

Honeydogs, Chasing The Sun

Words

The writing's on the wall
But it's Greek to me
I heard
Some (k') singing
But it don't speak to me
Not this sweet to me

My ears are always, burning
'Cause I think I'm the one
But if you're concern
You can stop me from
Chasing the sun

I saw,
Saw your light (burrows)
And they brought down the house
We're on another caper
Bad motel wallpaper
And I screwed them all
Yeah, that's all she would

My ears are always, burning
'Cause I think I'm the one
But if you're concern
You can stop me from
Chasing the sun

Stars are all lined up
For the (sloping, of the slow death)
And the fingernail clippers with the moon
In the autumn sky
Still wondering why
I'm here

It's hit or miss
Then again, piss
It's the death march
And though, the things that don't kill us
Will make us last
It still kicks our ass

My ears are always, burning
'Cause I think I'm the one
But if you're concern
You can stop me from
Chasing the sun, the sun