

Everydays (Early Version #1)

Yes

Look at the sad goodbyes
Everyday's are killing time
Sun coming up outside
No men are born this time
Saturday's child stays home
Nothing to say So long Well, well, well,
Another day
Well, well, well,
Another day, day, day Grocery store
Ten bucks
Just making change for plastic cherries
Up in a tree, jaybird
Looking at me, no word
Everyone looks
We can't see
We can't be ignored easily Well, well, well,
Another day
Well, well, well,
Another day Soft within the wayward things
Like ecstasy
The sound of trees
Most anything
What a baby sees Beautiful face, alright
Many a place, outta sight
Old woman there with red shoes
One million balloons, all used
Drive over hills, forget your fear
Getting it out of second gear Well, well, well,
Another day
Well, well, well,
Another day

Songwriters

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