

Belle And Sebastian, Song For Sunshine

Honey'd sweet apples, they're rotting away
Millions of people never start in the race
There's stuff on out plates that has not been alive
Someone pays full price for my cheap flight life

Sunshine, we all see the same sky

I am a man filled with longing desire
The gifts of creation are ready for hire
A look and a label are all I require
Enough's not enough, I never ask why

Sunshine, we all see the same sky
Looking, learning, asking the same why?'

Honey'd sweet apples, they're rotting away
Millions of people never start in the race
There's stuff on out plates that has not been alive
Someone else pays the real price of my cheap flight life

Wheel of fortune spins,
But the wheels on fire come crashing on you
Honey'd sweet apples, they're rotting away

Sunshine, we all see the same sky
Looking, learning, asking the same why?'
Sunshine, we all see the same sky