

# Folk Song

## The Sundays

Summer sky and a throat bone dry  
And the fields are all gold  
Dusty lane with a song in my brain  
And it stoned me to my soul I climb higher move towards  
The fire, blaze sun Silver trees and a whispering breeze  
Are my sight and my sound  
And the thought of heaven  
Couldnt drag me from the path  
When Im wandering here alone I climb higher move towards  
The fire, so blaze sun

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