Sweetbox, Here Comes The Sun

Here comes the sun Here comes the sun

Feeling lost, feeling tossed, like I don't know Feeling choppy, disconnected, like a bad strobe Like a song that's never finished I need a last note, but it never comes

And the choir sings halle-lu-jah You see that sun shining through ya I don't know Guess I'm pessimistic, I don't feel it

Here comes the sun
Here comes the day
Another trial to just get through
Here comes the sun
Here comes the sun
What can we do?
Let it shine on down and just breathe easy

Tied in knots, lost in thoughts, a kaleidoscope Feeling nauseous over cautious Like I'm on bad dope I'm a bored cadenza, an old hook-line that you forgot

And they all say you've got everything The looks, the man, the brass ring But I wish I had their optimism, life goes on though

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Shadowboxing with the toxins in my bloodstream Isolated, un-elated I'm on morphine I'm a violin that no one hears I'm gently weeping the sweetest tones

It's a woman's nature to keep surviving And they'll throw rocks, but we'll keep smiling 'Cause in the end it's so simplistic, keep on walking

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