

Harpers Bizarre, Come To The Sunshine

Come to the sunshine
Hang your ups and down you comes to the sunshine
Come . . . to the sunshine
You know, I know, you know, that I love you.

Weather here could not be finer,
it suits to sail off Carolina shore.
I'll tell ya more and more over,
cotton threads to keep me cool
in the sun-swept afterglow,
I know I'm a fool, but I'm hoping that you'll be . . .
mine in time.

Sailboats sail by two-by-two by,
I think a lot of you . . . I . . .
really doubt you think about me . . .
like I do you.

Come to the sunshine
. . . to the sunshine
You know, I know, you know, that I love you.

While they play the White Swan Serenade,
cornered, struck, I watched them promenade,
they're comforted -- got it made over.
Dunn and Bradstreet, Vanity Fair,
who wears what, how much, and who's been "where";
But I really don't care,
the lesson we share.

Come to the sunshine
Hang your ups and down you comes to the sunshine
. . . come to the sunshine.
You know, I know, you know, that I love you.