

# SEND IN THE SUN

Music by Daniel Joseph  
Lyrics by George Watsky

**CHORUS**

G B $\flat$  C G B $\flat$  C

Vocals

Send in that sun \_\_\_\_\_ shine \_\_\_\_\_ Make eve - ry - thing \_\_\_\_\_ right \_\_\_\_\_

G E $\flat$  C G B $\flat$  C

Vox.

Turn on your love \_\_\_\_\_ light Cause ba - by \_\_\_\_\_ I'm \_\_\_\_\_ Com - ing on \_\_\_\_\_ by \_\_\_\_\_ Ohh \_\_\_\_\_ Ohh \_\_\_\_\_

G B $\flat$  C G B $\flat$  C

Vox.

Send in that sun \_\_\_\_\_ shine \_\_\_\_\_ Make eve - ry - thing \_\_\_\_\_ right \_\_\_\_\_

G E $\flat$  C G B $\flat$  C

Vox.

There ain't no suff - ering in life \_\_\_\_\_ that don't ease \_\_\_\_\_ with the \_\_\_\_\_ the pas - sage of time \_\_\_\_\_

**VERSE**

G min 3fr. G min/F 3fr. E m7(b5) C7 G min 3fr. G min/F 3fr. E m7(b5) C7

Vox.

4x *to Chorus*

## SEND IN THE SUN

### Chorus:

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

### Verse 1:

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 smeared across the  
space wall  
You know the red giant in sector two?  
yeah, Hector, true, 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

### Verse 2:

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?  
But there's a whole 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 bou-  
quets 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

**Cardboard Castles**

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