

Fat Old Sun

David Gilmour

When that fat old sun in the sky is falling,
Summer evening birds are calling.
Summer's thunder time of year,
The sound of music in my ears. Distant bells,
New mown grass smells so sweet.
By the river holding hands,
Roll me up and lay me down.
And if you sit,
Don't make a sound.
Pick your feet up off the ground.
And if you hear as the warm night falls
The silver sound from a time so strange,
Sing to me, sing to me. When that fat old sun in the sky is falling,
Summer evening birds are calling.
Children's laughter in my ears,
The last sunlight disappears.
And if you sit,
Don't make a sound. Pick your feet up off the ground.
And if you hear as the warm night falls
The silver sound from a time so strange,
Sing to me, sing to me.
When that fat old sun in the sky is falling,
Summer evening birds are calling.
Children's laughter in my ears,
The last sunlight disappears.

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