Black Hole Sun

Paul Anka

In my eyes Indisposed In disguise As no one knows Hides the face Lies the snake The sun In my disgrace Boiling heat Summer stench 'Neath the black The sky looks dead Call my name Through the cream And I'll hear you Scream again

Black hole sun
Won't you come
And wash away the rain
Black hole sun
Won't you come
Won't you come

Stuttering
Cold and damp
Steal the warm wind
Tired friend
Times are gone
For honest men
And sometimes
Far too long
For snakes
In my shoes
A walking sleep
And my youth
I pray to keep
Heaven send
Hell away

No one sings Like you Anymore

Hang my head Drown my fear Till you all just Disappear

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