

Staring At the Sun

Alaska In Winter

(Chorus):

Ohhh

She's got you on the run now

Who's the smoke and gun

Boy, look at what you've done

Stop staring at the sun

She's got you on the run now

Who's the smoke and gun

Boy, look at what you've done

Stop staring at the sun

The sun, stop staring at the sun

The sun, the sun, stop staring at

Staring at the sun

Ohhhh, you better keep your head down low

Whoa

(Verse 1):

You got me staring at you

I wanna do what you do

I wanna go where you go

I wanna fly where you flew

I wanna know what you know

I wanna know your name

You're the fortune

You're the fame

You're the fire

You're the flame

I'm a fish in a barrel, you got the shotgun

Been so cool, I want the hot sun

To beat down on me, the heat's all on me

I hear a "woo woo", but, uh, can't run

The reason I want that fancy car

The only reason that I'm at the bar

The reason that I hear a song that I hate

And all of a sudden I'm dancing hard

(Chorus):

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She's got you on the run now
Who's the smoke and gun
Boy, look at what you've done
Stop staring at the sun
The sun, stop staring at the sun

The sun, the sun, stop staring at
Staring at the sun
Ohhhh, you better keep your head down low
Whoa

(Verse 2):

You're everything that I want
You're everything that I see
I like the way that you shine, I want you shining with me
But every time I get close
You keep on burning my wings
But it doesn't mean a thing
You're my pleasure, you're my pain
And I keep on looking eventhough it burns
And my whole world revolves around her
She goes off like a revolver
She got me wrapped around her trigger finger
Shot to the heart and it's her to blame
Those shots at the bar, you forget the name
If you get in the fire, you get the flames
I keep on sayin' one thing

(Verse 3):

You want the house on the hills
You ain't got time for the bills
You got the girl of your dreams
You think she's finer then real, so no
She's too hot, could you see her in youe future?
She's got a man and you're a damn common future
Your dumb mind ain't see it like you used to
Life is what you choose, but I guess it's what you're used to
Oh oh, you better keep your head down low

(Chorus):

She's got you on the run now
Who's the smoke and gun
Boy, look at what you've done
Stop staring at the sun
She's got you on the run now
Who's the smoke and gun
Boy, look at what you've done
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The sun, stop staring at the sun
The sun, the sun, stop staring at
Staring at the sun
Ohhhh, you better keep your head down low
Whoa

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