

# Sunhouse, Hard Sun

The city lights flick to display  
Bang there goes another day  
The believers in the basement  
They are singing songs about a way  
Reborn and regenerate  
But none of this communicates to me

Up here on the second floor  
I've forgotten what I'm waiting for  
A friend, a brother, mother, woman  
Maybe  
But I have all these in the sulphate  
Emotionless and considerate  
To me

And it's a hard sun  
A hard sun that  
's been beating on my back  
It's a hard sun  
That shines its light on me

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The silver clock chimes off again  
Reminds me of my childhood pain  
And the burden that was lifted  
When I made it to the city  
Disillusioned and full of hate  
But a member of the mother state and free

At empty walls I sit and stare  
I sense a feeling in the air  
In the throes of thought I wonder  
Can I make it on my own  
But, deep down in my heart I know  
That I ain't never, ever going home

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