

Peter Hammill, Sunshine

Oh, suddenly things begin to come clear in my mind
as I look into the land laid bare by your eyes;
E-S/M attractions are working behind my thought,
I can't help my feelings,
the way that my emotions are over-wrought.

Good morning, sunshine!
You're all around my head,
Good morning, sunshine!
I'm ready to be led.
Good morning, sunshine!
You know how sad it makes me to see you unhappy
so smile, spread sunshine all around....

Oh, how sweet it would be to be chained by your side;
oh, how sweet if you would strip my worried mind.
Your blonde/brown hair hangs down on you,
how I wish that it hung on me,
there's something in your allure,
that makes me know I'll never again be free.

Good morning, sunshine!
You're all around my head,
Good morning, sunshine!
I'm ready to be led.
Good morning, sunshine!
You know how sad it makes me to see you unhappy
so smile, spread sunshine all around....

Now I'd like to run on the clouds with my liberty,
but for you I'd get hooked and float six inches mud-free.
The sight of your smile just makes me want to jump and clap;
the fact that you may be owed to someone else
can't entirely tight your trap.

Good morning, sunshine!
You're all around my head,
Good morning, sunshine!
I'm ready to be led.
Good morning, sunshine!
You know how sad it makes me to see you unhappy
so smile, spread sunshine all around....