

Sparklehorse, Cruel Sun

it's crawling
still all in
befallen
cruel sun
in summer
oh slumber
my number
is up
there's peaches
in reaches
with leeches
at heart
i'm thinkin'
and blinkin'
it's stingin'
mine eyes
abhorring
he's gorging
still boring
on me
it's lighter
it's brighter
no fighter
is I
it's dried up
and tied up
and fried up
mine eyes
it's crawling
still all in
befallen
cruel sun