

Man, 7171-551

Can you see the sun? Can you see the sun?
Getting high, high, high, high, high
Can you see the sun? Can you see the sun?
Getting high, high, high, high, high
You my starling eyes, young and soft and wise
Stumbling never falling
We can count the days
Lost in yester-haze wind

Well I felt like hell, lying where I fell
Getting high, high, high, high, high
Well I felt like hell, lying where I fell
Getting high, high, high, high, high
Moving with the roll, living paints your soul
Darker every day
We can take the pain
And come back again why, why?