em round the ring  
Everybody knows there ain't no rules in wrestling  
The referee's a dupe  
Who only old ladies and children believe  
I'm getting up now to leave  
I'll go back to that street someday  
The air's better there anyway  
Though the trees are still gonna freeze in the sun

And it's fallin' away  
And I don't wanna know  
I'm glad I don't know  
What's draggin' it under