

Yellowed By The Sun

The Low Anthem

So the color of your bones
it was yellowed by the sun
aint no reason why the drummer
keeps on drumming on the drum
on his drum
we are only for a while

And the truth is like an onion
you can skin it layer by layer
when you come upon the center
you might find there's nothing there
Aint nothing there
we are only for a while

And now the truth is like the Sun
it'll burn the mortal man
if he tries to look upon it
if he tries to understand
he might learn
that we are only for a while

Now even my guitar
listen while she gently weeps
no I will not play forever
so why would I play for keeps
Don't play for keeps
we are only for a while

Now the color of my bones
they were yellowed by the Sun
aint no reason why the drummer
keeps on drumming on the drum
on his drum
we are only for a while

sorry dear, we are only for a while
