

# The Sun

## Kafka in California

After school, walking home  
Fresh dirt under my fingernails  
And I can smell hot asphalt  
Cars screech to a halt to let me pass  
And I cannot remember  
What life was like through photographs  
And trying to recreate images  
Life gives us from our past  
And sometimes it's a sad song  
But I cannot forget, refuse to regret  
So glad I met you and  
Take my breath away, make everyday  
Worth all of the pain that I have gone through  
And mama I've been cryin'  
'Cause things ain't how they used to be  
She said, "The battles almost won  
And we're only several miles from the sun" whoa yeah  
And I'm moving on down the street  
I see people I won't ever meet  
I think of her, take a breath  
Feel the beat in the rhythm of my steps  
And sometimes it's a sad song, ho  
But I cannot forget, refuse to regret  
So glad I met you and  
Take my breath away, make everyday  
Worth all of the pain that I have gone through  
And mama I've been cryin'  
'Cause things ain't how they used to be  
She said, "The battles almost won  
And we're only several miles from the sun"  
The rhythm of her conversation  
The perfection of her creation  
The sex she slipped into my coffee  
The way she felt when she first saw me  
Hate to love and love to hate her  
Like a broken record player  
Back and forth and here and gone  
And on and on and on and on  
But I cannot forget, refuse to regret

So glad I met you and  
Take my breath away, make everyday  
Worth all of the pain that I have gone through  
And mama I've been cryin'  
'Cause things ain't how they used to be  
She said, "The battles almost won  
And we're only several miles"  
She said, "The battles almost won  
And we're only several miles from the sun" yeah

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