

## Sunkist

Bob Schneider

There's something about an ice cold Sunkist  
Really right out of the can  
Or the bottle always revs my throttle  
Takes me right back to the time when I was just a little boy  
I didn't have no bills to pay  
No monkey on my back  
No slipper "what have I done"s to throw me off the track  
Just sandbox, sunshine  
Bactine on my cuts, and joy

What happened to those days I guess I changed my ways  
It used to be so easy just to have a good time  
Now, it's dog day afternoons and window shades  
Cigarette burns, scars, and razor blades  
Slaying the competition staying ahead of the game  
Up at the crack of dawn, getting on aero-planes  
Driving em straight to the top of the world no-matter-what-the-  
cost  
Playing the part of the king of the damned in the land of the l  
ost  
But if you ask me how I'm doing I'll smile and say fine

I can't get to sleep, I'm trying to get it back together  
A year or two or three in the sun might make anything better

Keep my options open just to be on the safe side  
I'm kicking around in the sandbox with my friend's  
Only the heat and hear that ice cream man's truck coming down t  
he street  
I don't think anything could ever sound so sweet

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