

Song for Sunshine

Belle and Sebastian

Honey sweet apples, they're rotting away
Millions of people never start in the race
There's stuff on our plates that has not been alive
Someone pays full price for my cheap flight life
Sunshine, we all see the same sky
I am a man filled with longing
desire
The gifts of creation are ready for hire
A look and a label is all I require
Enough's not enough, I never ask why
Sunshine, we all see the same sky
Looking, learning, asking the same why?
Honey'd sweet apples, they're rotting away
Millions of people never start in the race
There's stuff on our plates that has not been alive
Someone else pays the real price of my cheap flight life
Wheel of fortune spins
But the wheels on fire come crashing on you
Honey sweet apples, they're rotting away
Sunshine, we all see the same sky
Looking, learning, asking the same why?
Sunshine, we all see the same sky

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