Little Sunshine

A lot of cobwebs in your head You're getting rusty, so you said You're feeling badly and everything looks grey You're getting worried, yes indeed I know exactly what you need A little sunshine will make you feel OK

Give the blues a chase Find a sunny place Go and paint your face, with sunshine Pay your doctor bills Then throw away his pills You can cure your ills, with sunshine

Why don't you take your teardrops, one by one Before it gets too late Hang them up out in the sun And they'll evaporate

When the troubles start Pounding at your heart Rub the injured part, with sunshine

Give the blues a chase Find a sunny place Go and paint your face, with sunshine Pay your doctor bills Then throw away his pills You can cure your ills, with sunshine

Why don't you take your teardrops, one by one Before it gets too late Hang them up out in the sun And they'll evaporate

When the troubles start Pounding at your heart Rub the injured part, with sunshine

Al Jolson