

Echoes Round the Sun

Paul Weller

Is it strange? Is it weird?
They come in search of truth
It must be on the spot
There's only me and you

We left our time
And you were fine
All your thoughts are out of mind
It doesn't start, it will not end
But how will we be moved?

On a rock, spinning through
That echoes round the sun
Echoes Round the Sun
Echoes Round the Sun

On a rock, spinning through
The Echoes Round the Sun
Echoes Round the Sun
Echoes Round the Sun

On a rock, spinning through
The Echoes Round the Sun

He looks up and he comes down
Floating through the void
Getting lost, getting found
Is something we can use
It doesn't start what doesn't end
How will we be moved?

On a rock, spinning through
The echoes round the sun

Echoes Round the Sun
Echoes Round the Sun
On a rock, spinning through
The echoes round the sun

Echoes Round the sun
Echoes Round the Sun
I'm on a rock, spinning through
The echoes round the sun
Echoes round the sun
Echoes round the sun

All on a rock, spinning through,
That echoes round the sun.

You and me on a spot
You and me on a spot
You and me on a spot
You and me on a spot
You and me on a spot