

Great Bloomers "Daylight"

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All caught up in the rhythm of things
Waiting for a significant sign
My drunk mouth leaves logic behind
These unthinking hands don't know wrong from right

When things are this clear
I can see at night just like daylight
And I'm a day time dreamer
With not a modest bone in my lovin' arms
They can push and pull
That's thing about arms

I know your white lies and your acorn eyes
I gotta part with my helpless heart
Putting you behind in the back of my mind
Could be more easy than I ever thought
And you're so wrapped up in your own good time
And I'm done wasting mine
And I'm a day time dreamer
With not a modest bone in my lovin' arms
They can push and pull
That's the thing about arms

Well luck's on my side
And I can see the light and it's in plain sight
And I'm the night time's orphan
With not a thing to show for it

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