

Towards The Sun

Future Funk Squad

see the clouds are creeping towards the sun
and i'm slipping away
unseen by anyone
the light is turning grey
the day is done the water is so cold
and heavy on my mind
i dreamed of walking with you
but i fell behind
looking for a road
i could not find and now the ice is stirring
and spring is near
there is no one calling
but the sound is clear
and though i'm not yet gone
i'm still not here mmmmm

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