# Echoes Round the Sun

## Paul Weller

Is it strange? Is it weird?
They come in search of truth
We must be on the spot
Theres only me and you[Incomprehensible] and you were fine
All your thoughts are out of mindIt doesnt start, it will not end
But how will we be moved?
On a rock spinnin through the echoes round the sunEchoes round the sun, echoes round the sun
On a rock spinnin through the echoes round the sun
Echoes round the sun, echoes round the sun
On a rock spinnin through the echoes round the sunLooks up and comes down
Floatin through the void
Gettin lost, gettin found
Is somethin we can useIt doesnt start, it doesnt end
How will we be moved?
On a rock spinnin through the echoes round the sunEchoes round the sun, echoes round the sun
Im on a rock spinnin through the echoes round the sun
Echoes round the sun, echoes round the sun
Im on a rock spinnin through the echoes round the sunEchoes round the sun, echoes round the sun
Im on a rock spinnin through the echoes round the sunMe and you on a spot
Me and you on a spot
Me and you on a spot
Me and you on a spotMe and you on a spot
Me and you on a spot

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