

Weave Me The Sunshine

Peter, Paul and Mary

R: Weave, weave, weave me the sunshine
Out of the falling rain.
Weave me the hope of a new tomorrow,
And fill my cup again.

R:

1. Well I've seen the steel and concrete crumble,
Shine on me again.
The proud and the mighty all have stumbled,
Shine on me again.

R:

2. They say that the tree of loving,
Shine on me again,
Grows on the bank of the river of suffering,
Shine on me again.

R:

3. If only I could heal your sorrow,
Shine on me again,
I'd help you to find your new tomorrow,
Shine on me again.

R:

4. Only you can climb that mountain,
Shine on me again,
If you want to drink at that golden fountain,
Shine on me again.

R: