

Daydream Believer

Lobo

I could hide 'neath the wings
Of the bluebird as she sings
The six o'clock alarm would never ring
But it rings and I rise,
Wipe the sleep out of my eyes
My shaving razor's cold and it stings.

Cheer up, sleepy Jean,
Oh what can it mean
To a daydream believer
And a homecoming queen?

You once thought of me
As a white knight on a steed
But now you know how happy I can be
So our good times start and end
Without dollar one to spend
But how much baby do we really need?