

Day In Day Out

The Four Seasons

Day in, day out
The same old hoodoo follows me about
The same old pounding in my heart whenever I think of you
And, darling, I think of you
Day in and day out

Day out, day in
I needn't tell you how my days begin
When I awake, I awaken with a tingle
One possibility in view
That possibility of maybe seeing you

Come rain, come shine
I meet you and to me the day is fine
Then I kiss your lips
And the pounding becomes
The ocean's roar
A thousand drums
Can't you see it's love
Can there be any doubt
When there it is
Day in, day out