

Fuzzy Sun

Jim O'Rourke

What you call a pain
I call weeding out
And what you call the rain
Comes out of my mouth

Fuzzy sun
Gets you one by one
Fuzzy sun
Gets the job well done

Rolling drunks for their cigarettes
Frightening babies that aren't born yet

You feel I've passed you by
You feel that you've been robbed
Well nothing will feel worse
Than dying on the job

Fuzzy sun
When you have come undone
Fuzzy sun
A boy must have his fun

A cigarette to brand a baby's arm
A bit of ash in his face keeps him warm

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