

# Fat Old Sun

## Pink Floyd

When that fat old sun in the sky is falling  
Summer evenin' birds are calling  
Summer Sunday and a year  
The sound of music in my ears  
Distant bells  
New mown grass smells so sweet  
By the river holding hands  
Roll me up and lay me down And if you see  
Don't make a sound  
Pick your feet up off the ground  
And if you hear as the warm night falls  
The silver sound from a time so strange  
Sing to me  
Sing to me When that fat old sun in the sky is falling  
Summer evenin' birds are calling  
Children's laughter in my ears  
The last sunlight disappears  
And if you see  
Don't make a sound  
Pick your feet up off the ground  
And if you hear as the warm night falls  
The silver sound from a time so strange  
Sing to me  
Sing to me  
When that fat old sun in the sky is...(fades out)

Lyrics provided by

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