

# Happy New Year

## Never Shout Never

walking on air  
i'm walking on air  
left my stuff, hopped on the first bus to the middle of nowhere  
making sweet love  
i'm making sweet love  
to a photograph of a woman in a coconut bra  
she goes aaaahhhh  
come on run to me, run to me  
aaaaaahhhh  
i got nowhere else to beeeee  
happy new year, so far out here  
i can almost touch the sun  
i know most people they call it hell  
i call it home  
so happy near year  
living large  
i'm living large  
i got a ten dollar hotel room, cheap bottle of suds  
making sweet love  
yeah, i'm making sweet love  
to the memory of the woman from new york city  
she goes aaaahhhh  
come on run to me, run to me  
aaaaahhhh  
you're like a drug to me  
happy new year, so far out here  
i can almost touch the sun  
now, most people they call it hell  
i call it home  
so happy new year  
sing along  
happy new year  
the sun burned out a fiery crimson ray  
burn, burn, baby burn  
when you ran i really rid my hand  
so burn, burn, baby burn  
so happy new year, so far out here  
i can almost touch the sun  
i know most people they call it hell, i call it home  
so happy new year, sing along  
happy new year, ride along  
happy new year

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>