

Decemberists, The

"Sunshine"

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on the lawn before the bouquet fell
long before we hear the ringing bell
when all I want is a good look at your underside
reading trash like it was Judy Blume
your paperbacks are strewn about the room
awaiting their instructions to be mobilized
and everybody knows how it shakes and how it glows
everybody knows and so it goes
that everybody wants their shoes in the sunshine now

lazy Rayna had a million bucks
changed into pennies on a hundred trucks
cause linen's legal tender for a layabout
why hold your breath until your face turns blue
a stretch of rope you know can do that too
the truth be told, no one likes a gatabout
and everybody knows how it shakes and how it glows
everybody knows and so it goes
that everybody wants their shoes in the sunshine now
everybody wants their shoes in the sunshine now

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