

# 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 toungue 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 toungue so strange  
Sing to me  
Sing to me  
When that fat old sun in the sky is...

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