

# Song for Sunshine

## Belle and Sebastian

Honey sweet apples, they're rotting away  
Millions of people never start in the race  
There's stuff on our plates that has not been alive  
Someone pays full price for my cheap flight life  
Sunshine, we all see the same sky  
I am a man filled with longing  
desire  
The gifts of creation are ready for hire  
A look and a label is all I require  
Enough's not enough, I never ask why  
Sunshine, we all see the same sky  
Looking, learning, asking the same why?  
Honey'd sweet apples, they're rotting away  
Millions of people never start in the race  
There's stuff on our plates that has not been alive  
Someone else pays the real price of my cheap flight life  
Wheel of fortune spins  
But the wheels on fire come crashing on you  
Honey sweet apples, they're rotting away  
Sunshine, we all see the same sky  
Looking, learning, asking the same why?  
Sunshine, we all see the same sky

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