

You Make The Sun Fry

Ty Segall

Ever since a modern man
Made himself an iron hand
I was trapped inside again
Trying to get out
Oh won't you take me to the hill?
Put me in your Coupe de Ville
Tell me that you love me still
We could get out of here

Oh, life is a story
Won't you be my story, girl?
Your eyes are blue skies

We could eat the tasty pieces
Of the peaches on the beaches
Tell me what would be such fun
Sitting in the garden sun
And you could go and meet my mom
We could sit there all day long
Tell me what would be so wrong
Oh so wrong with that?

Oh, life is a story
Won't you be my story, girl?
Your eyes are gold skies
That shows them the sunrise
And you saw nothing
You made me so happy!

Oh, life is a story
Won't you be my story, girl?
Your eyes are bloodshot