

The Sun (C4 Live Sessions at York St. Studios)

The Naked and Famous

Here it comes,
The unavoidable sun weighs my head,
And what the hell have I done,
And you know,
I don't remember a thing
I don't remember
A thing So I'm done,
Am I placating the notes?
Should I fault
Cut off my tongue
So you say
Apparently I'm digging it in
I can't feel
A thing [A thing, a thing, a thing, a thing] And you've won
So I go bury my head
In the ground
Yet I won't lose what I said
In the sound of the words and the note that it brings
No I can't feel
A thing Here it comes
The unavoidable sun
Of what's just happened
And what's been done
And you know
I don't remember a thing
I don't remember
A thing But it keeps on coming and I stop
But it keeps on coming and I just stand still
But it keeps on coming and I stop moving
[But it keeps coming, it keeps coming, it keeps coming] But it keeps on coming and I stop
And it keeps on coming and I just stand still
[But it keeps coming, it keeps coming, it keeps coming] But it keeps on coming and I stop
And it keeps on coming and I just stand still
But it keeps coming and I just stop
So I stop running and I just stop
But it keeps on coming and I just stop moving
But it keeps on coming and it keeps on coming so I just stand still
But it keeps on coming and I just stand still And I run, and I run, and I run, and I run.

Songwriters

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