

Sun Hands (French Kiss Records) - Local Natives

Local Natives

I climbed to the top of a hill
But I had just missed the sun
And although the descending arc was gone
Left behind were the traces that always follow along
The most beautiful colors chase the sun
They wrap her trail in a taunting gesture
That seems to sing out loud,
"this is what you're missing" I'll endure the night
For the promise of light I want to lift my hands towards the sun
Show me warmth
Baby, won't you show me warmth again?
And when I can feel with my sun hands
I'll promise not to lose her again
And even if the morning never comes
My hands are blessed to have touched the sun

Songwriters

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