

The Matches, Wake The Sun

Every dawn gets its day like
Every frown gets her way like
Every step to the daylight keeps you stumbling on
Every backward blackbird
Sounding out through the rafters
So sure he can be heard
Thinks he bears a ton
So wake up, wake up, to wake the sun

Wake up, wake up, wake the sun
Wake up, wake up, hanging like a chain
Wake up, wake up, wake the sun
Wake up, wake up, hanging like a chain
Wait for, wait for the first train

Man dragging a sheep skin
Preaching reeking of weekend
To the signs speaking tongues of kingdom come
Every dawn gets its day like
Every gown gets her way like
Every step that I lay down bring me where I'm from
To lay down, lay down, to lay my crumbs

We're all on, on
That train

Wake up, wake up, wake the sun
Wake up, wake up, hanging like a chain
Wait for, wait for the first train

Who hired the walls of the station
To arrest my imagination
Profit from my place under the callous thumb
Every dawn gets its day like
Bound to blindly parade like
Every step that we weigh down plays out like a drum
To wake up, shake up, to wake the sun