

Where The Sun Had Been

Mason Jennings

I was travelin' in a caravan
Out across the desert sand
Fourth battalion of the infantry
Headin' in towards the enemy
Or at least that's what they're tellin' me
Wind blowin' across a cross-eyed sun
Shapes movin' on the hills
I picture you by a swimmin' pool
Tell me baby, am I still your man
Fightin' here in this foreign land?
Foreign land
I heard nothin' but the sound of death
I was pushed through the ground
I woke up on a forest floor
Lookin' up through a group of men
Lookin' up at where the sun had been
Sun had been
Lookin' up at where the sun had been
Lookin' up at where the sun had been
Lookin' up at where the sun had been
Lookin' up at where the sun had been

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