

Bing Crosby **"Sunshine"**

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A lot of cobwebs in your head,
You're getting rusty, so you say,
You feeling bad, and everything looks gray, and say,
You're getting worried, yes indeed,
I know exactly what you need:
A little sunshine will make you feel okay!

Now lookie here:
Give the blues a chase,
Find a sunny place,
Go and change your face
With sunshine!
With sunshine!

Pay your doctor bills,
Throw away his pills,
You can cure your ills
With sunshine!

Why don't you take your tear drops one by one,
Before it gets too late,
Hang them up out in the sun,
And they'll evaporate!

When the trouble starts
Pounding at your heart,
Trouble will depart
With sunshine!

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