

# Blue Sunshine

## Chris Barber & Monty Sunshine

I see your heart beat through the bedsheets  
I feel your pulse against the floor  
I sleep the sadness that no one else sleeps  
Feel me cunningly adore. As the tic tock clock lies Goldilocks  
What a sick enchanted view  
Of the white blot sin that we all began  
not the girl that I once knew. Blue Sunshine  
Ive got no vacancies  
At the top of the clock was Jesus spying on me  
I spoke of friends  
point me which direction  
I tried a bribe of when I die but swore he never  
mentioned. I kicked and screamed,  
"Its simple, you must sing  
the day I take you, youll be sleeping  
you wont feel a thing."

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