

Paul Westerberg "What a Day"

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I'm blinded
What a day for a night
I'm finding
My way around in morning's light
What a day for a night
What a day for a night

I'm winding
Through the streets, through the towns
I'm finding
Good morning boys, good night gowns
Sunset toys and sundown clowns
What a day for a night now

When we play it's alright
What a day for a night

When we play, it's alright What a day for a night
So I'm moving
Beneath my feet it just feels right
I'm used to it
I hop aboard another flight
No end in sight
On and on we play, alright
What a day, what a day for a night

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