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 slippery "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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