

Send In The Sun

Watsky

[Hook:]

Send in that sunshine
Make everything right
Turn on your love light
Cause baby I'm coming on by
Send in that sunshine
Make everything right
Cause there ain't no suffering in life
That don't ease with the passage of time

If stars died of old age
They wouldn't explode, they'd burn out with a slow fade
But stars escape life with a gun shot
Which makes me think they stick a pistol in their sun spot
Bite the barrel, squeeze the trigger
Might have cared once, but the obstacles seem bigger
And they're stuck behind a giant 8 ball
The milky way is star brains that are smeared across the space wall
You know the red giant in sector two?
Yeah, Hector, true, he was a depressing dude
I think he thought nobody thought about him
And now that I think about it, I'm liable to guess it's true
Everybody wants the sun to come and cure their rough moods but suns need love too
I give out energy and don't receive. I'm tired now, I'll go to sleep
And when this is the coldest solstice, maybe folks'll notice me

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Goodbye Maggie, Goodbye Jules
I wish you'd stuck around, you wise fools
Cause friends they tend to come and go
The way the ocean ebbs and flows but there's reminders in the tide pools
But when the standing water's putrid
Who am I to say a choice you made was stupid?
There's a bunch of us who loved you
Fucking stuck here pointing fingers at ourselves for something you did
You you you you you packed your problems in a suitcase
You you you went away forever to a new place
You left behind a lot of blue faces and bouquets and loose ends like shoelaces
But my friend, it's too late
So all my lightweights and barflies, let's raise a pint each time a star dies
And toast the memory of hard lives
Filed on the interstellar hard drives and archives