

# 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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