

# Annuals, Blue Ridge

The sun's coming up, here I am again  
Carving both of our names in the bark  
The sun's coming up, as it's always been  
Pulling song from the lungs of the lark  
Now I don't mind this thirst all the time  
To be first in the sun  
To be cursed, it might be fun  
Such fun  
The sun's coming up, I'm awake again  
As I sit staring out at the park  
The sun's coming up on Blue Ridge again  
I forget why I left in the start  
Still the sun's coming up on Blue Ridge again  
You forgot where I was in your heart  
But I don't mind this thirst all the time  
To be first in the sun  
With this thirst on my mind  
To be first in the sun  
To be first in the sun  
To be cursed, it might be fun  
Such fun