

MAN IN THE SUN

(written by Kenneth Cope)

High above the veiled horizon
Stronger than the face of lightning
His work never done
Shines the Man in the sun

Papa was a good man, poor man
But wished he were a good man,
rich man
Ever admiring the shine in this world
of ours
But Papa couldn't hold his fortune
Faced the day with hands wide open
Gave it away
As fast as it came along

CHORUS:

*He'd light up the day
He'd warm up the night
Wherever the deed needed done
He'd carry the flame
Till he'd run out of fire
Climb in his plane
And fly to the Man in the sun*

Papa loved granting favors
Digging deep for friends and strangers
He'd give his last dime
But never run short on love
He'd shine at one on one encounters
And now beyond his final hour
Remembering the man has the power
To urge me on

REPEAT CHORUS

He taught me
Love is what we are
—I can still hear . . .
Look in their eyes, Son
Don't hold back your heart
—I can still hear . . .
Remember me, Son
When I'm dead and gone
—I can still hear . . .
I'll be watching
So take the flame and carry on

*He'd light up the day
He'd warm up the night
Wherever the deed needed done
Now he's passed on the flame
And vanished from sight*

*I'm going to light up the day
And warm up the night
Wherever the deed needs done
Going to give it away
Till the day that I die
Then it's back to you Papa
I'm going to follow you Papa
Home to the Man in the sun*

Papa's now a rich man

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