# Sunglasses

## Tracey Ullman

I got my swimcap and comb
And my paperbackbook that I'm almost through

I got my lipstick and mirror
And my suntan lotion and my cam'ra too.

I got my beach bag full of all the necessary items for a day in the sun
And of course it wouldn't be like me if I didn't bring along

Some sunglasses
To hide behind.
Sunglasses
To cry behind.
Sunglasses
To die behind.

Dear
While I lie and cry and sigh
And hurt and watch you while you flirt
With your somebody new
I'm makin' me blue.

I brought my towel and my transistor radio
So I could tell all the time
'Cause the top forty records and the weather and sports
Will get you off of my mind.

I'll rent an umbrella from the lifeguard fella with the dreamy eyes
And you can bet, I couldn't forget my old standbys

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