

Sunshine

The Decemberists

On the lawn before the bouquet fell
Long before we heard the ringing bell
When all I want is a good look at your underside

Reading trash like it was Judy Blume
Your paperbacks are strewn about the room
Awaiting their instructions to be mobilized

And everybody knows how it shakes and how it glows
Everybody knows and so it goes

That everybody wants their shoes in the sunshine now

Lazy Rayna had a million bucks
Changed into pennies on a hundred trucks
'Cause linen's legal tender for a layabout

Why hold your breath until your face turns blue
A stretch of rope you know can do that too
The truth be told no one likes a gadabout

And everybody knows how it shakes and how it glows
Everybody knows and so it goes

That everybody wants their shoes in the sunshine now
Everybody wants their shoes in the sunshine now