

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

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Well, well, well
Another day