

# Paul Weller, Echoes Around The Sun

Is it strange? Is it weird?  
They come in search of truth  
It must be on the spot  
There's only me and you

We left our time  
And you were fine  
All your thoughts are out of mind  
It doesn't start, it will not end  
But how will we be moved?

On a rock, spinning through  
That echoes round the sun  
Echoes Round the Sun  
Echoes Round the Sun

On a rock, spinning through  
The Echoes Round the Sun  
Echoes Round the Sun  
Echoes Round the Sun

On a rock, spinning through  
The Echoes Round the Sun

He looks up and he comes down  
Floating through the void  
Getting lost, getting found  
Is something we can use  
It doesn't start what doesn't end  
How will we be moved?

On a rock, spinning through  
the echoes round the sun

Echoes Round the Sun  
Echoes Round the Sun  
On a rock, spinning through  
The echoes round the sun

Echoes Round the sun  
Echoes Round the Sun  
I'm on a rock, spinning through  
The echoes round the sun  
Echoes round the sun  
Echoes round the sun

All on a rock, spinning through,  
that echoes round the sun.

You and me on a spot  
You and me on a spot  
You and me on a spot  
You and me on a spot  
You and me on a spot