

Will Downing, When Sunny Gets Blue

When Sunny gets blue
Her eyes get gray and cloudy
And the rain begins to fall
Pitter patter
Love is gone so what can matter
No sweet lover man comes to call

When Sunny gets blue
She breathes a sigh of sadness
Like the wind that stirs the trees
Wind that starts the leaves to swaying
Like some violins are playing
Weird and haunting melodies

People used to love
to hear her laugh
See her smile
That's how she got her name
Since that sad affair
She's lost her smile
Changed her style
Somehow she's not the same
But...

Memories will fade
And pretty dreams will rise up
Where her other dreams fell through
Hurry new love, hurry near
To kiss away each lonely tear
And hold her near
When Sunny gets blue