

## Comes And Goes

Moist

Oh, 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  
The shavin' 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 his steed  
Now you know how happy I can be  
Oh, and our good times start and end without dollar one to spend  
But how much baby do we really need?

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