

Burnt By The Sun

David Byrne

Atom smashers in the cocktail lounge tonight
Op'ra singers in the graveyard keeping time
& the DJ mixes them all
& the Music rhymes but it crawls...& the music comes from Hydrogen bombs
Rock bands died when amateurs won
Data in a hurry, oozing in the rubble
Wipe it up baby, gonna get yourself in trouble
Chorus: We were burnt by the sun
Havin' way too much fun
Sleepless downtown overload
Does the daylight bring you down? Money pours down and it drowns the little man
Parking lot attendants stuff their pockets with their hands
& the children laugh in your face
They can see what you have erased
When dogs make love they don't look at themselves
Checkin' out each other by the way that they smell
Rubbin' & a scratchin', itchin' all the time
Stop me if I talk too much, do another line
Chorus: We were burnt by the sun
Havin' way too much fun
The Church of Private Enterprise
Did the sunshine bring you down? I love salt, I love sweets
I know there's danger but I fall asleep
The curves, the gasps, the love of life
Headline, gum box, faceless paradise
Life rafts bobbin' at the bottom of the pier
Wood burns faster if it's soaked in gasoline
All these towns look the same, ev'ry body's clean
Roll 'em out, cheap and fast, kiss me when I fall...
Chorus: We were burnt by the sun
Havin' way too much fun
Sleepless downtown overload
Did I stay outside too long? Alcohol Take me now
Razor blades Fly away
All the clouds are miles away
Every one's on holiday

Songwriters

BYRNE, DAVID Published by

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>