

James Taylor, Sunshine Sunshine

Sounds of laughter, here comes sunshine, smiling faces all around.
They possess you, bless you, sunshine, now you can never let them down, I say sunshine.

Sunshine, sunshine, is that a cloud across your smile or did you dream again last night?
It's best you rest inside a while as blue doesn't seem to suit you right.

Things ain't what they used to be, pain and rain and misery.
Illness in the family and sunshine means a lot to me, I say sunshine.

But could it be Sunshine is drifting with midnight and lonely when everyone's gone?
Blue crystal spirits and gardens in moonlight
leave weak alone and bleak all quiet and grey by dawn.

Sunshine, sunshine rising to late to chase the cold and failing to change the frost to dew.
She's trading her mood of yellow gold for frost bitten shades of silver-blue.

Friends and lovers past and gone and no one waiting further on,
I'm running short of things to be and sunshine means quiet a lot to me, I say sunshine.
Sunshine, sunshine...