

Pulp, Sunrise

I used to hate the sun because it shone on everything I'd done.
Made me feel that all that I had done was overfill the ashtray of my life.
All my achievements in days of yore range from pathetic
to piss-poor, but all that's gonna change.
Because here comes sunrise. Yeah, here's your sunrise.
I used to hide from the sun, tried to live my whole life underground.
Why'd you have to rise & ruin all my fun?
Just turned over, closed the curtains on the day.
But here comes sunrise.
Yeah, here's your sunrise when you've been awake
all night long & you feel like crashing out at dawn.
But you've been awake all night, so why should you crash out at dawn?