## **Folk Song**

## The Sundays

Summer sky and a throat bone dry and all the fields are all gold

dusty lane with a song in my brain and it stoned me to my soul

I climb higher move towards the fire blaze sun

silver trees and a whispering breeze are my sight and my sound

the thought of heaven couldn't drag me from the path when I'm wandering here alone

I climb higher move towards the fire so blaze sun

watch until it dies slow falling from the sky place fading sun