Center Of The Sun

Black Bottom Collective

Young girl in the market, music to the men
When the men leave her eyes are red
When her eyes are closed again
She sees the dark market of aboveAnd she sings
They say the most horrible things
But I hear violinsWhen I close my eyes
I am at the center of the sun
And I cannot be hurt
By anything this wicked world has doneYoung boy in the market follows all the men
When the men leave he's out of his head
When his eyes are closed again
He sees the dark market of aboveAnd he sings
They break the most beautiful things
But I hear violinsWhen I close my eyes
I am at the center of the sun
And I cannot be hurt
By anything this wicked world has doneI look into your eyes
And I am at the center of the sun
And I cannot be hurt
By anything this wicked world has doneCenter of the sunYoung boy in the market
Sees the girl alone and asks her
"Have you lost your way home?", she sings
"You say the most beautiful things, just like my violins"I look into your eyes
I am at the center of the sun
And I cannot be hurt
By anything this wicked world has doneWhen I close my eyes
I am at the center of the sun
And I cannot be hurt
By anything this wicked world has done'Cause I hear violins
I hear violins
I hear violins
I hear violinsCenter of the sunI hear violins

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