

# 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