

Bush, 40 Miles From The Sun

There is nowhere left to hide
There is nothing to be done
No people to be saved
No pets we've never named
40 miles from the sun

As darkness craves the mind
We come undone without our pride
No time on earth to come
All the pleasures just begun
40 miles from the sun

In our coats beneath the layers
Wash my skin of all the hate
We should sleep late
Everything just kind of grates
40 miles from the sun
40 miles from the sun
40 miles from the sun

I need to lose to make it right
I'll confront the stars tonight
I will babble, I will bite
You'll never know how much you shine
40 miles from the sun
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From the sun

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