Sun Giant Says Hey

Wussy

Walking with a mountain through the streets of Tiny Town
He lifts you up above the rain to where the sun is always out
He picks you like a flower under heaven from the ground
It's a lonely lonely lonely life
way holy rollers better call the Lord, you tell him all the giant sings you've stored
You tell him everything because you're bored, you holy rollers better call the Lord)
And the giant says hey, the Sun Giant says hey
Walking with a mountain up the stairway to the stars
They're leaning out their windows and they're pointing from their cars
They're sleeping on their fire escapes just to get a glimpse of God
It's a lonely lonely lonely life
wYa holy rollers better call the Lord, you don't have much to talk about no more
You cut up all your giant sins and stored them in the floorboards)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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