The Sun

Brazzaville

I'll blame it all on the Sun
'Cause I can't tell what's goin' on
Since the day you walked away
My heart beats like a different one
It beats angry and cold
Just passin' time 'til I get old
Where the folly used to be
It's hardened and it's cynical

Ahhh!

I'll blame it all on the Sun
That warmed the seas where life began
Through the ferns and dinosaurs
And straight through 'til the time of Man
'Cause without that mistake
You wouldn't have my heart to break
I'd be floating peacefully
Through the silent galaxies

Ahhh!

I'll blame it all on the Sun
The smell of cloves and cinnamon
And the sound of summer rain
And screams of children having fun
And my grandmother's hands
And wanderin' slow through foreign lands
Betel nut and mangosteen
And campfires in the desert sands

Ahhh!