

# Drinking from the Sun

## Hilltop Hoods

I lay down my music ten feet from where I lay down  
Immersed in them beats, short breaks turned to breakdowns  
'Cause when you work where you sleep, you don't sleep  
'Cause you work on them beats till it hurts then you creep  
Into bed and wake her from her sleep, and she's hurt  
'Cause she worked through the week  
And hasn't heard not a word nor a peep  
From the jerk that she keeps in her heart  
That she forgives when he nurse her to sleep, word it's deep  
But yo, when I peel them lids back and emerge from my sleep  
I feel so big that I could make a shirt from my sheet  
A crown from a church steeple, two Jeeps for my sneaks  
So people worship this creep as I surf down the street  
I'm the surgeon of beats, your girl purrs when I speak  
We rehearse in a church to a circus of freaks  
We the last ones to lay down, first on our feet  
So stay down or get hurt by what lurks in the deep  
Free the perps from the police, we disturbing the peace  
We flood the streets like a water main burst and released  
A merciless beast with a thirst for the feast  
Man we treat every meal like it's our first in a week  
We dispersing the weak, I'm the person to beat  
Man I'm unbeatable, I can beat a person for weeks  
We disturbed, we the freaks, we the ones you don't listen to  
Drinking from the sun, now son we're the ones dissing you And we don't (ever stop), we won't (let it drop)  
We don't (ever stop), and we won't  
Let the vultures at the counter-culture  
Now we don't (ever stop), and we won't (let it drop)  
We move mountains and drink from the sun We're timeless like riders on the storm  
Survivors like the light that rises in the dawn  
If crisis makes fighters of the pawns  
We rise up through the night as lifeless and we're born  
Fight in my heart, suicide with my art  
'Till I depart I'ma write until I light up the dark  
These are battle songs that lift you from your catatonic fixture  
And I can walk on water but I stagger on the liquor  
This ain't a Saturday sport or matinee talk  
With throwaway sentences like the magistrates' court  
Scratch that, now hear me out, attacks don't give me doubt

I drop a powerhouse track black the city out  
And when we lose it let the mood of music reach us  
Coming through the tunes that free us  
Revolution through your speakers  
The third rock never stops, the world turns  
Eyes glued to the clock as we watch the world burn And we don't (ever stop), we won't (let it drop)  
We don't (ever stop), and we won't  
Let the vultures at the counter-culture  
Now we don't (ever stop), and we won't (let it drop)  
We move mountains and drink from the sun

Songwriters

LAMBERT, MATTHEW / FRANCIS, BARRY / SMITH, DANIEL Published by  
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>