

Up on the Sun

Meat Puppets

A long time ago
I turned to myself and said
"You are my daughter" I saw that image
I saw there was well Well, then maybe we've got
Something to talk about
Who told you so? That gold burns slow
Like coal camper's candles
All lost in the snow Lay down - you're on
The warmth that I'm weaving
Is for you alone Up on the sun
Where it never rains or snows
There's an ocean
With a wind that never blows And if you see it closer
Then the finer points will show
Not too much more
Too much more

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