

Sunshine

Regina Spektor

Mr. Sunshine in the morning
In the morning light
Won't you come down from the ceiling?
Won't you stay the night?
Baby, won't you stay the night?

In the summer, I remember days so long and hot
These past weeks it has been raining
And now my song's a flood
Baby, now my song is a flood

You've been driving down that same road
Road rage in your eyes
So won't you come down from the ceiling
Won't you hear my cries
Baby, won't you hear my cries

Sunshine, sunshine