

## Everydays

Yes

Look at the sad goodbyes  
Everyday's a killing time  
Sun coming up outside  
No men are born this time  
Saturday's child stays home  
Nothing to say so long

Well, well, well  
Another day  
Well, well, well  
Another day

Grocery store, ten bucks  
Just making change for plastic cherries  
Up in a tree, jaybird  
Laughing at me, no word  
Everyone looks, you can't see  
We can't be ignored easily

Well, well, well  
Another day  
Well, well, well  
Another day

Soft within the wayward things  
Like ecstasy  
The sound of trees  
Most anything  
What a baby sees

Beautiful face, alright  
Many a place, out of sight  
Old woman there with red shoes  
One million balloons, all used  
Drive over hills, forget your fear  
Getting it out of second gear

Well, well, well  
Another day  
Well, well, well  
Another day

Well, well, well  
Another day  
Well, well, well  
Another day