Stereophonics, Lying In The Sun

Wish I could lie in the sun.
The same things as anyone.
Wish I could lie down there,
with my feet high in the air.

I'd have a drink in my hand,
read words from a newspaper stand.
Wish I could lie in the sun,
wish I could fly like everyone.

The same things as anyone.
The same things as anyone.

But you burn me up, you paint my skin
in bad designs that ain't even in.

My skin's crawling up the wall,
into the the ocean I'd love to fall.
I hear the sounds but they ain't the same
as feeling them with you two feet away.

There's always more worse of than me,
suppose I'm lucky I can even see
all the people that I'd like to be
passing me by everyday in the street.

The same things as anyone.
The same things as anyone.

But you burn me up, you paint my skin
in bad designs that ain't even in.
I got good lungs, I got a good heart,
my mind is fit and my feet can walk.

Here I am in the shade on the street,
asking people for money to eat.
What did I ever do to deserve this?
Did I kill a child or something worse?

The same things as anyone.

What's the reason, baby make you feel
how much more fortunate you are than me.