

A.C. Newman, All Of My Days And All Of My Day

Sequins in your wake find their way
'Cause someone left the lights on
And the noon it is a powerful one
Sunshine was outside and I found
Something in the swing here
An idea whose time had come
And now I give you my days (all my days)
All my days (all my days)
It broke open the door, flipping chairs
Tipping over tables
Reminded why I love this one
Go trip down the lane, take my name
Flashbulbs probe eureka
Like an idea whose time had come
And now I give you my days (all my days)
All my days (all my days)
And all of my days off
All of my days off
Sunshine was outside and I found
Something in the swing here
An idea whose time had come
And thunderbolts will strike where they may
Like a drunken master
Like an idea whose time had come
And now I give you my days (all my days)
All my days (all my days)
And all of my days off
All of my days off