

Sunday morning
Shadows on the shade
Yellow dusted fingers bent
Through day old lemonade
Sounds of breathing
The birds singing in the trees
Beautiful morning
There's no place I'd rather be

I sit right down and I rest awhile
By a shady tree
Golden rows of summer
Stretched as far as I can see
Sounds of music
Are rippling through my head
Harry's in the kitchen
Captain's still in bed

Cause life is just a funny dream
And someday
I'll share this dream with you
Just to be with you
This much I pray
It's true, it's true, it's true, it's true

Life is just a funny dream
And someday
I'll share this dream with you
Just to be with you
This much I pray
It's true, it's true, it's true, it's true, it's true, it's true
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