

*F* *Bb* *F* *C*  
 The sun is a guy who travels through the sky, in a great big chariot of fire.

*F* *Bb* *F* *C* *F* *Bb F*  
 It's getting pretty dark, looking like he might depart, Leaving nothing but an everlasting night.

*F* *Bb* *F* *Bb* *F* *C*  
 The sun is bright, but quite a spiteful jerk sometimes we've found,

*F* *Bb* *C* *F* *Bb F*  
 But if we sacrifice some goats Maybe he'll come around.

*F* *Bb* *F* *C*  
 The sun is a mass of incandescent gas, a gigantic nuclear furnace.

*F* *Bb* *F* *C* *F* *Bb F*  
 Where hydrogen is built into helium at a temperature of millions of degrees

*F* *Bb* *F* *Bb* *F* *C*  
 The sun is hot, the sun is not a place where we could live.

*F* *Bb* *C* *F* *Bb F*  
 But here on earth there'd be no life without the light it gives.

*F* *Bb* *F* *C* *Dm*  
 The sun is a miasma of incandescent plasma. The sun's simply not made out of gas. No! no! no!

*F* *Bb* *C* *F* *C* *F* *Bb F*  
 The sun can inspire, but it's not made of fire. Forget what you've been told in the past.

*F* *Bb* *F* *C* *F* *C*  
 (Plasma!) Electrons are free. (Plasma!) A fourth way to be. Not gas, not liquid, not solid.

*F* *Bb* *F* *C* *F* *C* *F*  
 (Plasma!) Forget that song. (Plasma!) They got it wrong. The thesis has been rendered invalid

