

Siouxsie and The Banshees, Follow The Sun

Scarecrow grins he's growing very tall
Growing tall under the golden sun
Growing with the children of the corn
Sending out the message of a strange tongue
A message of the sun

Young skin stretched in over apallis grin
The crimson spilling golden crops of hair
Spilling everywhere

Watch the children of the corn below
One by one they're following the sun
Got to run
Following the sun on the run
Following the sun
Don't be ashamed of what you've done
You must not run
Follow the sun