

Daydream Believer

The Monkees

Oh, I could hide neath the wings of the bluebird as she sings

The six o clock alarm would never ring

But it rings and I rise wipe the sleep out of my eyes

The 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 his steed

Now you know how happy I can be

Oh, and our good times start and end without dollar one to spend

But how much baby do we really need?

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