

March Into the Sun

Echosmith

Hey, oh. Hey, oh. Hey, oh. Hey, oh. This is not the end.
There's no apocalypse.
And all those kids, were full of it. I got your hand in my hand.
No drinks inside.
It's how we start a fire, with a natural high. With hands in our pockets, this doesn't have to be
our last dance.
With hands in our pockets, this world doesn't have to end.
No grand finale.
Hands in our pockets, we'll march into the sun.
Hey, oh. Hey, oh. When Monday comes, it's ringing in your head.
And these battle drums, in a world that's bent. I got your hand in my hand.
No drinks inside.
It's how we start a fire, with a natural high. With hands in our pockets, this doesn't have to be
our last dance.
With hands in our pockets, this world doesn't have to end.
No grand finale.
Hands in our pockets, we'll march into the sun. (March into the sun, march into the sun, march
into the sun...)
With hands in our pockets, this doesn't have to be our last dance.
With hands in our pockets, this world doesn't have to end.
No grand finale.
Hands in our pockets, we'll march into the sun. With hands in our pockets, we'll march into the
sun. Hey, oh. Hey, oh. Hey, oh. Hey, oh.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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