

Send In the Sun

[Watsky](#)

[Chorus]

Send in that sunshine

Make everything right

Turn on your love light

'Cause baby I'm coming on by

Send in that sunshine

Make everything right

'Cause there ain't no suffering in life

That don't ease with the passage of time If stars died of old age

They wouldn't explode, they'd burn out with a slow fade

But stars escape life with a gun shot

Which makes me think they stick a pistol in their sun spot

Bite the barrel, squeeze the trigger

Might have cared once, but the obstacles seem bigger

And they're stuck behind a giant 8 ball

The milky way is star brains that are smeared across the space wall

You know the red giant in sector two?

Yeah, Hector, true, he was a depressing dude

I think he thought nobody thought about him

And now that I think about it, I'm liable to guess it's true

Everybody wants the sun to come and cure their rough moods but suns need love too

I give out energy and don't receive. I'm tired now, I'll go to sleep

And when this is the coldest solstice, maybe folks'll notice me [Chorus] Goodbye Maggie, Goodbye Jules

I wish you'd stuck around, you wise fools

'Cause friends they tend to come and go

The way the ocean ebbs and flows but there's reminders in the tide pools

But when the standing water's putrid

Who am I to say a choice you made was stupid?

There's a bunch of us who loved you

Fucking stuck here pointing fingers at ourselves for something you did

You you you you packed your problems in a suitcase

You you you went away forever to a new place

You left behind a lot of blue faces and bouquets and loose ends like shoelaces

But my friend, it's too late

So all my lightweights and barflies, let's raise a pint each time a star dies

And toast the memory of hard lives

Filed on the interstellar hard drives and archives

Songwriters

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