

City of Rivers "Happiness"

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Happiness is a blue skyed day in June
A Sinatra swinging croon
And for me it can't come too soon
Happiness

There's a bird up there in sight
Is she making for her starry Van Gogh night
Or like me is she all out of flight
Happiness

I've known it before
Maybe it'll come once more
And my breath I'm not planning to hold
You tell me I'm hot
But I'm feeling cold
Lift me out into the sun
I've a good days work to be done
Just a voice and a melody
and I'm not talking ecstasy

Happiness is a rested heavy head
Gardens filled with scented flowerbeds
And one's I'd love to tread
Happiness
I watch the bees and butterflies
Look up at trees through tired eyes
And I become refreshed
With all money can't buy
Happiness

I've known it before
Maybe It'll come once more
And my breath I'm not planning to hold
You tell me I'm hot
But I'm feeling cold
Lift me out into the sun
I've a good days work to be done
Just a voice and a melody
And I'm not talking ecstasy
Happiness is a blue skyed day in June.

