

James Reyne, Five Miles Closer To The Sun

I shot the glass
And I cleaned the table
And I went to water as soon as I was able
Bone - tickled by those crazy Africans

Woke up early you know
I was dreaming you know
I was flying woods and cities teeming
Bone - tickled by those crazy Africans

There's them old four seasons crying
Up ahead there's something flying
Five miles closer to the sun

Check the gas
And I wiped the window
And I watched a township burn into a cinder
Bone - tickled by those crazy Africans

To the sun

You only see from above and want to show it
You say your lucky in love and don't you know it ~ x 2

I shot the glass
And I cleaned the table
And I went to water as soon as I was able
Bone - tickled by those crazy Africans

Woke up early you know
Thought I was dying you know
Over rivers and diocese I'm flying
Bone - tickled by those crazy Africans
(Bone - tickled by those crazy Africans)
Five miles closer to the sun
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