

Sun

Richard Sanderson

Sun, that's how I call her
'Cause we met in summer late
Sun, that's why I loved her
'Cause I came from the night*
Sun made me tender
Covered my life in a way
That I needed so bad Just a sun in the horizon
With the string shiny look in her eyes Sun, she's like a fountain
Where I drink and make love
And the light over her shoulders
Makes me think nothing is real Back to *But one day sun changed direction
And she left me alone in the shade

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