

# 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