Karine Polwart, The Sun's Comin' Over The Hill

Six rain-ridden summers and he still had an eye for me He kissed me each evening and told me he'd die for me And then he ran off the road, full of whisky and irony He always meant what he said

So I took to whisky so I could recall The taste of his mouth on my mouth, that's all And I tried the same trick with a truck, but it stalled The engine was better off dead

Oh how the nights are long
But life is longer still
Oh how the nights are long
But the sun's comin' over the hill

The taste never left me and I don't think it will And it caused me to supplement whisky with pills But there was something inside that I couldn't kill Believe me, I really did try

And there's some say you get what you deserve, but they're wrong Sometimes you get what you're given, and then it's all gone And you are lucky if you are sufficiently strong To daily decide not to die

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I can't say there's many things I wouldn't change There are better days gone than those that remain But I can find joy in the sound of the rain You have to find joy where you can

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