

James Taylor, Sunny Skies

Sunny skies sleeps in the morning, he doesn't know when to rise.
He closes his weary eyes upon the day, look at him yawning, throwing his morning hours away.
He knows how to ease down slowly, everything is fine in the end.
And you will be pleased to know that sunny skies hasn't a friend.

Sunny skies weeps in the evening, it doesn't much matter why.
I guess he just has to cry from time to time, everyone's leaving, sunny skies has to stay behind.

Still he knows how to ease down slowly, everything is fine in the end.
And you will be pleased to know that sunny skies hasn't a friend.

Sunny skies sleeps in the morning, he doesn't know when to rise.
He closes his weary eyes upon the day and throws it all away.

Looking at the snow and trees that grow outside my window,
looking at the things that pass me by.
Wondering if where I've been is worth the things I've been through,
ending with a friend named sunny skies.