

Daydream Believer

The Four Tops

Oh, I could hide 'neath the wings of the bluebird as she sings
The six o'clock alarm would never ring
But six rings and I rise, wipe the sleep out of my eyes
My 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 time starts and end, without dollar one to spend
But how much baby do we really need

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