

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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