

Piotr Polk, On the sunny side of the street

Grab your coat and get your hat,
leave your worry at the doorstep
Just direct your feet to the sunny side of the street
Can't you hear that pitter patand that happy tune
in your step
Life can be so sweet on the sunny side of the street
I used to alk in the shade with those blues on parade
But I'm not afraid 'cause this rover, crossed over
If I never had a cent I'll be as rich as Rockefeller
Gold dust at my feet on the sunny side of the street
With those blues on parade
Because this rover, it crossed over
If I never had a cent I'll be as rich as Rockefeller
Gold dust at my feet
On the sunny side of the street
On the sunny, the sunny side of the street