

You Make the Sun Fry

[Ty Segall](#)

Ever since a modern man
Made himself an iron hand
I was trapped inside again
Trying to get out Oh won't you take me to the hill?
Put me in your Coupe de Ville
Tell me that you love me still
We could get out of here Our life is a story
Won't you read my story again?
Your eyes don't look scared We could eat the tasty pieces
Of the peaches on the beaches
Tell me what would be such fun
Sitting in the garden sun And you could go and meet my mom
We could sit there all day long
Tell me what would be so wrong
Oh so wrong with that? Our life is a story
Won't you read my story again?
Your eyes don't look scared
It shows that there's somebody
And you saw nothing
You made me so happy! Our life is a story
Won't you read my story again?
Your eyes don't look scared

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