

Little Sunshine

Al Jolson

A lot of cobwebs in your head
You're getting rusty, so you said
You're feeling badly and everything looks grey
You're getting worried, yes indeed
I know exactly what you need
A little sunshine will make you feel OK

Give the blues a chase
Find a sunny place
Go and paint your face, with sunshine
Pay your doctor bills
Then throw away his pills
You can cure your ills, with sunshine

Why don't you take your teardrops, one by one
Before it gets too late
Hang them up out in the sun
And they'll evaporate

When the troubles start
Pounding at your heart
Rub the injured part, with sunshine

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