

Anam Cara, A New Sun Rises

waking restless and alive
these thoughts stifled for some time
let's go
dust off those shoes
grab a brush and my heart
we'll paint this town a wound of its own
those blues to red
a new sun rises overhead
we'll leave these blues for crimson red
this broken heart will mend
those doldrum days are laid to their end
won't worry about tomorrow or yesterday
regrets only bring sorrow and tonight is sorrows fall
this town won't know what hit them
like the first time i saw you