

## Mean Old Sun

Turnpike Troubadours

Empty promises I've given  
Hollow heart beats in my chest  
And every word of sterling silver  
Stirred butterflies beneath your breast

Still untouched by ties a-binding  
Going where the gulf breeze blows  
No ring of gold around your finger  
No ring of brass run through my nose

Headlong for the wall now honey  
Still coming up like a rose  
Dead still in the garden  
Waiting for the reveille  
And the dawn is yet to dry the dew from off my Sunday clothes  
That mean old sun better rise up soon if it's ever gonna set on  
me

Hear the song she sang in darkness  
Tearful, fair, and free and fine  
You're the one she softly whispers  
My canary in the mine

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I met a man, pale gray with wisdom  
Told me faith will come collect  
Hard tempered steel bites at my ankles  
Soft cotton rove burns at my neck

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