

Daydream Believer

Anne Murray

I could hide beneath the wings of the bluebird as she sleeps
The six o'clock alarm would never ring
But it rings and we rise, wipe the sleep out of our eyes
A shavin' razor's cold and it's sting

Cheer up, sleepy jean, what can it mean
To a daydream believer and a homecomin' queen?

I once thought of you as a white knight on a steed
Now you know how happy we can be
And our good times started then with a dollar one to spend
But how much, baby, do we really need?

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