Fairport Convention, Sun Shade

Dying's not easy today
Trying but can't get away
Feel just the almost touch of her hand and the trees in her hair
Eyes float, the sun she saw only me in the sky
What could be higher than we

Wind grows cold in the trees
She cries so hard to please
My restless feet, the rain in the street, and her vanity fair
Sighs in the eyes of the boarding house lady who stares
Thinking I care

So it's a long dusty road
Feelings I shouldn't have showed
Follow me with a sweet heart when I'm ready to fade
Lights like these burn so bright, keep me out of my shade
Wish I could fade

Just see me fade
Just see me fade
Just see me fade
Just see me fade
Just see me fade
See me fade