STEAL MY SUNSHINE (ACID GLASSES REMIX)

Len

I was lying on the grass on Sunday morning of last week
Indulging in my self defeat
My mind was thugged all laced and bugged all twisted wrong and beat
A comfortable three feet deep
Now the fuzzy stare from not being there on a confusing morning week
Impaired my tribal lunar speak
And of course you can't become if you only say what you would have done
So I missed a million miles of funI know it's up for me
If you steal my sunshine
Making sure I'm not in too deep
If you steal my sunshine
Keeping versed and on my feet
If you steal my sunshineCheck, come here come here, come here
Wow, look at her
I know
I've never seen Sharon look so bad before
I did once before, but this is pretty bad
Yeah, what do you think she got up to last night?
Ha ha ha
Tell, I, Karen I love youI was lying on the bench slide in the park across the street
L-a-t-e-are that week
My sticky paws were in to making straws out of big fat slurpy treats
An incredible eight foot heap
Now the funny glare to pay a gleaming tare in a staring under heat
Involved an under usual feet
And I'm not only among but I invite who I want to come
So I missed a million miles of funI know it's up for me
If you steal my sunshine
Making sure I'm not in too deep
If you steal my sunshine
Keeping versed and on my feet
If you steal my sunshineI know it's done for me
If you steal my sunshine
Not some and hard to see
If you steal my sunshine
Keeping dumb and built to beat
If you steal my sunshineMy sunshine
If you steal my sunshineMy sunshine
If you steal my sunshineMy sunshine

If you steal my sunshineMy sunshine
If you steal my sunshineMy sunshine
If you steal my sunshine

Songwriters
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