Michael Franks, Under The Sun

Snow in my shoes
Mid-Winter blues
Have got me down
(Just point me South...let's go now)
The clothes on my back
Are too Pasternak
From sole to crown
Where in the hell's the snowplow?
Down 95
We'll come alive
And by the time we get somewhere
Near Savannah
Give Winter the slip
It's well worth the trip
To be togerther
Under the sun

Under the sun
Stress is undone
With every mile
We travel down that highway
Hot tea and songs
It won't be long
Till we arrive

At our island hideaway
Unpack the car
See how things are
We'll roll up all the Blinds
To let some light in
We've come a long way
Small price to pay
To be together
Under the sun

And every evening watch the sunset
Oh the gardenia scent is sweet
Remember me, I'm from out West and
I need the heat

Under the sun
Over the opal sea
Sometimes a cloud
Sails along harmlessly
Under the sun
Sambaing hand-in-hand
You and me two
Sandpipers in the sand