

# Ray LaMontagne, Till The Sun Turns Black

Can you see the young and pretty  
Confident as cops  
Blooming, laughing in the shops  
Till the sun turns black

Can you see the old and lonely  
Walking through the park  
Pushing grocery carts  
Till the sun turns black

Can you see the corporate man  
He's winning on the telephone  
His possessions are his throne  
Till the sun turns black

Can you see him in his lounge  
Watching TV in the dark  
Waiting for a spark  
Till the sun turns black

Oh oh oh oh oh  
Who are we  
Oh oh oh oh oh  
Who are we  
Who are we

Can you see the working classes  
Trudging through their days  
Time goes slowly when you're only waiting  
Till the sun turns black

Can you see the wise man simply  
Living, loving quietly  
Every breath he takes eternity  
Till the sun turns black