

Buffalo Springfield, Everyday

Look at the sad goodbyes
Every day's a killing time
Sun coming up outside
No men are born this time
Saturday's child stays home
Nothing to say so long
Well well well another day
Well well well another day

Grocery store ten bucks
Just making change for plastic cherries
Up in a tree a Jay Bird looking at me
No word
Everyone looks but can't see
We can't be ignored so easily
Well well well another day
Well well well another day

Soft within the wayward things
Like ecstasy, the sound of trees
Most anything, what a baby sees

Beautiful face all right
Many a place out of sight
Old woman there with red shoes
a million balloons all hues
Drive over hills forget your fear
Getting it out of second gear
Well well well another day
Well well well another day