

The Monkees

"Daydream Believer"

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Oh, I could hide 'neath the wings
Of the bluebird as she sings.
The six o'clock alarm would never ring.
But six rings and I rise,
Wipe the sleep out of my eyes.
My shavin' razor's cold and it stings.

Cheer up, Sleepy Jean.
Oh, what can it mean.
To a daydream believer
And a homecoming queen.

You once thought of me
As a white knight on a steed.
Now you know how happy I can be.
Oh, and our good times starts and end
Without dollar one to spend.
But how much, baby, do we really need.

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