

# Up On the Sun

## Meat Puppets

A long time ago  
I turned to myself  
And said "You are my daughter"  
I saw that the image I saw there was well  
"So you are my daughter"  
Well then maybe we've got something to talk about Who told you so?  
That gold burns slow  
Like coal camper's candles all lost in the snow Lay down, you're on  
The warmth that I'm weaving is for you alone Up on the sun  
Where it never rains or snows  
There's an ocean  
With a wind that never blows  
And if you see it closer  
Then the finer points will show  
Not too much more  
Too much more

Songwriters

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