

Fat Old Sun

David Gilmour

When the fat old sun in the sky is falling
Summer evening burns out cold.
Summer Sunday at mid-year
Sound of music in my ears.
Distant bells
New mown grass smells so sweet.
By a river holding hands
Roll me up and lay me down. And if you see
Don't make a sound
Pick your feet up off the ground.
And if you hear
as the warm light flows
A silver sound from a tongue so strange
Sing to me
Sing to me. When that fat old sun in the sky is falling
Summer evening burns out cold.
Childrens laughter in my ear
The last sunlight disappears.
And if you see
Don't make a sound
Pick your feet up off the ground
And if you hear
as the warm light flows
A silver sound from a tongue so strange
Sing to me
Sing to me
When that fat old sun in the sky is...

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